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"THE USE AND VALUE OF ANTHOLOGIES"

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INTRODUCTION:

THE USE AND VALUE OF ANTHOLOGIES

By Dr Richard Garnett, C.B

There have been periods in human history when the action of the Turk, who picks up and preserves every stray piece of inscribed paper, "because it may contain the name of Allah," has been highly reasonable Such, in fact, is the present attitude of the archæologist and explorer to the fragments of papyrus he encounters in the rubbish of buried Egyptian cities, precious because they are so scarce, because they are so old, and because nobody can tell what priceless syllables they may contain But the demeanour which is right in the infancy of a young literature, or amid the vestiges of an antique one, is wholly uncalled for in an age where the difficulty is to keep out of print Even without the printing press, the scholars of the Alexandrian period found literature getting too much for them. What must it be now, when every daily newspaper requires machinery capable of producing more literary matter in an hour than all the scribes of Alexandria could have turned out in a generation? As the existence of a great river in a civilised country involves that of dykes, and quays, and bridges, so the existence of a great literature implies the ministrations of literary officials engaged in winnowing the bad from the good, and helping the latter to permanence In a rude, imperfect manner this function is discharged by the current criticism of the periodical press, but this criticism, produced in haste, and by persons of widely varying degrees of qualification, requires to be itself very carefully winnowed.

The appearance of a new book in ancient times must have elicited abundance of *viva voce* criticism, but the literary review can scarcely have existed. Every intellectual condition favoured, but material conditions forbade The circulation of our most esteemed journals would be limited indeed, if they were produced by transcribers working with reed pens, nor, in fact, when the indispensable exigencies of ordinary life had been satisfied, did enough papyrus remain for the books and the comments also Readers no doubt spoke their minds freely, but authors did not fall into the hands of the grammarians, corresponding to our reviewers, until they had passed this preliminary ordeal, and had established more or less claim to a permanent place in literature. The grammarian, sometimes, no doubt, somewhat of a pedant, but almost always endowed with the culture entitling him to act as literary expert and appraiser, proceeded by one of three methods. If he did not reject the aspirant altogether, he admitted him into his *canon*, or drew upon him for his anthology, or made him the subject of an epitome—

> Flasked and fine,
> And priced and saleable at last!

It can rarely be said now, as it often could of old, that a single book is the chief repertory of knowledge on any important subject While, therefore, epitomes of information are more frequent than ever, epitomes of particular authors have become rare The canon, also, is a classification difficult to maintain in presence of the extreme complexity of modern literature. In ancient times this beneficial system was comparatively easy to apply, when the world possessed but one literary language, and that one in which the standard of excellence was both lofty and well defined It was not difficult for a Greek to decide, for instance, that but nine of the numerous lyric poets of Hellas deserved to be accounted canonical, and the conditions of literary composition had so greatly altered between the times of Simonides and those of Aristarchus, that there was but little prospect of the rekindling of a "Lost Pleiad," or of the intrusion of a tenth muse into the hallowed circle. The classification went farther. three tragic poets and three of the old

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comedy were picked out from the rest as pre-eminently worthy to be read; seven of the later Alexandrian dramatists were allowed to form a band of Epigoni, below the great but among the good; twenty-four of Menander's comedies were selected as eminently worthy of transcription, and hence survived for the perusal of Photius after a thousand years Of the canon of Scripture, Old and New, and the weighty controversies connected with it, it is needless to speak. In the modern literature the principle of the canon is less easy of application, on account of the difficulty of establishing an absolute criterion of style, and also of its greater complexity and variety. The supreme perfection of prose style, the felicitous expression to which nothing can be added and from which nothing can be taken away, has, perhaps, hardly ever been attained but by those authors of the first rank with whom the modern world has least concern. Rousseau may be an exception, but to canonise Bossuet will not be to find him readers, and who is to discriminate the temporary from the permanent in the enormous production of Voltaire? We should, moreover, be confronted by the want of any standard of excellence universally agreed upon. Athens or Alexandria could prescribe the laws of taste to obedient antiquity, but Pascal's writ does not run in Britain, or Carlyle's in France The age of literary canons, in the sense of select authors prescribed for imitation, is gone by, and apart from individual examples and the admonitions which we occasionally receive from men of taste sensitive to the literary failings of their times, such as Matthew Arnold, the best way to maintain a high standard of authorship is the method of anthology, of a selection from those pieces which have actually striven and prevailed in the great literary struggle for existence, and thus practically demonstrated the qualities that keep a writer's name green

Two systems have been followed in the confection of anthologies, each of which has its advantages The first, especially recommendable for poetical anthologies, is the system of fastidious severity, which can only be carried out by a compiler of exquisite taste and consummate judgment. Such was the system on which Meleager,

the first Greek anthologist, framed his collection, which, so far as can be determined in the mutilated condition in which it has reached our times, did not contain a single piece unacceptable on poetical grounds Such was also the case with the first series of the late Mr. Palgrave's "Golden Treasury," which we are able to judge with more exactness than Meleager's, knowing not only what Mr Palgrave admitted, but what he excluded The same high standard, however, is incapable of application to selections of mixed verse and prose, since modern prose rarely attains the flawless perfection of much modern verse, nor, growing out of and leading up to other passages, can it usually possess the symmetrical unity of a complete poem Another principle may here be invoked, and the selection may in a manner be entrusted to the public suffrage, those pieces being especially chosen which are known to have appealed with special force to the general heart and conscience Such is the case with the selections which these remarks accompany The great majority are here by universal suffrage, and the great extent of the collection, unparalleled in any similar undertaking, allows the general estimate to be reflected with a precision unattainable in an attempt to present "infinite riches in little room" The endeavour to indicate public feeling by a few favourite pieces would be like carrying a sample brick as a representative of a great city, it is otherwise where there is room for hundreds of such objects of general approval. If this character of echo of *vox populi, vox Dei* does not seem equally merited by all departments of this colossal gathering, the objector may reflect that the favourite literature of educated persons is not, like a plane surface, spread out everywhere and equally visible in every part, but, like the soil itself, a succession of strata through which the explorer must drive his shaft, and that the occurrence of Plato, for example, in the uppermost stratum, is a good reason for not expecting him lower down, that the lower strata have their indigenous products too, and that the business of a collection formed on this principle is to exhibit not one stratum but all, so long as all deserve the name of literature This is assuredly the case, various as are the degrees of culture and the modifications of

taste here represented, not much will be found that does not incontestably belong to the world of literature, as distinguished from the world of bookmaking. While such a collection is especially profitable as a mirror of the nation's mental activity, and an echo of the general verdict, it might well have impressed an intelligent foreigner by the vigour, affluence, and variety of the Anglo-American intellect, and the splendour of the gifts bestowed upon the finer spirits of the mother country and her daughters, whether of Teutonic or of Celtic stock

The large proportion allotted in this anthology to American literature is not without significance at the present crisis in the history of our race. We in Britain have learned to acknowledge a Greater Britain, greater actually in extent, potentially in world-wide importance, than our own. So frankly has the admission been made that the phrase recording it has become a household word, as famous and universally accepted as John Bull But we are now beginning to see that the phrase cannot be limited to our colonial dependencies Let any one ask himself the question Supposing that Australia, for instance, were to assert political independence of Great Britain, would she therefore be excluded from Greater Britain? Assuredly not, for one tie that would have been snapped, twenty would remain—kinship, language, literature, religion, institutions substantially identical, commercial and social intercourse—after a short interval at most, the same affection as of old But if this is true of the new colony, it must be equally true of the old. The rupture of political connections and the change of political institutions have made no breach between England and America In reading the specimens of American literature in this collection we are at once aware that we are reading our own They do not differ from us as do the specimens of the literature of France or Germany They are racy of the soil, of course, and that soil is not the soil of England, but neither is it the soil of Scotland or Ireland. It is not two great literatures regarding each other across the Atlantic, but one colossal literature bestriding that vast ocean. What hope and encouragement this fact affords it is need-

less to say, both as a revelation of the indefinite possibilities of the development of our literature in the future, and as an assurance of the mutual understanding of the two moieties of this great English-speaking nation which present circumstances do, and future circumstances will, so urgently require. A virtual identity of literary expression and literary sentiment which has grown up by the force of circumstances without encouragement, sometimes with discouragement, from statesmen and organs of public opinion, clearly points to affinities too deep to be unsettled by transitory circumstances, and which will, indeed, impress such circumstances into its service.

Apart from the great actual merits of American writers, the successful transplantation of English literature to the United States and "Greater Britain" is almost the most important event that has ever befallen it, indefinitely extending the chances of the one thing absolutely essential to its existence. There is, after all, no glory of British literature equal to that which is all but unique with it—its continuity. Shelley, who was not only a great poet but a great intellect, notes this when he says—

> Poesy's unfailing river
> Which through Albion winds *for ever*.

This is the simple fact, save for the dull period of the fifteenth century, when literature all over Europe was mainly restricted to commentary and compilation, England has never wanted a successor to Chaucer, and the least superficially attractive ages of her literature have frequently produced the works of most sterling value. The same may be said of French literature as regards prose, not as regards poetry, which, unless versified logic and rhetoric be poetry, slept in France for two hundred and fifty years. Elsewhere, in Italy, Germany, Spain, Portugal, Greece, we everywhere behold the same phenomena of epochs of extreme brilliancy followed by long periods of silence or of the productiveness of perverted taste. England alone is always active to good purpose, and if some eras of her literary history are less exemplary than others, there is not one with which the nation or the world could

dispense. The prospect of her continued activity is obviously brightened by the new Englands she has created in the regions of the newly-discovered world, whether American, African, or Australian, most favourable to intellectual as well as to physical activity. Like the banyan tree, she has sent down shoots rooted in the earth, any of which may rival the massiveness and surpass the durability of the parent Something like this has happened of old, when Roman literature, effete at home, was long preserved and cultivated by Spaniards, Gauls, Africans, and Egyptians, who were either descended from Roman colonists, or had imbibed the spirit of Latin letters. The barbarian deluge, however, overwhelmed the colonies and dependencies as well as the mother country—a catastrophe little likely to befall the widely-disseminated lands where English is the language of letters and of life American and colonial literature, therefore, deserve profound attention from Britain, as the certain perpetuators of her own, as, even in their present undeveloped condition, redeeming this from the reproach of insularity, and as indefinitely enlarging its prospects both of permanence and of influence upon mankind. It would be rash to predict that the next English-speaking genius of the first rank will be born in America or Australia, but it would be equally rash to predict that he will not

In one of the charming letters which Emerson wrote to Carlyle the philosopher is found telling his friend of his vain but strenuous endeavour to get through the whole of Goethe's work "Thirty-five I have read," he writes blithely, "but compass the other thirty-five I cannot" Seventy volumes in all from one man! Little wonder that the Concord sage could find time for perhaps only twice as many as the present day finds time to remember.

For a moment this thought may seem discouraging, and derogatory to modern literature, especially when we consider the care taken to preserve, and the pains spent in interpreting, every scrap that has come down to us from antiquity But this is not really the case, for what is the larger part of antique literature itself but a co-operative alliance for the performance of tasks too

extensive for any single man? Ancient authors, like moderns, fell to a certain extent into oblivion, but revived again in those whom they had influenced, and by whom the best part of their writings were preserved, though mainly as ingredients in the works of others, often in an altered form. The Bible and the Talmud, the Vedas, the Mahabarata, the Avesta, the Sagas, and the Eddas are not the work of one man but of many men. They are full of fragments of older writings, frequently recognisable as such Granting the personality of Homer and the unity of his epics, who can doubt that he must have worked upon abundant stores of material furnished by more primitive minstrels? The dramatists prey upon him in their turn. Æschylus declared that his tragedies were but scraps stolen from the great Homeric banquet. Take even a comparatively recent, a highly finished, and a perfectly artistic production like the *Æneid*, what would remain even of this national epic of Rome if Virgil were deprived of everything that he had borrowed from Greece? He was a great anthologist, and his English rival Milton even a greater, naturally so, for he had wider fields to gather in Ancient history, with one or two remarkable exceptions to be noticed, is more than an anthology, it is a composite, a *breccia*. As historical facts became more numerous and less manageable throughout the lengthening ages, the standard histories of Ephorus, Theopompus, and the like, become a quarry for later compilers of the order of Diodorus and Trogus, who sometimes transcribe their predecessor, sometimes abridge him, but alway fuse his identity into their own. The exception is in the case of writers like Herodotus and Thucydides, rendered by perfect style or consummate political wisdom a possession for ever, as one of them said. If a man can write like Herodotus or Thucydides he need not fear the compiler or the anthologist, and many moderns, such as the very Goethe whom we have cited as an instance of the impermanence of great authors, have attained this standard in their best works For their inferior writings and the general mass of authors there remains but the alternatives—to be absorbed, to be excerpted, or to be virtually forgotten

Absorption may be defined as the process undergone by valuable

literary matter which has not received due artistic form and polish It is not thrown away, it does not, properly speaking, cease to exist, but it exists only as an element in the compositions of later authors The truly artistic production, on the other hand, though equally liable to be laid under contribution as a source of information, may well outlast the inferior work into whose service it is thus pressed, as the diamond survives the glass which it engraves Almost every word, for example, which Arrian has written about Alexander, is very probably coloured by the authoritative biography of Ptolemy Lagus, Alexander's companion in arms, but of Ptolemy's work itself, deficient in style and arrangement, not a word is preserved except those which may be embedded in Arrian's narrative. Cæsar's Commentaries, on the other hand, have been equally used as historical authorities, but the works of those who have thus employed them have mostly passed away, while the Commentaries remain as fresh as of old Yet, though terse brevity is among their most conspicuous merits, the modern reader, unless a professional scholar or historian, cannot find time for them, not from their prolixity, but from the immensity of the mass of even more valuable literature. He must therefore make their acquaintance through general Roman histories like Mommsen's, or special biographies like Froude's, or else through the medium of excerpt or anthology. This is but another way of saying that only the best literature of its respective description, be that description elevated or familiar, is proper for anthology. Such a collection should take no cognisance of the literature destined to absorption, but only of that which is isolated from the mass by its superior symmetry and polish It follows that it will be more concerned with poetry and fiction than with the graver departments of intellectual labour, since these can be profitably cultivated without the art which in poetry and fiction is absolutely indispensable, and also that in dealing with serious literature it will concern itself chiefly with what approximates most closely to art: in disquisition seeking for what is most cogent, in narrative for what is most dramatic The very law of its existence, then, should keep it at a high level.

Modern literature, yet more decisively nineteenth-century literature, possesses a richness, a range, and a variety to which the classics of the past can lay no claim, and if something of the perfection of form which belongs to classical times is lacking to the present day, this loss is compensated in many ways. Nothing is more characteristic of the literary activity of the last hundred and fifty years than its amazing fertility To such a point indeed has the production of books now attained, that the danger lies not in a paucity of genius, but in the fact that the works of genius may be lost in a surging and ever-increasing flood Every nation contributes In England and America alone upwards of 10,000 new books are printed every year. Were we to take twice Dr. Johnson's prescription of five hours a day and read as fast as could Scott or Macaulay, it would still be impossible to compass a tithe of this mass Sifting and selection, once a slow and orderly process, has become an imperative necessity. The dilemma is clear. We shall either read aimlessly, catching up bits of what is good and great amid much chaff and trash, or else we shall neglect the greater literature altogether.

The time seems ripe for a reversion to the principle which gave to classical literature its glory and its life—the sentiment that the highest excellence should be aimed at, and hence for a revival of the Greek idea of an anthology—a "gathering of flowers," which is after all, translated into broader scientific language, but Darwin's formula of the survival of the fittest. It is out of this idea that the present work has sprung If the execution corresponds to the idea, if it is a true gathering of flowers, it should aid in protecting our literature on both sides of the Atlantic from its chief actual danger—debasement to suit the taste of half-educated readers. The perils which it has already encountered and escaped—the Euphuistic affectation of the Elizabethan age, the Gallicism of the Restoration period, the frigidity of the eighteenth century—were maladies caught from the refined and intelligent society of those epochs All these it has surmounted, but it is now confronted with an entirely novel danger in the dependence of the most popular, and therefore the most influential, authors upon a wide general public

neither refined nor intelligent, who now, as dispensers of the substantial rewards of literature, occupy the place formerly held by the Court, the patron, and the university Hence a serious apprehension of a general lowering of the standard of literature, *far more pernicious than any temporary aberration of taste* The evil may be combated in many ways, and not least effectively by anthologies, which, if skilfully adapted to meet the needs of the general reader, and not themselves unduly tolerant of inferior work, may do much good by familiarising the reader with what is excellent in the present, and reminding the writer of the conditions on which alone fame may be won in the future

R. Garnett.

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FAMOUS LITERATURE.

THE ADVENTURES OF ISTAR.

TRANSLATED BY GEORGE SMITH.

(From "The Chaldean Account of Genesis")

[The Assyrian legend of Istar is one of the oldest in the world, for it undoubtedly goes back far beyond the epic in which it is embodied, and from which the following translation is made This great poem, at present existing for us only in fragments, but which may not improbably be restored from discoveries remaining to be made, appears to have interwoven numerous legends of the deities much in the same manner as the Metamorphoses of Ovid were constructed out of pre-existent materials, already sufficiently venerable to have acquired a sacred character The book devoted to the adventures of Istar is hitherto by far the most perfect It describes Istar's descent into the underworld in quest of her dead husband, Du-zi, the Tammuz for whom the Syrian women are represented by Scripture as mourning, and the Adonis of Greek mythology The entire myth typifies the withdrawal of the sun in the darkness and cold of winter, of all natural facts the most likely to impress such races of mankind as do not enjoy a perpetual summer It is met with in some form or other in every religion above the very rudest, what is peculiar to the Babylonian poet is the powerful imagination with which he depicts Istar successively divested of every portion of her apparel until nothing remains for her but the dust of death while the consequences to mankind of the departure of the Goddess of Love and Pleasure from among them show that even at this early period, men were reasoning upon causes and results.]

1 [To Hades the country whence none return] I turn myself,
2 I spread like a bird my hands
3 I descend, I descend to the house of darkness, the dwelling of the god Irkalla:
4 to the house out of which there is no exit,
5 to the road from which there is no return:
6 to the house from whose entrance the light is taken,

7 the place where dust is their nourishment and their food mud.
8 Its chiefs also are like birds covered with feathers;
9 the light is never seen, in darkness they dwell
10 In the house, O my friend, which I will enter,
11 for me is treasured up a crown,
12 with those wearing crowns who from days of old ruled the earth,
13 to whom the gods Anu and Bel have given names of rule
14 Water (?) they have given to quench the thirst, they drink limpid waters.
15 In the house, O my friend, which I will enter,
16 dwell the lord and the unconquered one,
17 dwell the priest and the great man,
18 dwell the worms of the deep of the great gods,
19 there dwells Etana, there dwells the god Ner,
20 (there dwells) the queen of the lower regions, Allat,
21 the mistress of the fields the mother of the queen of the lower regions before her submits,
22 and there is not any one that stands against her in her presence
23 I will approach her and she will see me
24 . . . and she will bring me to her.

[Here the story is again lost, Columns V. and VI being absent It would seem that Hea-bani is here telling his friend how he must die and descend into the house of Hades Mr Smith, however, thought that in the third column some one is speaking to Istar, trying to persuade her not to descend to Hades, while in the fourth column the goddess, who is suffering all the pangs of jealousy and hate, revels in the dark details of the description of the lower regions, and declares her determination to go there]

The descent of Istar into Hades.

1 To Hades the land whence none return, the land (of darkness),
2 Istar daughter of Sin (the moon) her ear (inclined);
3 inclined also the daughter of Sin her ear,
4 to the house of darkness the dwelling of the god Irkalla,
5 to the house out of which there is no exit,
6 to the road from which there is no return,
7 to the house from whose entrance the light is taken,
8 the place where dust is their nourishment and their food mud
9 Light is never seen, in darkness they dwell.
10 Its chiefs also are like birds covered with feathers,
11 over the door and bolts is scattered dust.
12 Istar on her arrival at the gate of Hades,

13 to the keeper of the gate a command she addresses:
14 Keeper of the waters, open thy gate,
15 open thy gate that I may enter.
16 If thou openest not the gate that I may enter,
17 I will strike the door, the bolts I will shatter,
18 I will strike the threshold and will pass through the doors;
19 I will raise up the dead to devour the living,
20 above the living the dead shall exceed in numbers.
21 The keeper opened his mouth and speaks,
22 he says to the princess Istar:
23 Stay, lady, thou dost not glorify her,
24 let me go and thy name repeat to the queen Allat.
25 The keeper descended and says to Allat:
26 This water (of life) thy sister Istar (comes to seek).
27 The queen of the great vaults (of heaven)
28 Allat on hearing this says.
29 Like the cutting off of the herb has (Istar) descended (into Hades),
30 like the lip of a deadly insect (?) she has .
31 What will her heart bring me (*i e*, matter to me) what will her anger (bring me)?
32 (Istar replies:) This water with (my husband)
33 like food would I eat, like beer would I drink
34 Let me weep over the strong who have left their wives.
35 Let me weep over the handmaids who (have lost) the embraces of their husbands
36 Over the only son let me mourn, who ere his days are come is taken away.
37 (Allat says:) Go keeper open thy gate to her,
38 bewitch her also according to the ancient rules.
39 The keeper went and opened his gate:
40 Enter, O lady, let the city of Cutha[1] receive thee;
41 let the palace of Hades rejoice at thy presence
42 The first gate he caused her to enter and touched her, he threw down the great crown of her head.
43 Why, O keeper, hast thou thrown down the great crown of my head?
44 Enter, O lady, of Allat thus is the order.
45 The second gate he caused her to enter and touched her, he threw away the earrings of her ears
46 Why, keeper, hast thou thrown away the earrings of my ears?
47 Enter, O lady, of Allat thus is the order.

[1] A great necropolis seems to have existed in Cutha.

48 The third gate he caused her to enter and touched her, he threw away the necklace[1] of her neck
49 Why, keeper, hast thou thrown away the necklace of my neck?
50 Enter, O lady, of Allat thus is the order.
51 The fourth gate he caused her to enter and touched her, he threw away the ornaments of her breast.
52 Why, keeper, hast thou thrown away the ornaments of my breast?
53 Enter, O lady, of Allat thus is the order.
54 The fifth gate he caused her to enter and touched her, he threw away the gemmed girdle of her waist.
55 Why, keeper, hast thou thrown away the gemmed girdle of my waist?
56 Enter, O lady, of Allat thus is the order
57 The sixth gate he caused her to enter and touched her, he threw away the bracelets of her hands and her feet.
58 Why, keeper, hast thou thrown away the bracelets of my hands and my feet?
59 Enter, O lady, of Allat thus is the order.
60 The seventh gate he caused her to enter and touched her, he threw away the covering robe of her body.
61 Why, keeper, hast thou thrown away the covering robe of my body?
62 Enter, O lady, of Allat thus is the order.
63 When for a long time Istar into Hades had descended,
64 Allat saw her and at her presence was arrogant;
65 Istar did not take counsel, at her she swore,
66 Allat her mouth opened and speaks
67 to Namtar (the plague-demon) her messenger a command she addresses.
68 Go Namtar [take Istar from] me and
69 take her out to . even Istar,
70 diseased eyes (strike) her with,
71 diseased side (strike) her with,
72 diseased feet (strike) her with,
73 diseased heart (strike) her with,
74 diseased head (strike) her with,
75 strike her, the whole of her (strike with disease).
76 After Istar the lady [into Hades had descended],
77 with the cow the bull would not unite, and the ass the female ass would not approach;
78 the female slave in the street would not let herself be touched.

[1] Literally "precious stones"

79 The freeman ceased to give his command,
80 the female slave ceased to give her gift.

COLUMN II.

1 Papsukul, the messenger of the great gods, bowed his face before (Samas),
2
3 Samas (the sun-god) went and in the presence of his father the moon-god he stood,
4 into the presence of Hea the king he went in tears;
5 Istar into the lower regions has descended, she has not ascended back;
6 for a long time Istar into Hades has descended,
7 with the cow the bull will not unite, the ass the female ass will not approach;
8 the female slave in the street will not let herself be touched;
9 the freeman has ceased to give his command,
10 the female slave has ceased to give her gift
11 Hea in the wisdom of his heart formed a resolution,
12 and made Atsu-sunamir[1] the sphinx [2]
13 Go Atsu-sunamir towards the gates of Hades set thy face,
14 may the seven gates of Hades be opened at thy presence,
15 may Allat see thee and rejoice at thy presence,
16 when she shall be at rest in her heart, and her liver be appeased.
17 Conjure her by the name of the great gods
18 Raise thy heads, to the roaring stream set thy ear,
19 may the lady (Istar) overmaster the roaring stream, the waters in the midst of it may she drink
20 Allat on hearing this,
21 beat her breast, she bit her thumb,
22 she turned again, a request she asked not:
23 Go, Atsu-sunamir, may I imprison thee in the great prison
24 may the garbage of the foundations of the city be thy food,
25 may the drains of the city be thy drink,
26 may the darkness of the dungeon be thy dwelling,
27 may a stake be thy seat,
28 may hunger and thirst strike thy offspring.
29 Allat her mouth opened and speaks,
30 to Namtar her messenger a command she addresses:
31 Go, Namtar, strike the firmly-fixed palace,
32 the *ashêrim*[3] adorn with stones of the dawn,

[1] That is, "Go forth, cause it to be light!"
[2] Literally "the man who is a female dog," or "lion"
[3] Literally "stone stakes" or "cones," the symbols of the goddess Ashêrah Cf 1 Kings vii 15-22

33 bid the spirits of earth come forth, on a throne of gold seat (them),
34 unto Istar give the waters of life and bring her before me.
35 Namtar went, he struck the firmly-fixed palace,
36 the *ashêrim* he adorned with stones of the dawn,
37 he brought forth the spirits of earth, on a throne of gold he seated (them).
38 To Istar he gave the waters of life and took her.
39 The first gate he passed her out of, and he restored to her the covering robe of her body.
40 The second gate he passed her out of, and he restored to her the bracelets of her hands and her feet
41 The third gate he passed her out of, and he restored to her the gemmed girdle of her waist.
42 The fourth gate he passed her out of, and he restored to her the ornaments of her breast
43 The fifth gate he passed her out of, and he restored to her the necklace of her neck.
44 The sixth gate he passed her out of, and he restored to her the earrings of her ears
45 The seventh gate he passed her out of, and he restored to her the great crown of her head.
46 Since thou hast not paid, (he says) a ransom for thy deliverance to her (*i.e.*, Allat), so to her again turn back,
47 for Tammuz the husband of (thy) youth;
48 the glistening waters pour over (him), the drops (sprinkle upon him);
49 in splendid clothing dress him, with a ring of crystal adorn (him).
50 May Simkhat appease the grief (of Istar),
51 and, Kharimat,[1] give to her comfort
52 The precious eye-stones also she destroyed not,
53 the wound of her brother (Tammuz) she heard, she smote (her breast), she, even Kharimat, gave her comfort,
54 the precious eye-stones, her amulets, she commanded not,
55 (saying). O my only brother, thou dost not lament for me
56 In the day that Tammuz adorned me, with a ring of crystal, with a bracelet of emeralds, together with himself he adorned me,

[1] Tillili, the Accadian name of Kharimat, is here used. Tillili was the wife of the sun-god Alala symbolized by the eagle, which we are told was "the symbol of the southern" or "meridian sun" What Sir H Rawlinson calls the monotheistic party among the Babylonians resolved Tillili into Anatu and Alala into Anu.

57 with himself he adorned me; may men mourners and women mourners
58 on a bier place (him), and assemble the wake.

[This remarkable text shows Istar fulfilling her threat and descending to Hades, but it does not appear that she had as yet accomplished her vengeance against Izdubar.]

ANCIENT INDIAN HYMNS.[1]

BY SIR MONIER MONIER-WILLIAMS

To what deities were the prayers and hymns of the Vedas addressed? This is an interesting inquiry, for these were probably the very deities worshiped under similar names by our Aryan progenitors in their primeval home. The answer is. They worshiped those physical forces before which all nations, if guided solely by the light of nature, have in the early period of their life instinctively bowed down, and before which even the more civilized and enlightened have always been compelled to bend in awe and reverence if not in adoration.

To our Aryan forefathers God's power was exhibited in the forces of nature even more evidently than to ourselves. Lands, houses, flocks, herds, men, and animals were more frequently than in Western climates at the mercy of winds, fire, and water; and the sun's rays appeared to be endowed with a potency quite beyond the experience of any European country. We cannot be surprised, then, that these forces were regarded by our Eastern progenitors as actual manifestations, either of one deity in different moods or of separate rival deities contending for supremacy. Nor is it wonderful that these mighty agencies should have been at first poetically personified, and afterwards, when invested with forms, attributes, and individuality, worshiped as distinct gods. It was only natural, too, that a varying supremacy and varying honors should have been accorded to each deified force—to the air, the rain, the storm, the sun, or fire—according to the special atmospheric influences to which particular localities were exposed, or according to the seasons of the year when the dominance of each was to be prayed for or deprecated.

[1] From "Indian Wisdom" By permission of author and Luzac & Co. 4th edition, post 8vo, cloth, price £1 1s

This was the religion represented in the Vedas and the primitive creed of the Indo-Aryans about twelve or thirteen centuries before Christ. The first forces deified seem to have been those manifested in the sky and air. These were at first generalized under one rather vague personification, as was natural in the earliest attempts at giving shape to religious ideas. For it may be observed that all religious systems, even the most polytheistic, have generally grown out of some undefined original belief in a divine power or powers controlling and regulating the universe. And although innumerable gods and goddesses, gifted with a thousand shapes, now crowd the Hindu Pantheon, appealing to the instincts of the unthinking millions whose capacity for religious ideas is supposed to require the aid of external symbols, it is probable that there existed for the first Aryan worshipers a similar theistic creed; even as the thoughtful Hindu of the present day looks through the maze of his mythology to the philosophical background of one eternal self-existent Being, one universal Spirit, into whose unity all visible symbols are gathered, and in whose essence all entities are comprehended.

In the Veda this unity soon diverged into various ramifications. Only a few of the hymns appear to contain the simple conception of one divine self-existent omnipresent Being, and even in these the idea of one God present in all nature is somewhat nebulous and undefined.

It is interesting to note how this idea, vaguely stated as it was in the Veda, gradually developed and became more clearly defined in the time of Manu. In the last verses of the twelfth book (123–125) we have the following: "Him some adore as transcendently present in fire; others in Manu, lord of creatures; some as more distinctly present in Indra, others in pure air, others as the most high eternal Spirit. Thus the man who perceives in his own soul, the supreme soul, present in all creatures, acquires equanimity towards them all, and shall be absorbed at last in the highest essence."

In the Purusha-sūkta of the Rig-veda, which is one of the later hymns,—probably not much earlier than the earliest Brahmana,—the one Spirit is called Purusha. The more common name is Atman or Paratman, and in the later system Brahman, neut. (nom. Brahmă), derived from root *brih*, to expand, and denoting the universally expanding essence or universally diffused substance of the universe. It was thus

that the later creed became not so much monotheistic (by which I mean the belief in one God regarded as a personal Being external to the universe, though creating and governing it) as pantheistic: Brahman is the neuter being, "simple infinite being,"—the only real eternal essence,—which, when it passes into universal *manifested* existence, is called Brahma; when it manifests itself on the earth, is called Vishnu; and when it again dissolves itself into simple being, is called Siva; all the other innumerable gods and demigods being also mere manifestations of the neuter Brahman, who alone is eternal. This, at any rate, appears to be the genuine pantheistic creed of India at the present day.

To return to the Vedic hymns—perhaps the most ancient and beautiful Vedic deification was that of Dyaus, the sky, as Dyaush-pitar, "Heavenly Father" (the Zeus or Jupiter of the Greeks and Romans). Then closely connected with Dyaus was a goddess, Aditi, "the Infinite Expanse," conceived of subsequently as the mother of all the gods. Next came a development of the same conception called Varuna, "the Investing Sky," said to answer to Ahura Mazda, the Ormazd of the ancient Persian mythology, and to the Greek Ouranos—but a more spiritual conception, leading to a worship which rose to the nature of a belief in the great Our-Father-who-art-in-Heaven. This Varuna, again, was soon thought of in connection with another vague personification called Mitra (= the Persian Mithra), god of day. After a time these impersonations of the celestial sphere were felt to be too vague to suit the growth of religious ideas in ordinary minds. Soon, therefore, the great investing firmament resolved itself into separate cosmical entities with separate powers and attributes. First, the watery atmosphere, personified under the name of Indra, ever seeking to dispense his dewy treasures (*indu*), though ever restrained by an opposing force or spirit of evil called Vritra; and, secondly, the wind, thought of either as a single personality named Vagu, or as a whole assemblage of moving powers coming from every quarter of the compass, and impersonated as Maruts or "Storm-gods." At the same time in this process of decentralization—if I may use the term—the once purely celestial Varuna became relegated to a position among seven secondary deities of the heavenly sphere called Adityas (afterwards increased to twelve, and regarded as diversified forms of the sun in the several months of the year), and sub-

sequently to a dominion over the waters when they had left the air and rested on the earth.

Of these separately deified physical forces, by far the most favorite object of adoration was the deity supposed to yield the dew and rain, longed for by Eastern cultivators of the soil with even greater cravings than by Northern agriculturists. Indra, therefore, — the Jupiter Pluvius of early Indian mythology, — is undoubtedly the principal divinity of Vedic worshipers, in so far at least as the greater number of their prayers and hymns are addressed to him.

What, however, could rain effect without the aid of heat? a force, the intensity of which must have impressed an Indian mind with awe, and led him to invest the possessor of it with divine attributes. Hence the other great god of Vedic worshipers, and in some respects the most important in his connection with sacrificial rites, is Agni (Latin Ignis), the god of fire. Even Sūrya, the sun (Greek Helios), who was probably at first adored as the original source of heat, came to be regarded as only another form of fire. He was merely a manifestation of the same divine energy removed to the heavens and consequently less accessible. Another deity, Ushas, goddess of the dawn, — the Eōs of the Greeks, — was naturally connected with the sun, and regarded as daughter of the sky. Two other deities, the Açvins, were fabled as connected with Ushas, as ever young and handsome, traveling in a golden car, and precursors of the dawn. They are sometimes called Dasras, as divine physicians, destroyers of diseases; sometimes Uāsatyas, as "never untrue." They appear to have been personifications of two luminous rays imagined to precede the break of day. These, with Yama, "the God of departed spirits," are the principal deities of the Mantra portion of the Veda.

We find, therefore, no trace in the Mantras of the Trimurti or Triad of deities (Brahma, Vishnu, and Siva), afterwards so popular. Nor does the doctrine of transmigration, afterwards an essential element of the Hindu religion, appear in the Mantra portion of the Veda, though there is a clear declaration of it in the Aranyaka of the Aitareya Brahmana. Nor is caste clearly alluded to, except in the later Purusha-sūkta.

But here it may be asked, if sky, air, water, fire, and the sun were thus worshiped as manifestations of the supreme universal God of the universe, was not the earth also an object of adoration with the early Hindus? And unquestionably in the earlier

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system the earth, under the name of Prithivi, "the broad one," does receive divine honors, being thought of as the mother of all beings. Moreover, various deities were regarded as the progeny resulting from the fancied union of earth with Dyaus, heaven. This imaginary marriage of heaven and earth was indeed a most natural idea, and much of the later mythology may be explained by it. But it is remarkable that as religious worship became of a more selfish character, the earth, being more evidently under man's control, and not seeming to need propitiation so urgently as the more uncertain air, fire, and water, lost importance among the gods, and was rarely addressed in prayer or hymn.

In all probability the deified forces addressed in the hymns were not represented by images or idols in the Vedic period, though doubtless the early worshipers clothed their gods with human form in their own imaginations.

I now begin my examples with a nearly literal translation of the well-known sixteenth hymn of the fourth book of the Atharva-veda, in praise of Varuna or the Investing Sky: —

HYMN TO THE INVESTING SKY.

The mighty Varuna, who rules above, looks down
Upon these worlds, his kingdom, as if close at hand
When men imagine they do aught by stealth, he knows it.
No one can stand or walk or softly glide along
Or hide in dark recess, or lurk in secret cell,
But Varuna detects him and his movements spies
Two persons may devise some plot, together sitting
In private and alone; but he, the king, is there —
A third — and sees it all This boundless earth is his,
His the vast sky, whose depth no mortal e'er can fathom.
Both oceans [air and sea] find a place within his body, yet
In that small pool he lies contained. Whoe'er should flee
Far, far beyond the sky, would not escape the grasp
Of Varuna, the king His messengers descend
Countless from his abode — forever traversing
This world and scanning with a thousand eyes its inmates
Whate'er exists within this earth, and all within the sky,
Yea, all that is beyond, King Varuna perceives
The winking of men's eyes are numbered all by him
He wields the universe, as gamesters handle dice
May thy destroying snares cast sevenfold round the wicked,
Entangle liars, but the truthful spare, O king!

I pass from the ancient Aryan deity Varuna to the more thoroughly Indian god Indra.

The following metrical lines bring together various scattered texts relating to this Hindu Jupiter Pluvius:—

TO THE RAIN GOD.

Indra, twin brother of the god of fire,
When thou wast born, thy mother Aditi
Gave thee, her lusty child, the thrilling draught
Of mountain-growing Soma—source of life
And never-dying vigor to thy frame.
Then at the Thunderer's birth, appalled with fear,
Dreading the hundred-jointed thunderbolt—
Forged by the cunning Trastivri—mountain rocked,
Earth shook, and heaven trembled. Thou wast born
Without a rival, king of gods and men—
The eye of living and terrestrial things.
Immortal Indra, unrelenting foe
Of drought and darkness, infinitely wise,
Terrific crusher of thy enemies,
Heroic, irresistible in might,
Wall of defense to us thy worshipers,
We sing thy praises, and our ardent hymns
Embrace thee, as a loving wife her lord.
Thou art our guardian, advocate, and friend,
A brother, father, mother, all combined.
Most fatherly of fathers, we are thine,
And thou art ours; oh! let thy pitying soul
Turn to us in compassion, when we praise thee,
And slay us not for one sin or for many.
Deliver us to-day, to-morrow, every day.
Armed for the conflict, see! the demons come—
Ahi and Vritra and a long array
Of darksome spirits Quick, then, quaff the draught
That stimulates thy martial energy,
And dashing onward in thy golden car,
Drawn by thy ruddy, Ribhu-fashioned steeds,
Speed to the charge, escorted by the Maruts.
Vainly the demons dare thy might; in vain
Strive to deprive us of thy watery treasures.
Earth quakes beneath the crashing of thy bolts.
Pierced, shattered, lies the foe—his cities crushed,
His armies overthrown, his fortresses
Shivered to fragments; then the pent-up waters,

Released from long imprisonment, descend
In torrents to the earth, and swollen rivers,
Foaming and rolling to their ocean home,
Proclaim the triumph of the Thunderer

Let us proceed next to the all-important Vedic deity Agni, "god of fire," especially of sacrificial fire. I propose now to paraphrase a few of the texts which relate to him: —

TO THE FIRE GOD.

Agni, thou art a sage, a priest, a king,
Protector, father of the sacrifice.
Commissioned by us men thou dost ascend
A messenger, conveying to the sky
Our hymns and offerings. Though thy origin
Be threefold, now from air and now from water,
Now from the mystic double Arani,
Thou art thyself a mighty god, a lord,
Giver of life and immortality,
One in thy essence, but to mortals three,
Displaying thine eternal triple form,
As fire on earth, as lightning in the air,
As sun in heaven Thou art a cherished guest
In every household — father, brother, son,
Friend, benefactor, guardian, all in one
Bright, seven-rayed god! how manifold thy shapes
Revealed to us thy votaries! now we see thee,
With body all of gold, and radiant hair,
Flaming from three terrific heads, and mouths
Whose burning jaws and teeth devour all things
Now with a thousand glowing horns, and now
Flashing thy luster from a thousand eyes,
Thou'rt borne towards us in a golden chariot,
Impelled by winds, and drawn by ruddy steeds,
Marking thy car's destructive course with blackness.
Deliver, mighty lord, thy worshipers
Purge us from taint of sin, and when we die,
Deal mercifully with us on the pyre,
Burning our bodies with their load of guilt,
But bearing our eternal part on high
To luminous abodes and realms of bliss,
Forever there to dwell with righteous men

The next deity is Sūrya, the sun, who, with reference to the variety of his functions, has various names, — such as Savitri,

Aryaman, Mitra, Varuna, Pushan, sometimes ranking as distinct deities of the celestial sphere. As already explained, he is associated in the minds of Vedic worshipers with Fire, and is frequently described as sitting in a chariot drawn by seven ruddy horses (representing the seven days of the week), preceded by the Dawn. Here is an example of a hymn addressed to this deity, translated almost literally: —

HYMN TO THE SUN.

Behold the rays of dawn, like heralds, lead on high
The sun, that men may see the great all-knowing god.
The stars slink off like thieves, in company with Night,
Before the all-seeing eye, whose beams reveal his presence,
Gleaming like brilliant flames, to nation after nation
With speed beyond the ken of mortals, thou, O Sun,
Dost ever travel on, conspicuous to all
Thou dost create the light, and with it dost illume
The universe entire; thou risest in the sight
Of all the race of men, and all the host of heaven
Light-giving Varuna! thy piercing glance doth scan
In quick succession all this stirring, active world,
And penetrateth, too, the broad ethereal space,
Measuring our days and nights and spying out all creatures.
Sūrya with flaming locks, clear-sighted, god of day,
Thy seven ruddy mares bear on thy rushing car
With these thy self-yoked steeds, seven daughters of thy chariot
Onward thou dost advance To thy refulgent orb
Beyond this lower gloom and upward to the light
Would we ascend, O Sun, thou god among the gods.

As an accompaniment to this hymn may here be mentioned the celebrated Gayatri. It is a short prayer to the Sun in his character of Savitri or the Vivifier, and is the most sacred of all Vedic texts. Though not always understood, it is to this very day used by every Brahman throughout India in his daily devotions. It occurs in the Rig-veda, and can be literally translated as follows: —

"Let us meditate [or, We meditate] on that excellent glory of the divine Vivifier. May he enlighten [or, stimulate] our understandings."

May we not conjecture, with Sir William Jones, that the great veneration in which this text has ever been held by the

Hindus from time immemorial, indicates that the more enlightened worshipers adored, under the type of the visible sun, that divine light which alone could illumine their intellects?

I may here also fitly offer a short paraphrase descriptive of the Vedic Ushas, the Greek Eōs, or Dawn: —

HYMN TO THE DAWN.

Hail, ruddy Ushas, golden goddess, borne
Upon thy shining car, thou comest like
A lovely maiden by her mother decked,
Disclosing coyly all thy hidden graces
To our admiring eyes, or like a wife
Unveiling to her lord, with conscious pride,
Beauties which, as he gazes lovingly,
Seem fresher, fairer, each succeeding morn
Through years on years thou hast lived on, and yet
Thou'rt ever young. Thou art the breath and life
Of all that breathes and lives, awaking day by day
Myriads of prostrate sleepers, as from death,
Causing the birds to flutter from their nests,
And rousing men to ply with busy feet
Their daily duties and appointed tasks,
Toiling for wealth, or pleasure, or renown

Before leaving the subject of the Vedic deities, I add a few words about Yama, the god of departed spirits. It appears tolerably certain that the doctrine of metempsychosis has no place in the Mantra portion of the Veda; nor do the authors of the hymns evince any sympathy with the desire to get rid of all action and personal existence, which became so remarkable a feature of the theology and philosophy of the Brahmans in later times. But there are many indirect references to the immortality of man's spirit and a future life, and these become more marked and decided towards the end of the Rig-veda. One of the hymns in the last Mandala is addressed to the Pitris or fathers, that is to say, the spirits of departed ancestors who have attained to a state of heavenly bliss, and are supposed to occupy three different stages of blessedness; the highest inhabiting the upper sky, the middle the intermediate air, and the lowest the regions of the atmosphere near the earth. Reverence and adoration are always to be offered them, and they are presided over by the god Yama, the ruler of all the spirits of the dead, whether good or bad. The earlier legends repre-

sent this god as a kind of first man (his twin sister being Yami), and also as the first of men that died. Hence he is described as guiding the spirits of other men who die, to the same world. In some passages, however, Death is said to be his messenger, he himself dwelling in celestial light, to which the departed are brought, and where they enjoy his society and that of the fathers. In the Veda he has nothing to do with judging or punishing the departed (as in the later mythology), but he has two terrific dogs, with four eyes, which guard the way to his abode. Here are a few thoughts about him from various hymns in the tenth Mandala of the Rig-veda: —

HYMN TO DEATH.

To Yama, mighty king, be gifts and homage paid.
He was the first of men that died, the first to brave
Death's rapid, rushing stream, the first to point the road
To heaven, and welcome others to that bright abode.
No power can rob us of the home thus won by thee
O king, we come; the born must die, must tread the path
That thou hast trod — the path by which each race of men,
In long succession, and our fathers too, have passed
Soul of the dead! depart; fear not to take the road —
The ancient road — by which thy ancestors have gone,
Ascend to meet the god — to meet thy happy fathers,
Who dwell in bliss with him. Fear not to pass the guards —
The four-eyed brindled dogs — that watch for the departed.
Return unto thy home, O soul! Thy sin and shame
Leave thou behind on earth; assume a shining form —
Thy ancient shape — refined and from all taint set free.

Let me now endeavor, by slightly amplified translations, to convey some idea of two of the most remarkable hymns in the Rig-veda. The first, which may be compared with some parts of the thirty-eighth chapter of Job, attempts to describe the mystery of creation, thus: —

THE MYSTERY OF CREATION.

In the beginning there was neither naught nor aught;
Then there was neither sky nor atmosphere above
What then enshrouded all this teeming Universe?
In the receptacle of what was it contained?
Was it enveloped in the gulf profound of water?
Then was there neither death nor immortality,

Then was there neither day, nor night, nor light, nor darkness,
Only the existent One breathed calmly, self-contained.
Naught else than him there was — naught else above, beyond.
Then first came darkness hid in darkness, gloom in gloom.
Next all was water, all a chaos indiscrete,
In which the One lay void, shrouded in nothingness.
Then turning inwards, he by self-developed force
Of inner fervor and intense abstraction, grew.
And now in him Desire, the primal germ of mind,
Arose, which learned men, profoundly searching, say
Is the first subtle bond, connecting Entity
With Nullity. This ray that kindled dormant life,
Where was it then? before? or was it found above?
Were there parturient powers and latent qualities,
And fecund principles beneath, and active forces
That energized aloft? Who knows? Who can declare?
How and from what has sprung this Universe? the gods
Themselves are subsequent to its development.
Who then can penetrate the secret of its rise?
Whether 'twas framed or not, made or not made, he only
Who in the highest heaven sits, the omniscient lord,
Assuredly knows all, or haply knows he not

The next example is from the first Mandala of the Rig-veda. Like the preceding, it furnishes a good argument for those who maintain that the purer faith of the Hindus is properly monotheistic.

THE ONE GOD.

What god shall we adore with sacrifice?
Him let us praise, the golden child that rose
In the beginning, who was born the lord —
The one sole lord of all that is — who made
The earth, and formed the sky, who giveth life,
Who giveth strength, whose bidding gods revere,
Whose hiding place is immortality,
Whose shadow, death; who by his might is king
Of all the breathing, sleeping, waking world —
Who governs men and beasts, whose majesty
These snowy hills, this ocean with its rivers,
Declare, of whom these spreading regions form
The arms, by whom the firmament is strong,
Earth firmly planted, and the highest heavens
Supported, and the clouds that fill the air
Distributed and measured out, to whom
Both earth and heaven, established by his will,

Look up with trembling mind; in whom revealed
The rising sun shines forth above the world.
Where'er let loose in space, the mighty waters
Have gone, depositing a fruitful seed.
And generating fire, there *he* arose,
Who is the breath and life of all the gods,
Whose mighty glance looks round the vast expanse
Of watery vapor—source of energy,
Cause of the sacrifice—the only God
Above the gods. May he not injure us!
He the Creator of the earth—the righteous
Creator of the sky, Creator too
Of oceans bright, and far-extending waters.

The hymn to Night is my last example. It is taken from the tenth Mandala of the Rig-veda:—

HYMN TO NIGHT.

The goddess Night arrives in all her glory,
Looking about her with her countless eyes.
She, the immortal goddess, throws her veil
Over low valley, rising ground, and hill,
But soon with bright effulgence dissipates
The darkness she produces; soon advancing
She calls her sister Morning to return,
And then each darksome shadow melts away.
Kind goddess, be propitious to thy servants
Who at thy coming straightway seek repose,
Like birds who nightly nestle in the trees.
Lo! men and cattle, flocks and winged creatures,
And e'en the ravenous hawks, have gone to rest
Drive thou away from us, O Night, the wolf;
Drive thou away the thief, and bear us safely
Across thy borders. Then do thou, O Dawn,
Like one who clears away a debt, chase off
This black yet palpable obscurity,
Which came to fold us in its close embrace.
Receive, O Night, dark daughter of the Day,
My hymn of praise, which I present to thee,
Like some rich offering to a conqueror.

PRINCE SIDDÂRTHA'S MARRIAGE.[1]

(From "The Light of Asia")

BY SIR EDWIN ARNOLD

[SIR EDWIN ARNOLD An English poet and journalist, born at Rochester, England, June 10, 1832. He was editor of the *London Daily Telegraph* during the Russo-Turkish war of 1878 His residence in India as president of the Sanskrit College turned his attention to Oriental themes. Among his principal works are. "The Light of Asia," 1879, "Indian Idylls," 1883, "Pearls of the Faith," "Sa'adi in the Garden," "India Revisited," "The Tenth Muse, and Other Poems," "The Light of the World."]

Now, when our Lord was come to eighteen years,
The King commanded that there should be built
Three stately houses. one of hewn square beams
With cedar lining, warm for winter days;
One of veined marbles, cool for summer heat;
And one of burned bricks, with blue tiles bedecked.
Pleasant at seedtime, when the champaks bud
Subha, Suramma, Ramma, were their names
Delicious gardens round about them bloomed,
Streams wandered wild and musky thickets stretched,
With many a bright pavilion and fair lawn,
In midst of which Siddârtha strayed at will,
Some new delight provided every hour·
And happy hours he knew, for life was rich,
With youthful blood at quickest; yet still came
The shadows of his meditation back,
As the lake's silver dulls with driving clouds

Which the King marking, called his Ministers —
"Bethink ye, sirs! how the old Rishi spake,"
He said, "and what my dream readers foretold,
This boy, more dear to me than mine heart's blood,
Shall be of universal dominance,
Trampling the neck of all his enemies,
A King of kings — and this is in my heart, —
Or he shall tread the sad and lowly path
Of self-denial and of pious pains,
Gaining who knows what good, when all is lost
Worth keeping; and to this his wistful eyes
Do still incline amid my palaces
But ye are sage, and ye will counsel me
How may his feet be turned to that proud road

[1] By permission of Kegan Paul Trench, Trubner & Co (Price 3s 6d)

Where they should walk, and all fair signs come true
Which gave him Earth to rule, if he would rule?"

The eldest answered, "Maharaja! love
Will cure these thin distempers: weave the spell
Of woman's wiles about his idle heart.
What knows this noble boy of beauty yet,
Eyes that make heaven forgot, and lips of balm?
Find him soft wives and pretty playfellows:
The thoughts ye cannot stay with brazen chains
A girl's hair lightly binds."

And all thought good,
But the King answered, "If we seek him wives,
Love chooseth ofttimes with another eye;
And if we bid range Beauty's garden round,
To pluck what blossom pleases, he will smile
And sweetly shun the joy he knows not of."
Then said another, "Roams the barasingh
Until the fated arrow flies; for him,
As for less lordly spirits, some one charms,
Some face will seem a Paradise, some form
Fairer than pale Dawn when she wakes the world.
This do, my King! Command a festival
Where the realm's maids shall be competitors
In youth and grace, and sports that Sákyas use.
Let the Prince give the prizes to the fair,
And, when the lovely victors pass his seat,
There shall be those who mark if one or two
Change the fixed sadness of his tender cheek;
So we may choose for Love with Love's own eyes,
And cheat his Highness into happiness."
This thing seemed good: wherefore upon a day
The criers bade the young and beautiful
Pass to the palace; for 'twas in command
To hold a court of pleasure, and the Prince
Would give the prizes, something rich for all,
The richest for the fairest judged. So flocked
Kapilavastu's maidens to the gate.
Each with her dark hair newly smoothed and bound,
Eyelashes lustered with the soorma stick,
Fresh-bathed and scented; all in shawls and cloths
Of gayest; slender hands and feet new-stained
With crimson, and the tilka spots stamped bright.
Fair show it was of all those Indian girls,
Slow-pacing past the throne with large black eyes
Fixed on the ground; for when they saw the Prince,

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD

More than the awe of Majesty made beat
Their fluttering hearts, he sat so passionless —
Gentle, but so beyond them. Each maid took
With down-dropped lids her gift, afraid to gaze;
And if the people hailed some lovelier one
Beyond her rivals worthy royal smiles,
She stood like a scared antelope to touch
The gracious hand, then fled to join her mates, —
Trembling at favor, so divine he seemed,
So high and saintlike and above her world.
Thus filed they, one bright maid after another,
The city's flowers, and all this beauteous march
Was ending and the prizes spent; when last
Came young Yasódhara, and they that stood
Nearest Siddârtha saw the princely boy
Start, as the radiant girl approached. A form
Of heavenly mold; a gait like Parvati's;
Eyes like a hind's in love time, face so fair
Words cannot paint its spell; and she alone
Gazed full — folding her palms across her breasts —
On the boy's gaze, her stately neck unbent
"Is there a gift for me?" she asked, and smiled
"The gifts are gone," the Prince replied, "yet take
This for amends, dear sister, of whose grace
Our happy city boasts;" therewith he loosed
The emerald necklet from his throat, and clasped
Its green beads round her dark and silk-soft waist:
And their eyes mixed, and from the look sprang love.

Long after — when enlightenment was full —
Lord Buddha, being prayed why thus his heart
Took fire at first glance of the Sákya girl,
Answered, "We were not strangers, as to us
And all it seemed; — in ages long gone by
A hunter's son, playing with forest girls
By Yamun's springs, where Nandadevi stands,
Sat umpire while they raced beneath the firs
Like hares at eve that run their playful rings:
One with flower stars crowned he, one with long plumes
Plucked from eyed pheasant and the jungle cock,
One with fir apples; but who ran the last
Came first for him, and unto her the boy
Gave a tame fawn and his heart's love beside.
And in the wood they lived many glad years
And in the wood they undivided died.

Lo! as hid seed shoots after rainless years,
So good and evil, pains and pleasures, hates
And loves, and all dead deeds, come forth again
Bearing bright leaves or dark, sweet fruit or sour.
Thus I was he and she Yasódhara;
And while the wheel of birth and death turns round,
That which hath been must be between us two."

But they who watched the Prince at prize-giving
Saw and heard all, and told the careful King
How sat Siddârtha heedless, till there passed
Great Suprabuddha's child, Yasódhara;
And how — at sudden sight of her — he changed,
And how she gazed on him and he on her,
And of the jewel gift, and what beside
Passed in their speaking glance.

The fond King smiled
"Look! we have found a lure. take counsel now
To fetch therewith our falcon from the clouds.
Let messengers be sent to ask the maid
In marriage for my son." But it was law
With Sákyas, when any asked a maid
Of noble house, fair and desirable,
He must make good his skill in martial arts
Against all suitors who should challenge it;
Nor might this custom break itself for kings.
Therefore her father spake: "Say to the King,
The child is sought by princes far and near:
If thy most gentle son can bend the bow,
Sway sword, and back a horse, better than they,
Best would he be in all and best to us;
But how shall this be, with his cloistered ways?"
Then the King's heart was sore: for now the Prince
Begged sweet Yasódhara for wife in vain,
With Devadatta foremost at the bow,
Ardjuna master of all fiery steeds,
And Nanda chief in swordplay; but the Prince
Laughed low and said, "These things, too, I have learned;
Make proclamation that thy son will meet
All comers at their chosen games. I think
I shall not lose my love for such as these."
So 'twas given forth that on the seventh day
The Prince Siddârtha summoned whoso would
To match with him in feats of manliness,
The victor's crown to be Yasódhara

Therefore, upon the seventh day, there went
The Sákya lords and town and country round
Unto the maidán; and the maid went too
Amid her kinsfolk, carried as a bride,
With music, and with litters gayly dight,
And gold-horned oxen, flower-caparisoned:
Whom Devadatta claimed, of royal line,
And Nanda and Ardjuna, noble both,
The flower of all youths there, till the Prince came
Riding his white horse Kantaka, which neighed,
Astonished at this great strange world without;
Also Siddârtha gazed with wondering eyes
On all those people born beneath the throne,
Otherwise housed than kings, otherwise fed,
And yet so like—perchance—in joys and griefs.
But when the Prince saw sweet Yasódhara,
Brightly he smiled, and drew his silken rein,
Leaped to the earth from Kantaka's broad back,
And cried, "He is not worthy of this pearl
Who is not worthiest · let my rivals prove
If I have dared too much in seeking her."
Then Nanda challenged for the arrow test
And set a brazen drum six gows away,
Ardjuna six and Devadatta eight;
But Prince Siddârtha bade them set his drum
Ten gows from off the line, until it seemed
A cowry shell for target. Then they loosed,
And Nanda pierced his drum, Ardjuna his,
And Devadatta drove a well-aimed shaft
Through both sides of his mark, so that the crowd
Marveled and cried; and sweet Yasódhara
Dropped the gold sari o'er her fearful eyes,
Lest she should see her Prince's arrow fail.
But he, taking their bow of lacquered cane,
With sinews bound, and strong with silver wire,
Which none but stalwart arms could draw a span,
Thrummed it—low laughing—drew the twisted string
Till the horns kissed, and the thick belly snapped.
"That is for play, not love," he said: "hath none
A bow more fit for Sákya lords to use?"
And one said, "There is Sinhahánu's bow,
Kept in the temple since we know not when,
Which none can string, nor draw if it be strung."
"Fetch me," he cried, "that weapon of a man!"
They brought the ancient bow, wrought of black steel,

Laid with gold tendrils on its branching curves
Like bison horns; and twice Siddârtha tried
Its strength across his knee, then spake—"Shoot now
With this, my cousins!" but they could not bring
The stubborn arms a handbreadth nigher use:
Then the Prince, lightly leaning, bent the bow,
Slipped home the eye upon the notch, and twanged
Sharply the cord, which, like an eagle's wing
Thrilling the air, sang forth so clear and loud
That feeble folk at home that day inquired
"What is this sound?" and people answered them,
"It is the sound of Sinhahánu's bow,
Which the King's son has strung and goes to shoot;"
Then fitting fair a shaft, he drew and loosed,
And the keen arrow clove the sky, and drave
Right through that farthest drum, nor stayed its flight,
But skimmed the plain beyond, past reach of eye.

Then Devadatta challenged with the sword,
And clove a Talas tree six fingers thick;
Ardjuna seven, and Nanda cut through nine;
But two such stems together grew, and both
Siddârtha's blade shred at one flashing stroke,
Keen, but so smooth that the straight trunks upstood,
And Nanda cried, "His edge turned!" and the maid
Trembled anew seeing the trees erect,
Until the Devas of the air, who watched,
Blew light breaths from the south, and both green crowns
Crashed in the sand, clean-felled.

Then brought they steeds,
High-mettled, nobly bred, and three times scoured
Around the maidán, but white Kantaka
Left even the fleetest far behind—so swift,
That ere the foam fell from his mouth to earth
Twenty spear lengths he flew; but Nanda said,
"We too might win with such as Kantaka.
Bring an unbroken horse, and let men see
Who best can back him." So the syces brought
A stallion dark as night, led by three chains,
Fierce-eyed, with nostrils wide and tossing mane,
Unshod, unsaddled, for no rider yet
Had crossed him. Three times each young Sákya
Sprang to his mighty back, but the hot steed
Furiously reared, and flung them to the plain
In dust and shame: only Ardjuna held
His seat awhile, and, bidding loose the chains,

Lashed the black flank, and shook the bit, and held
The proud jaws fast with grasp of master hand,
So that in storms of wrath and rage and fear
The savage stallion circled once the plain
Half-tamed; but sudden turned with naked teeth,
Gripped by the foot Ardjuna, tore him down,
And would have slain him, but the grooms ran in
Fettering the maddened beast Then all men cried,
"Let not Siddârtha meddle with this Bhút,
Whose liver is a tempest, and his blood
Red flame," but the Prince said, "Let go the chains,
Give me his forelock only," which he held
With quiet grasp, and, speaking some low word,
Laid his right palm across the stallion's eyes,
And drew it gently down the angry face,
And all along the neck and panting flanks,
Till men astonished saw the night-black horse
Sink his fierce crest and stand subdued and meek,
As though he knew our Lord and worshiped him.
Nor stirred he while Siddârtha mounted, then
Went soberly to touch of knee and rein
Before all eyes, so that the people said,
"Strive no more, for Siddârtha is the best"

And all the suitors answered "He is best!"
And Suprabuddha, father of the maid,
Said, "It was in our hearts to find thee best,
Being dearest, yet what magic taught thee more
Of manhood 'mid thy rose bowers and thy dreams
Than war and chase and world's work bring to these?
But wear, fair Prince, the treasure thou hast won"
Then at a word the lovely Indian girl
Rose from her place above the throng, and took
A crown of mógra flowers and lightly drew
The veil of black and gold across her brow,
Proud pacing past the youths, until she came
To where Siddârtha stood in grace divine,
New lighted from the night-dark steed, which bent
Its strong neck meekly underneath his arm
Before the Prince lowly she bowed, and bared
Her face celestial beaming with glad love,
Then on his neck she hung the fragrant wreath,
And on his breast she laid her perfect head,
And stooped to touch his feet with proud glad eyes,
Saying, "Dear Prince, behold me, who am thine!"
And all the throng rejoiced, seeing them pass

Hand fast in hand, and heart beating with heart,
The veil of black and gold drawn close again

Long after — when enlightenment was come —
They prayed Lord Buddha touching all, and why
She wore this black and gold, and stepped so proud.
And the World-honored answered, "Unto me
This was unknown, albeit it seemed half known,
For while the wheel of birth and death turns round,
Past things and thoughts and buried lives come back.
I now remember, myriad rains ago,
What time I roamed Himála's hanging woods,
A tiger, with my striped and hungry kind
I, who am Buddh, couched in the kusa grass
Gazing with green blinked eyes upon the herds
Which pastured near and nearer to their death
Round my day lair; or underneath the stars
I roamed for prey, savage, insatiable,
Sniffing the paths for track of man and deer.
Amid the beasts that were my fellows then,
Met in deep jungle or by reedy jheel,
A tigress, comeliest of the forest, set
The males at war, her hide was lit with gold,
Black-broidered like the veil Yasódhara
Wore for me hot the strife waxed in that wood
With tooth and claw, while underneath a neem
The fair beast watched us bleed, thus fiercely wooed.
And I remember, at the end she came
Snarling past this and that torn forest lord
Which I had conquered, and with fawning jaws
Licked my quick-heaving flank, and with me went
Into the wild with proud steps, amorously.
The wheel of birth and death turns low and high."

Therefore the maid was given unto the Prince
A willing spoil, and when the stars were good —
Mesha, the Red Ram, being Lord of heaven —
The marriage feast was kept, as Sákyas use,
The golden gadi set, the carpet spread,
The wedding garlands hung, the arm threads tied,
The sweet cake broke, the rice and attar thrown,
The two straws floated on the reddened milk,
Which, coming close, betokened "love till death";
The seven steps taken thrice around the fire,
The gifts bestowed on holy men, the alms
And temple offerings made, the mantras sung,

The garments of the bride and bridegroom tied.
Then the gray father spake. "Worshipful Prince,
She that was ours henceforth is only thine;
Be good to her, who hath her life in thee"
Wherewith they brought home sweet Yasódhara,
With songs and trumpets, to the Prince's arms,
And love was all in all.

THE CUP OF WATER.[1]

By CHARLOTTE M. YONGE

[CHARLOTTE M YONGE, English novelist, was born in 1823. Her first celebrated novel, "The Heir of Redclyffe," was published in 1853; the equally well-known "Daisy Chain" in 1856, and "Dynevor Terrace" in 1857, she has written many others. Her "Book of Golden Deeds" appeared in 1864.]

No touch in the history of the minstrel king David gives us a more warm and personal feeling towards him than his longing for the water at the well of Bethlehem. Standing as the incident does in the summary of the characters of his mighty men, it is apt to appear to us as if it had taken place in his latter days; but such is not the case: it befell while he was still under thirty, in the time of his persecution by Saul.

It was when the last attempt at reconciliation with the king had been made, when the affectionate parting with the generous and faithful Jonathan had taken place, when Saul was hunting him like a partridge on the mountains on the one side, and the Philistines had nearly taken his life on the other, that David, outlawed, yet loyal at the heart, sent his aged parents to the land of Moab for refuge, and himself took up his abode in the caves of the wild limestone hills that had become familiar to him when he was a shepherd. Brave captain and Heaven-destined king as he was, his name attracted round him a motley group of those that were in distress, or in debt, or discontented, and among them were the "mighty men" whose brave deeds won them the foremost parts in that army with which David was to fulfill the ancient promises to his people. There were his three nephews, Joab, the ferocious and imperious, the chivalrous Abishai, and Asahel the fleet of foot; there was the warlike Levite Benaiah, who slew lions and lionlike men, and others who, like David himself, had done battle with the gigantic

[1] By permission of the publishers, Macmillan & Co., Ltd

sons of Anak. Yet even these valiant men, so wild and lawless, could be kept in check by the voice of their young captain; and, outlaws as they were, they spoiled no peaceful villages, they lifted not their hands against the persecuting monarch, and the neighboring farms lost not one lamb through their violence. Some at least listened to the song of their warlike minstrel: —

> Come, ye children, and hearken to me,
> I will teach you the fear of the Lord.
> What man is he that lusteth to live,
> And would fain see good days?
> Let him refrain his tongue from evil
> And his lips that they speak no guile,
> Let him eschew evil and do good,
> Let him seek peace and ensue it.

With such strains as these, sung to his harp, the warrior gained the hearts of his men to enthusiastic love, and gathered followers on all sides, among them eleven fierce men of Gad, with faces like lions and feet swift as roes, who swam the Jordan in time of flood, and fought their way to him, putting all enemies in the valleys to flight.

But the Eastern sun burnt on the bare rocks. A huge fissure, opening in the mountain ridge, encumbered at the bottom with broken rocks, with precipitous banks, scarcely affording a footing for the wild goats—such is the spot where, upon a cleft on the steep precipice, still remain the foundations of the "hold," or tower, believed to have been David's retreat, and near at hand is the low-browed entrance of the galleried cave, alternating between narrow passages and spacious halls, but all oppressively hot and close. Waste and wild, without a bush or a tree, in the feverish atmosphere of Palestine, it was a desolate region, and at length the wanderer's heart fainted in him, as he thought of his own home, with its rich and lovely terraced slopes, green with wheat, trellised with vines, and clouded with gray olive, and of the cool cisterns of living water by the gate, of which he loved to sing: —

> He shall feed me in a green pasture,
> And lead me forth beside the waters of comfort

His parched longing lips gave utterance to the sigh, "Oh that one would give me to drink of the water of the well of Bethlehem that is by the gate!"

CHARLOTTE MARY YONGE

From a photo by Alexander Bassano

Three of his brave men, apparently Abishai, Benaiah, and Eleazar, heard the wish. Between their mountain fastness and the dearly loved spring lay the host of the Philistines; but their love for their leader feared no enemies. It was not only water that he longed for, but the water from the fountain which he had loved in his childhood. They descended from their chasm, broke through the midst of the enemy's army, and drew the water from the favorite spring, bearing it back, once again through the foe, to the tower upon the rock! Deeply moved was their chief at this act of self-devotion—so much moved that the water seemed to him too sacred to be put to his own use. "May God forbid it me that I should do this thing. Shall I drink the blood of these men that have put their lives in jeopardy, for with the jeopardy of their lives they brought it?" And as a hallowed and precious gift, he poured out unto the Lord the water obtained at the price of such peril to his followers.

In later times we meet with another hero, who by his personal qualities inspired something of the same enthusiastic attachment as did David, and who met with an adventure somewhat similar, showing the like nobleness of mind on the part of both leader and followers.

It was Alexander of Macedon, whose character as a man, with all its dark shades of violence, rage, and profanity, has a nobleness and sweetness that win our hearts, while his greatness rests on a far broader basis than that of his conquests, though they are unrivaled. No one else so gained the love of the conquered, had such wide and comprehensive views for the amelioration of the world, or rose so superior to the prejudice of race; nor have any ten years left so lasting a trace upon the history of the world as those of his career.

It is not, however, of his victories that we are here to speak, but of his return march from the banks of the Indus, in B.C. 326, when he had newly recovered from the severe wound which he had received under the fig tree, within the mud wall of the city of the Malli. This expedition was as much the exploration of a discoverer as the journey of a conqueror: and at the mouth of the Indus he sent his ships to survey the coasts of the Indian Ocean and Persian Gulf, while he himself marched along the shore of the province, then called Gedrosia, and now Mekhran. It was a most dismal tract. Above towered mountains of reddish-brown bare stone, treeless and

without verdure, the scanty grass produced in the summer being burnt up long before September, the month of his march; and all the slope below was equally desolate slopes of gravel. The few inhabitants were called by the Greeks fish eaters and turtle eaters, because there was, apparently, nothing else to eat, and their huts were built of turtle-shells.

The recollections connected with the region were dismal. Semiramis and Cyrus were each said to have lost an army there through hunger and thirst; and these foes, the most fatal foes of the invader, began to attack the Greek host. Nothing but the discipline and all-pervading influence of Alexander could have borne his army through. Speed was their sole chance; and through the burning sun, over the arid rock, he stimulated their steps with his own high spirit of unshrinking endurance, till he had dragged them through one of the most rapid and extraordinary marches of his wonderful career. His own share in their privations was fully and freely taken; and once when, like the rest, he was faint with heat and deadly thirst, a small quantity of water, won with great fatigue and difficulty, was brought to him, he esteemed it too precious to be applied to his own refreshment, but poured it forth as a libation, lest, he said, his warriors should thirst the more when they saw him drink alone, and, no doubt, too, because he felt the exceeding value of that which was purchased by loyal love.

A like story is told of Rodolf of Hapsburg, the founder of the greatness of Austria, and one of the most open-hearted of men. A flagon of water was brought to him when his army was suffering from severe drought. "I cannot," he said, "drink alone, nor can all share so small a quantity. I do not thirst for myself, but for my whole army."

Yet there have been thirsty lips that have made a still more trying renunciation. Our own Sir Philip Sidney, riding back, with the mortal hurt in his broken thigh, from the fight at Zutphen, and giving the draught from his own lips to the dying man whose necessities were greater than his own, has long been our proverb for the giver of that self-denying cup of water that shall by no means lose its reward.

A tradition of an act of somewhat the same character survived in a Slesvig family, now extinct. It was during the wars that raged from 1652 to 1660, between Frederick III. of Denmark and Charles Gustavus of Sweden, that, after a battle, in which the victory had remained with the Danes, a stout burgher

of Flensborg was about to refresh himself, ere retiring to have his wounds dressed, with a draught of beer from a wooden bottle, when an imploring cry from a wounded Swede, lying on the field, made him turn, and, with the very words of Sidney, "Thy need is greater than mine," he knelt down by the fallen enemy, to pour the liquor into his mouth. His requital was a pistol shot in the shoulder from the treacherous Swede. "Rascal," he cried, "I would have befriended you, and you would murder me in return! Now will I punish you. I would have given you the whole bottle; but now you shall have only half." And drinking off half himself, he gave the rest to the Swede. The king, hearing the story, sent for the burgher, and asked him how he came to spare the life of such a rascal.

"Sire," said the honest burgher, "I could never kill a wounded enemy."

"Thou meritest to be a noble," the king said, and created him one immediately, giving him as armorial bearings a wooden bottle pierced with an arrow! The family only lately became extinct in the person of an old maiden lady.

THE CLAY CART.[1]

TRANSLATED AND ABRIDGED BY SIR MONIER MONIER-WILLIAMS

[The earliest extant Sanskrit drama, attributed to King Sudraka, who is said to have reigned in the first or second century B C.]

THE first scene represents a court in front of Caru-datta's house. His friend Maitreya — who, although a Brahman, acts the part of a sort of jovial companion, and displays a disposition of mixed shrewdness and simplicity — laments Caru-datta's fallen fortunes, caused by his too great liberality. Caru-datta replies thus: —

Caru-datta —

Think not, my friend, I mourn departed wealth·
One thing alone torments me, — that my guests
Desert my beggared house, like to the bees
That swarm around the elephant, when dews
Exhale from his broad front, but quickly leave
His dried-up temples when they yield no sweets.

[1] From 'Indian Wisdom" By permission of author and Luzac & Co 4th edition, post 8vo., cloth, price £1 1s

Maitreya—The sons of slaves! These guests you speak of are always ready to make a morning meal off a man's property.

Caru-datta—

It is most true, but I bestow no thought
On my lost property,—as fate decrees
Wealth comes and goes; but this is torture to me,—
That friendships I thought firm hang all relaxed
And loose, when poverty sticks closest to me.
From poverty 'tis but a step to shame—
From shame to loss of manly self-respect;
Then comes disdainful scorn, then dark despair
O'erwhelms the mind with melancholy thoughts,
Then reason goes, and last of all comes ruin
Oh! poverty is source of every ill.

Maitreya—Ah well, cheer up! Let's have no more of these woe-begone memories. What's lost can't be recovered.

Caru-datta—

Good! I will grieve no more. Go you, my friend,
And offer this oblation, just prepared,
Unto the gods, and mothers of us all.

Maitreya—Not I.

Caru-datta—And why not, pray?

Maitreya—Why, what's the use, when the gods you have worshiped have done nothing for you?

Caru-datta—

Friend, speak not thus, for worship is the duty
Of every family; the gods are honored
By offerings, and gratified by acts
Of penance and restraint in thought and word.
Therefore, delay not to present the oblation.

Maitreya—I don't intend to go; send some one else.

Caru-datta—

Stay quiet then for a little, till I have finished
My religious meditations and prayer.

They are supposed here to retire, and a voice is heard behind the scenes:—

Stop! Vasanta-sena, stop!

The heroine of the play now appears in front of Caru-datta's house, pursued by the king's worthless but wealthy brother-in-law, called Samsthanaka, who is an embodiment of everything vicious and mean, in exact contrast to Caru-datta

Samsthanaka—Stop! Vasanta-sena, stop! Why do you run away? Don't be alarmed. I am not going to kill you. My poor

heart is on fire with love, like a piece of meat placed on a heap of burning coals

Vasanta-sena—Noble sir, I am only a weak woman

Samsthanaka—That is just why I don't intend murdering you.

Vasanta-sena—Why then do you pursue me? Do you seek my jewels?

Samsthanaka—No, I only seek to gain your affections

At this point the frightened Vasanta-sena discovers that she is close to Caru-datta's house. He is not only loved by her, but greatly respected as a man of honor; and under cover of the evening darkness, now supposed to have supervened, she slips into the courtyard of his house by a side door, and hides herself. A companion who is with the king's brother now counsels him to desist from following her, by remarking:—

An elephant is bound by a chain,
A horse is curbed by a bridle and rein;
But a woman is only held by her heart—
If you can't hold that, you had better depart

Samsthanaka, however, forces his way into Caru-datta's house; and there finding Caru-datta's friend and companion Maitreya, thus addresses him:—

Take this message to Caru-datta—Vasanta-sena loves you, and has taken refuge in your house If you will deliver her up, you shall be rewarded by my everlasting friendship; if not, I shall remain your enemy till death. Give this message, so that I may hear you from the neighbouring terrace; refuse to say exactly what I have told you, and I will crush your head as I would a wood apple beneath a door.

He then leaves the stage.

Maitreya accordingly delivers the message. Soon afterwards the heroine Vasanta-sena ventures into the presence of Caru-datta, asks pardon for intruding into his house, requests him to take charge of a golden casket containing her ornaments as a deposit left in trust, and solicits his friend's escort back to her own house.

Maitreya is too much alarmed to accompany her, so Caru-datta himself escorts Vasanta-sena home.

So far is an epitome of the first act.

At the commencement of the second act a gambler is introduced running away from the keeper of a gaming house, named

Mathura, and another gambler to whom the first gambler has lost money, who are both pursuing him.

First Gambler—The master of the tables and the gamester are at my heels: how can I escape them? Here is an empty temple. I will enter it walking backwards, and pretend to be its idol.

Mathura—Ho there! stop, thief! A gambler has lost ten suvarnas, and is running off without paying. Stop him, stop him!

Second Gambler—He has run as far as this point; but here the track is lost.

Mathura—Ah! I see,—the footsteps are reversed: the rogue has walked backwards into this temple which has no image in it.

They enter and make signs to each other on discovering the object of their search, who pretends to be an idol fixed on a pedestal.

Second Gambler—Is this a wooden image, I wonder?

Mathura—No, no, it must be made of stone, I think. [*So saying, they shake and pinch him.*] Never mind, sit we down here, and play out our game. [*They commence playing*]

First Gambler [*still acting the image, but looking on and with difficulty restraining his wish to join in the game. Aside*]—The rattling of dice is as tantalizing to a penniless man as the sound of drums to a dethroned monarch; verily it is sweet as the note of a nightingale

Second Gambler—The throw is mine, the throw is mine!

Mathura—No, it is mine, I say.

First Gambler [*forgetting himself and jumping off his pedestal*]—No, I tell you it is mine.

Second Gambler—We've caught him!

Mathura—Yes, rascal, you're caught at last: hand over the suvarnas.

First Gambler—Worthy sir, I'll pay them in good time.

Mathura—Hand them over this very minute, I say. [*They beat him.*]

First Gambler [*aside to Second Gambler*]—I'll pay you half if you will forgive me the rest.

Second Gambler—Agreed.

First Gambler [*aside to Mathura*]—I'll give you security for half if you will let me off the other half.

Mathura—Agreed

First Gambler—Then good morning to you, sirs; I'm off.

Maitreya — Are you sleepy?
Carudatta —

Yes.
I feel inconstant sleep, with shadowy form
Viewless and wayward, creep across my brow
And weigh my eyelids down; her soft approach
Is like Decay's advance, which stronger grows
Till it has mastered all our faculties,
And life is lost in blank unconsciousness.

The whole household is soon buried in slumber, when a thief named Sarvilaka is seen to approach. His soliloquy, while he proceeds to accomplish his design of breaking into the house, is curious, as showing that an Indian burglar's mode of operation in ancient times differed very little from that now in fashion. Moreover, it appears that the whole practice of housebreaking was carried on by professional artists according to certain fixed rules and principles, which a master of the science, named Yogacarya, had embodied in a kind of "Thieves' Manual" for the better training of his disciples. It is evident, too, that the fraternity of thieves, burglars, and rogues had a special presiding Deity and Patron in India, much in the same way as in ancient Greece and Rome.

It may be noted also, as still more curious, that the particular burglar here introduced is represented as a Brahman, that he is made to speak the learned language, Sanskrit, and to display acquaintance with Sanskrit literature; while all the subordinate characters in Indian dramas, including women of rank, are represented as speaking one or other of the provincial dialects called Prakrit. Here is part of the burglar's soliloquy: —

I advance creeping stealthily along the ground, like a snake wiggling out of its worn-out skin, making a path for my operations by the sheer force of my scientific craft, and artfully constructing an opening just big enough to admit my body with ease

This friendly night which covers all the stars
With a thick coat of darkness, acts the part
Of a kind mother, shrouding me, her son,
Whose valor is displayed in night assaults
Upon my neighbors, and whose only dread
Is to be pounced upon by royal watchmen

Good! I have made a hole in the garden wall, and am now in the midst of the premises. Now for an attack on the four walls of the house itself.

Men call this occupation mean, which thrives
By triumphing o'er sleeping enemies
This, they say, is not chivalry but burglary:
But better far reproach with independence,
Than cringing service without liberty;
And did not Aswatthaman long ago
O'erpower in night attack his slumbering foe?

Then follows a little of the burglar's plain prose.—

Where shall I make my breach? Ah! here's a rat hole—this is the very thing we disciples of the god Skanda hail as the best guide to our operations, and the best omen of success Here then I must begin my excavation, that is clear; but how shall I proceed? The golden-speared god has taught four methods of making a breach. namely,—pulling out baked bricks, cutting through unbaked ones; soaking a mud wall with water, and boring through one made of wood. This wall is evidently of baked bricks, so they must be pulled out Now for the shape of the hole. It must be carved according to some orthodox pattern. shall it be like a lotus blossom, the sun, a crescent, a lake, a triangle, or a jar? I must do it cleverly, so that to-morrow morning people may look at my handiwork with wonder, and say to each other, "None but a skilled artist could have done this!" The jar shape looks best in a wall of baked bricks Be it so: now, then, to work! Reverence to the golden-speared god Karttikeya, the giver of all boons! Reverence to Yogacarya, whose chief disciple I am, and who was so pleased with his pupil that he gave me a magical pigment, which, when spread over my body, prevents any police officer from catching sight of me and any weapons from harming my limbs Ah! what a pity! I have forgotten my measuring line Never mind, I can use my Brahmanical cord,—a most serviceable implement to all Brahmans, especially to men of my profession. It serves to measure a wall, or to throw round ornaments which have to be drawn from their places, or to lift the latch of a door, or to bind up one's finger when bitten by insects or snakes And now, to commence measuring Good! the hole is exactly the right size. only one brick remains! Ah! botheration! I am bitten by a snake. I must bind up my finger and apply the antidote that's the only cure Now I am all right again. Let me first peep in What! A light gleams somewhere! Never mind! the breach being perfect, I must creep in Reverence to Karttikeya! How now! two men asleep! Are they really asleep, or only shamming? If they are shamming, they won't bear the glimmer of this lamp when passed over their faces.—they are fast asleep, I believe,—their breathing is regular. their eyes are firmly closed, their joints are all relaxed, and their limbs

their conversation, astonishes Sarvilaka by setting her slave girl free and permitting her to become his wife, thus affording a practical refutation of his charge against women of selfishness and want of generosity.

Soon after the departure of the lovers, an attendant announces the arrival of a Brahman from Caru-datta. This turns out to be Maitreya, who is honored by an introduction into the private garden attached to the inner apartments of Vasanta-sena's house. His passage through the courts of the mansion, no less than seven in number, is made an occasion for describing the interior of the splendid residence which a Hindu lady of wealth and fashion might be supposed, allowing for a little play of the imagination, to occupy.

The description affords a striking picture of Indian life and manners, which to this day are not greatly changed. The account of the courtyards will remind those who have seen Pompeii of some of the houses there, and will illustrate the now universally received opinion of the common origin of Hindus, Greeks, and Romans. Of course the object of Maitreya's visit to Vasanta-sena is to confess the loss of the casket, and to request her acceptance of the string of jewels from Caru-datta as a compensation. The good man in his simplicity expects that she will politely decline the costly present tendered by Caru-datta as a substitute for her far less valuable casket of ornaments; but to his surprise and disgust she eagerly accepts the proffered compensation, and dismisses him with a few complimentary words,—intending however, as it afterwards appears, to make the acceptance of Caru-datta's compensation an excuse for going in person to his house, that she may see him once again and restore to him with her own hand both the necklace and casket.

The fifth act opens with a scene in Caru-datta's garden. A heavy thunderstorm is supposed to be gathering, when Maitreya enters, salutes Caru-datta, and informs him of the particulars of his interview with Vasanta-sena. The rain now begins to descend in torrents, when a servant arrives to announce that Vasanta-sena is waiting outside. On hearing this, Maitreya says:—

What can she have come for? Oh! I know what she wants. She considers the casket worth more than the necklace of jewels, and so she wants to get the balance out of you

Caru-datta—Then she shall go away satisfied.

Meanwhile some delay occurs in admitting Vasanta-sena, which is made an occasion for introducing a dialogue between her and her attendant, in the course of which they are made to describe very poetically the grandeur of the approaching storm: the sudden accumulation of dense masses of threatening clouds, the increasing gloom followed by portentous darkness, the terrific rolling of thunder, the blaze of blinding lightning, the sudden outburst of rain, as if the very clouds themselves were falling, and the effect of all this upon the animals, — some of which, such as the peacocks and storks, welcome the strife of elements with their shrillest cries. In her descriptions of the scene, Vasanta-sena speaks Sanskrit, which is quite an unusual circumstance, and an evidence of her superior education (no good sign, however, according to Eastern ideas), — the female characters in Indian dramas being supposed to be incapable of speaking anything but the ordinary provincial Prakrit. Vasanta-sena is ultimately admitted to the presence of Caru-datta, and before returning the necklace practices a little playful deception upon him as a set-off against that tried upon herself. She pretends that the string of pearls sent to her by Caru-datta has been accidentally lost by her; she therefore produces a casket which she begs him to accept in its place. This, of course, turns out to be the identical casket which the thief had carried off from Caru-datta's house. In the end the whole matter is explained, and both casket and necklace are given over to Caru-datta; and the storm, having now increased in violence, Vasanta-sena, to her great delight, is obliged to accept the shelter of his roof and is conducted to his private apartments. This brings five acts of the drama to a close.

At the commencement of the sixth act, Vasanta-sena is supposed to be at Caru-datta's house, waiting for a covered carriage which is to convey her away. While the vehicle is preparing, Caru-datta's child, a little boy, comes into the room with a toy cart made of clay. He appears to be crying, and an attendant explains that his tears are caused by certain childish troubles connected with his clay cart, which has ceased to please him since his happening to see one made of gold belonging to a neighbor's child. Upon this Vasanta-sena takes off her jeweled ornaments, places them in the clay cart, and tells the child to purchase a golden cart with the value of the jewels, as a present from herself. While this is going on, the carriage which is to convey her away is brought up to the door, but is

driven off again to fetch some cushions accidentally forgotten by the driver. Meanwhile an empty carriage belonging to Samsthanaka,—the worthless brother-in-law of the king,—which is on its way to meet him at an appointed place in a certain garden called Pushpa-karandaka, happens to stop for a moment, impeded by some obstruction in the road close to the door of Caru-datta's house. Vasanta-sena, having been told that Caru-datta's carriage is ready and waiting for her, goes suddenly out and jumps by mistake into the carriage of the man who is most hateful to her, and the very man who is represented as persecuting her by his attentions in the first act. The driver of the empty vehicle, quite unaware of the passenger he has suddenly received, and finding the road now clear before him, drives on to meet his master. Soon afterwards the empty carriage of Caru-datta is brought to the door, and in connection with this incident an important part of the underplot of the drama is then introduced.

The seventh act continues this underplot, which, although ingeniously interwoven with the main action of the drama, is not sufficiently interesting to be worth following out in this epitome.

The eighth act commences with a scene in the Pushpa-karandaka garden. Our old friend, the gambler of the second act, who has abjured his evil ways, and is now converted into a Sramana, or Buddhist mendicant, appears with a wet garment in his hand. He begins his soliloquy with some verses, of which the following is a slightly amplified translation:—

> Hear me, ye foolish, I implore—
> Make sanctity your only store,
> Be satisfied with meager fare,
> Of greed and gluttony beware,
> Shun slumber, practice lucubration,
> Sound the deep gong of meditation,
> Restrain your appetite with zeal,
> Let not these thieves your merit steal:
> Be ever storing it anew,
> And keep eternity in view.
> Live ever thus, like me, austerely,
> And be the home of Virtue merely
> Kill your five senses, murder then
> Women and all immoral men
> Whoever has slain these evils seven

Has saved himself, and goes to heaven
Nor think by shaven face and head
To prove your appetites are dead:
Who shears his head and not his heart
Is an ascetic but in part;
But he whose heart is closely lopped
Has also head and visage cropped.

He then proceeds with his soliloquy thus: —

My tattered garment is now properly dyed of a reddish-yellow color. I will just slip into this garden belonging to the king's brother-in-law, wash my clothes in the lake, and then make off as fast as I can.

A Voice behind — Hollo there! you wretch of a mendicant, stop, stop

Mendicant — Woe's me! Here is the king's brother himself coming. A poor mendicant once offended him, so now whenever he sees another like me, he slits his nose and drags him away like an ox. Where shall I take refuge? None but the venerated Buddha can be my protector.

Samsthanaka, the king's brother-in-law, now enters the garden, and laying hold of the luckless mendicant, commences beating him. A companion of Samsthanaka, however, here interposes, and begs that the mendicant be released.

Samsthanaka then says: —

I will let him go on one condition, namely, that he removes all the mud from this pool without disturbing the water, or else collects all the clear water in a heap and then throws the mud away.

After some wrangling, and a good deal of nonsense of this sort, spoken by the king's brother, the mendicant is allowed to make off. Nevertheless, he still hangs about the precincts of the garden. In the mean time the carriage containing Vasantasena approaches.

Samsthanaka [*to his companion*] — What o'clock is it? That driver of mine, Sthavaraka, was ordered to be here sharp with the carriage, and has not yet arrived. I am dying with hunger; it is midday, and one cannot stir a step on foot; the sun is in mid sky, and can no more be looked at than an angry ape; the ground is as parched as the face of Gandhari when her hundred sons were slain; the birds seek shelter in the branches; men panting with heat hide themselves from the sun's rays as well as they can in the recesses of their houses Shall I give you a song to while away the time? My

voice is in first-rate condition, for I keep it so with asafetida, cumin seed, cyperus, orris root, treacle, and ginger. [*Sings.*]

The driver Sthavaraka now enters with the carriage containing Vasanta-sena.

Samsthanaka — Oh! here is the carriage at last.

On seeing it, he is about to jump into the vehicle, but starts back in alarm, declaring that either a thief or a witch is inside. In the end he recognizes Vasanta-sena, and in his delight at having secured the object of his affection, kneels at her feet in the attitude of a lover. She is at first terrified at the mistake she has made; then in her anger and scorn, spurns him with her foot. This disdainful treatment so enrages the king's brother-in-law that he resolves to kill her on the spot. He tries first to induce his companion to put her to death, but he will not listen to so scandalous a proposal. Stopping his ears, he says: —

What! kill a woman, innocent and young,
Our city's ornament! Were I to perpetrate
A deed so foul, who could transport my soul
Across the stream that bounds the other world?

Samsthanaka — Never fear. I'll make you a raft to carry you across.

To this his companion replies, quoting with a little alteration from Manu: —

The heavens and all the quarters of the sky,
The moon, the light-creating sun, the winds,
This earth, the spirits of the dead, the god
Of Justice, and the inner soul itself,
Witness man's actions, be they good or bad.

Samsthanaka — Conceal her under a cloth, then, and kill her under cover

His associate remaining firm in his indignant refusal to have any hand in the crime, Samsthanaka next tries, first by bribes and then by threats, to force the driver Sthavaraka to do the deed for him.

Samsthanaka — Sthavaraka, my good fellow, I will give you golden bracelets; I will place you on a golden seat; you shall eat all the dainties from my table, you shall be chief of all my servants, — only do as I bid you.

Sthavaraka — What are your commands?

Samsthanaka—Kill Vasanta-sena.

Sthavaraka—Nay, sir; forgive her, sir · her coming hither was my fault, I brought her here in the carriage by mistake

Samsthanaka—Do as I command you. Am I not your master?

Sthavaraka—You are master of my body, but not of my morality. Pardon me, sir, I dare not commit such a crime.

Samsthanaka—Why? What are you afraid of?

Sthavaraka—Of futurity.

Samsthanaka—Futurity? Who is he?

Sthavaraka—The certain issue of our good and evil deeds

Samsthanaka—Then you won't murder her? [*Begins beating him*]

Sthavaraka—Beat me or kill me, I will not commit such a crime.

Samsthanaka's companion now interferes and says:—

> Sthavaraka says well: he, now a slave,
> Is poor and lowly in condition, but
> Hopes for reward hereafter, not so those
> Who prosper in their wicked actions here,—
> Destruction waits them in another sphere
> Unequal fortune makes you here the lord
> And him the slave, but there 't may be inverted,
> He to a lord and you to slave converted.

Samsthanaka—What a pair of cowards! One of them is afraid of Injustice and the other of Futurity. Well, I'm a king's brother-in-law, and fear no one Be off out of my way, you son of a slave

The slave Sthavaraka then retreats. The king's brother, by pretending that the proposal to kill Vasanta-sena was only a joke, and by putting on a show of great affection for her, rids himself next of his companion, who would otherwise have defended her. He then strangles Vasanta-sena. Soon afterwards his companion and the driver of the carriage, unable to repress their fears for her safety, return and find her apparently dead. The king's brother-in-law horrifies them by confessing that he has murdered her. After much angry altercation they leave him. He then covers up the body with some leaves, and resolves to go before a judge and accuse Caru-datta of having murdered Vasanta-sena for the sake of her costly ornaments. Meanwhile the Buddhist mendicant, having washed his garments, returns into the garden and finds the body under a heap of leaves. He sprinkles water on the face, and Vasanta-sena

revives. He is delighted to have the power of making some return to his benefactress, who formerly delivered him from the rapacity of the gaming-house keeper. He therefore does all he can to restore animation, and having at last succeeded, places her in a neighboring convent to recover.

The ninth act opens with a scene in a court of justice. The judge before taking his seat soliloquizes thus: —

> How difficult our task! to search the heart,
> To sift false charges, and elicit truth!
> A judge must be well read in books of law,
> Well skilled in tracking crime, able to speak
> With eloquence, not easily made angry,
> Holding the scales impartially between
> Friends, kindred, and opponents; a protector
> Of weak and feeble men, a punisher
> Of knaves; not covetous, having a heart
> Intent on truth and justice; not pronouncing
> Judgment in any case until the facts
> Are duly weighed, then shielding the condemned
> From the king's wrath, and loving clemency.

Samsthanaka, the king's brother, now enters in a sumptuous dress and makes his accusation against Caru-datta of having murdered Vasanta-sena. It is proved that Vasanta-sena was last seen at Caru-datta's house. It is also discovered that some portions of her hair and the marks of her feet remain in the Pushpa-karandaka garden, which leads to the conclusion that her body may have been carried off by beasts of prey. Caru-datta is therefore summoned, and as he enters the court says to himself: —

> The courthouse looks imposing; it is like
> A sea whose waters are the advocates
> Deep in sagacious thought, whose waves are messengers
> In constant movement hurrying to and fro,
> Whose fish and screaming birds are vile informers,
> Whose serpents are attorneys' clerks, whose banks
> Are worn by constant course of legal action

The king's brother now repeats his accusation; but the judge is not inclined to believe in the guilt of Caru-datta, who indeed makes his innocence clear to the whole court. Unhappily, however, just at this moment his friend Maitreya, who by

Caru-datta's request is seeking for Vasanta-sena, that he may restore to her the jewels she had placed in his little son's clay cart, hears on his road of the accusation brought against his friend, hurries into the court of justice, and is so enraged with the king's brother for accusing his friend that he strikes him, and in the struggle which ensues lets fall Vasanta-sena's jewels. It is admitted that these ornaments are being brought from Caru-datta's house, and this is thought to be conclusive evidence of his guilt. As a Brahman he cannot legally be put to death; but the king is a tyrant, and although the judge recommends banishment as the proper punishment under the circumstances, the king pronounces his sentence thus :—

Let Vasanta-sena's ornaments be hung round Caru-datta's neck, let him be led by the beat of drums to the southern cemetery, bearing his own stake, and there let him be put to death [crucified].

The tenth act introduces the road leading to the place of execution. Caru-datta enters bearing the stake, and attended by two Candalas or low outcasts, who are sent to act as executioners.

One of the executioners calls out:—

Out of the way! out of the way! Make room for Caru-datta Crowned with a garland of oleander flowers, and attended by executioners, he approaches his end like a lamp which has little oil left Now then, halt! beat the drum! Hark ye, good people all! stop and listen to the proclamation of the sentence: "This is Caru-datta, son of Sagara-datta, who strangled Vasanta-sena in the Pushpa-karandaka garden for the sake of her ornaments, and was caught with the stolen property in his possession, we have orders to put him to death, that others may be deterred from committing a crime which both worlds forbid to be perpetrated."

Caru-data—

Alas! alas!
Even my friends and intimate compeers
Pass coldly by, their faces turned aside
Or hidden in their vestments, thus it is
That in prosperity our enemies
Appear like friends, but in adversity
Those we thought friends behave like very foes.

The proclamation is repeated at intervals on the road to the place of execution, and some delay is thus occasioned. Mean-

while an affecting scene takes place. Caru-datta's little son is brought by Maitreya to bid his father farewell, and the executioner permits him to approach. The boy can only say, "Father! Father!"

Caru-datta embraces him, and says.—

> What shall I give my son as a memento?
> This sacred cord is all I can bestow;
> It is an ornament of Brahmans, better
> Than pearls or gold,—the instrument by which
> Worship is paid to gods and ancestors.
> This take, my son, and wear it for my sake.

The child then, addressing the executioner, says:—

> Vile outcast, where are you leading my father?

Caru-datta—

> Crowned with a garland, bearing on my shoulder
> The fatal stake, and deep within my heart
> Hiding my grief, I hasten to my grave
> Like victim to the place of sacrifice

Executioner—Call us not outcasts All wicked men, and all who harm the good, are the only outcasts.

Boy—If you are not outcasts, then why do you kill my father?

Executioner—'Tis the king's order, we are not to blame.

Boy—Kill me instead, and let my father go

Executioner—Rather, for such a speech live long, my boy

Caru-datta [*bursting into tears and embracing his child*]—

> This is true wealth,—a child's devoted love;
> A wealth which rich and poor enjoy alike,
> A balm to soothe an agitated heart,
> Better than cooling sandal or Usira

The child is of course removed, but another delay is caused by Sthavaraka, who drove Vasanta-sena to the garden, and who, as cognizant of the real facts, had been shut up by his guilty master, the king's brother-in-law. Sthavaraka, on hearing the noise of the procession on its way to the place of execution, contrives to escape from his prison, and, rushing towards the executioners, proclaims Caru-datta's innocence and his master's guilt. Unhappily, however, just at this juncture his master appears on the scene, and declares that his servant Sthavaraka, having been imprisoned for thieving, is unworthy of credit, and has made up this accusation out of spite and

desire for revenge. Notwithstanding, therefore, the servant's repeated asseverations, his statements are disbelieved, and his efforts to save Caru-datta prove ineffectual. The procession and crowd now move on to the cemetery, and Caru-dattā's condition seems altogether hopeless, when just as he is led to the stake, and the executioners are about to perform their office, the Buddhist mendicant is seen forcing his way through the crowd, leading a woman, who cries out, "Hold! hold! I am the miserable creature for whose sake you are putting him to death." This, to the astonishment of every one, proves to be Vasanta-sena herself, resuscitated and restored to health, through the instrumentality of the mendicant. The executioners immediately release Caru-datta; and as the king's brother-in-law, in utter confusion and terror, is observed to be making off, they attempt to seize him. He appears likely to be torn to pieces by the infuriated crowd; but here Caru-datta gives a crowning evidence of the generosity of his character, by protecting the villain who had come to feast his eyes on the dying agonies of his victim. He is actually, at Caru-datta's intercession, permitted to make his escape. The play ends in the elevation of Caru-datta to rank and honor, in the happiness of both hero and heroine, and in the promotion of the mendicant to the headship of all the Viharas or Buddhist monasteries.

TUBAL CAIN.

BY CHARLES MACKAY

Old Tubal Cain was a man of might,
In the days when earth was young;
By the fierce red light of his furnace bright,
The strokes of his hammer rung;
And he lifted high his brawny hand
On the iron glowing clear,
Till the sparks rushed out in scarlet showers,
As he fashioned the sword and the spear.
And he sang "Hurrah for my handiwork!
Hurrah for the spear and the sword!
Hurrah for the hand that shall wield them well,
For he shall be king and lord."

To Tubal Cain came many a one,
As he wrought by his roaring fire,
And each one prayed for a strong steel blade
As the crown of his desire:
And he made them weapons sharp and strong,
Till they shouted loud for glee,
And gave him gifts of pearl and gold,
And spoils of the forest free.
And they sang: "Hurrah for Tubal Cain,
Who hath given us strength anew!
Hurrah for the smith, hurrah for the fire,
And hurrah for the metal true!"

But a sudden change came o'er his heart,
Ere the setting of the sun,
And Tubal Cain was filled with pain
For the evil he had done;
He saw that men, with rage and hate,
Made war upon their kind, d
That the land was red with the blood
In their lust for carnage blind.
And he said · "Alas! that ever I ma hey shed,
Or that skill of mine should plan e
The spear and the sword for men ide,
Is to slay their fellow-man!" ,
whose joy
And for many a day old Tubal
Sat brooding o'er his woe;
And his hand forbore to smi Cain
And his furnace smolder
But he rose at last with a te the ore,
And a bright courage ed low.
And bared his strong cheerful face,
While the quick fl us eye,
And he sang · "Hur ght arm for work,
And the red spar nes mounted high.
"Not alone for th ah for my handiwork!"
s lit the air;
fashion
king's brothe blade was the bright steel made" —
And he fashioned the first plowshare

And men, taught wisdom from the past,
In friendship joined their hands,
Hung the sword in the hall, the spear on the wall,
And plowed the willing lands;
And sang · "Hurrah for Tubal Cain!
Our stanch good friend is he,
And for the plowshare and the plow

To him our praise shall be
But while oppression lifts its head,
Or a tyrant would be lord,
Though we may thank him for the plow,
We'll not forget the sword!"

THE PRINCESS OF THE MADRAS.

(SĀVITRI AND SĀTYAVAN.)

(From the Mahābhārata. translated by Protap Chandra Roy.)

THERE was a king among the Madras who was virtuous and highly pious. And he was the foremost of givers, and was able, and was beloved by both the citizens and the rural population. And the name of that Lord of Earth was Açwapati. And that forgiving monarch of truthful speech and subdued senses was without offspring. And when he got old, he was stricken with grief at this. And that best of kings, daily offering ten thousand oblations to the Fire, recited hymns in honor of Sāvitri, the wife of Brahmā, and ate temperately at the sixth hour. And at the end of eighteen years, Sāvitri appeared unto him and said: —

"Though the favor granted by the Self-create, there shall speedily be born unto thee a daughter of great energy. It behooveth thee to make no reply. Well pleased, I tell thee this at the command of the Great Father!"

And Sāvitri vanishing away, the monarch entered his own city. And when some time had elapsed, that king observant of vows begat offspring on his eldest queen engaged in the practice of virtue.

And when the time came, his wife brought forth a daughter furnished with lotuslike eyes. And as she had been bestowed with delight by the goddess Sāvitri by virtue of the oblations offered in honor of that goddess, both her father and the Brāhmanas named her Sāvitri.

And the king's daughter grew up like unto Sri [the goddess of beauty] herself in embodied form. And in due time that damsel attained her puberty.

And beholding that maiden of slender waist and ample hips, and resembling a golden image, people thought: "Lo, we have received a goddess!"

And, overpowered by her energy, none could wed that girl of eyes like lotus leaves, and possessed of a burning splendor.

And it came to pass that once on the occasion of a holy day, having fasted and bathed her head, she presented herself before the family deity, and caused the Brāhmanas to offer oblations with due rites before the sacrificial fire. And taking the flowers that had been offered to the god, that lady, beautiful as Sri herself, went to her high-souled sire. And having reverenced the feet of her father, that lady of exceeding grace, with joined hands, stood at the side of the king. And seeing his own daughter, resembling a celestial damsel and arrived at puberty, unsought by people, the king became sad.

And the king said: —

"Daughter, the time for bestowing thee is come! Yet none asketh thee. Do thou, therefore, thyself seek for a husband equal to thee in qualities. That person who may be desired by thee shall be notified to me by thee. Do thou choose for thy husband as thou listest. Do thou, O auspicious one, listen to the words I myself have heard from the twice-born ones: The father that doth not bestow his daughter cometh by disgrace. And the son who doth not protect his mother when her husband is dead also suffereth disgrace. Hearing these words, do thou engage thyself in search of a husband. Do thou act in such a way that we may not be censured by the gods!"

Having said these words to his daughter and his old counselors, he instructed the attendants to follow her, saying, "Go!"

Thereafter, bashfully bowing even down unto her father's feet, the meek maid went out without hesitation, in compliance with the words of her sire. And ascending a golden car, she went to the delightful asylums of the royal sages, accompanied by her father's royal counselors. There, worshiping the feet of the aged ones, she gradually began to roam over all the woods. Thus the king's daughter, distributing wealth in all sacred regions, ranged the various places belonging to the foremost of the twice-born ones.

Now on one occasion, when Açwapati, the Lord of the Madras, was seated with Nārada, the celestial sage, in the midst of his court enjoyed in conversation, Sāvitri returned to her father's abode, after visiting various asylums and regions.

And beholding her father sitting with Nārada, she worshiped both by bending down her head.

And Nārada then said: —

"Whither had this thy daughter gone? And, O king, whence also doth she come? Why also dost thou not bestow her on a husband, seeing that she hath arrived at the age of puberty?"

Açwapati answered, saying: —

"Surely it was on this very business that she hath been sent, and she returneth now from her search. Do thou, O celestial sage, listen, even unto herself, as to the husband she hath chosen for herself."

Then that blessed maid related everything in detail, as commanded by her father: —

"There was amongst the Sālwas a virtuous Kshatriya king known by the name of Dyumatsena. And it came to pass that in the course of time he became blind. And that blind king possessed of wisdom had an only son. And it so happened that an old enemy dwelling in his neighborhood, taking advantage of the king's mishap, deprived him of his kingdom. And, thereupon, the monarch, accompanied by his wife, bearing a child on her breast, went into the woods. And having retired into the forest, he adopted great vows and began to practice ascetic austerities. And his son, born in the city, began to grow in the hermitage. That youth, fit to be my husband, I have accepted in my heart for my lord!"

At these her words, Nārada said: —

"Alas! O king, Sāvitri hath committed a great wrong; since, not knowing, she hath accepted for her lord this Sātyavan of excellent qualities."

The king then asked: —

"But is Prince Sātyavan endued with energy and intelligence and forgiveness and courage?"

Nārada replied, saying: —

"In energy Sātyavan is like unto the Sun, and in wisdom like unto Vrihaspati! And he is brave like unto the Lord of the Celestials, and forgiving like unto the Earth herself!"

Açwapati then said: —

"And is Prince Sātyavan liberal in gifts and devoted to the Brāhmanas? Is he handsome and magnanimous and lovely to behold?"

Nārada said: —

"In bestowing gifts, according to his power, he is like unto Sankriti's son Rantideva. In truthfulness of speech and devo-

tion to the Brāhmanas, he is like Uçinara's son Civī. And he is magnanimous like Yayāti, and beautiful like the Moon. And, with senses under control, he is meek and brave and truthful! And, with passions in subjection, he is devoted to his friends, and free from malice, and modest and patient."

Hearing this, Açwapati said:—

"O reverend sage, thou tellest me that he is possessed of every virtue! Do thou now tell me his defects, if, indeed, he hath any!"

Nārada then said:—

"He hath one only defect, that hath overwhelmed all his virtues. That defect is incapable of being conquered even by the greatest efforts. He hath only one defect and no other. Within a year from this day, Sātyavan, endued with a short life, will cast off his body!"

Hearing these words of the sage, the king said:—

"Come, O Sāvitri, go thou and choose another for thy lord, O beautiful damsel! That one great defect existing in this youth covereth all his merits."

At these words of her father, Sāvitri said:—

"The die can fall but once; a daughter can be given away but once; and only once can a person say, 'I give away.' These three things can take place only once! Indeed, with a life short or long, possessed of virtues or bereft of them, I have for once selected my husband. Twice I shall not select. When a thing is first settled mentally, it is expressed in words, and then it is carried out into practice. Of this my mind is an example!"

Then Nārada said:—

"O best of men, the heart of thy daughter wavereth not! It is not possible by any means to make her swerve from this path of virtue! The bestowal of thy daughter is, therefore, approved by me."

The king said:—

"What thou hast said, O illustrious one, should never be disobeyed; for thy words are true! And I shall act as thou hast said, since thou art my preceptor!"

Nārada said:—

"May the bestowal of thy daughter Sāvitri be attended with peace! I shall now depart. Blessed be all of ye!"

Having said this, Nārada rose up into the sky and went to heaven. On the other hand, the king began to make prepara-

tions for his daughter's wedding. And having summoned all the old Brāhmanas and priests, he set out on an auspicious day with his daughter. And, arriving at the asylum of Dyumatsena in the sacred forest, the king approached the royal sage, and after duly reverencing him, introduced himself in a humble speech. And the monarch said to his royal guest: —

"Wherefore is this visit?"

Thus addressed, the king disclosed everything about his intention and purpose with reference to Sātyavan, saying: —

"O royal sage, this beautiful girl is my daughter, named Sāvitri. O thou versed in morality, do thou, agreeably to the customs of our order, take her from me as thy daughter-in-law!"

Hearing these words, Dyumatsena said: —

"Deprived of kingdom and taking up our abode in the woods, we are engaged in the practice of virtue as ascetics with regulated lives. Unworthy of a forest life, how will thy daughter, living in the sylvan asylum, bear this hardship?"

Açwapati said: —

"As my daughter knoweth, as well as myself, that happiness and misery come and go, without either being stationary, such words as these are not fit to be used to one like me. Thou art my equal and fit for an alliance with me, as, indeed, I am thy equal and fit for an alliance with thee. Do thou, therefore, accept my daughter for thy daughter-in-law and the wife of the good Sātyavan."

Hearing these words, Dyumatsena said: —

"Formerly I had desired an alliance with thee. But I hesitated, being subsequently deprived of my kingdom. Let this wish, therefore, that I had formerly entertained, be accomplished this very day. Thou art, indeed, a very welcome guest to me!"

Then summoning all the twice-born ones residing in the hermitages of that forest, the two kings caused the union to take place with due rites. And having bestowed his daughter with suitable robes and ornaments, Açwapati went back to his abode in great joy.

And Sātyavan, having obtained a wife possessed of every accomplishment, became highly glad, while she also rejoiced, having gained the husband after her own heart. And when her father had departed, she put off all her ornaments, and clad herself in bark and in clothes dyed in red. And by her services and virtues, her tenderness and self-denial, and by her

agreeable offices unto all, she pleased everybody. And she gratified her mother-in-law by attending to her person and by covering her with robes and ornaments. And she gratified her father-in-law by worshiping him as a god and controlling her speech. And she pleased her husband by her honeyed speeches, her skill in every kind of work, the evenness of her temper, and the indications of her love in private. And all these, living in the asylum of the pious dwellers of the forest, continued for some time to practice ascetic austerities. But the words spoken by Nārada were present night and day to the mind of the sorrowful Sāvitri.

At length the hour appointed for the death of Sātyavan arrived. And as the words spoken by Nārada were ever present to the mind of Sāvitri, she counted the days as they passed. And having ascertained that her husband would die on the fourth day following, the damsel fasted day and night, observing the *Triratra* vow. And hearing of her vow, the king became exceedingly sorry, and rising up, soothed Sāvitri and said these words: —

"This vow thou hast begun to observe, O daughter of a king, is exceedingly hard; for it is exceedingly difficult to fast three nights together!"

And hearing these words, Sāvitri said: —

"Thou needest not be sorry, O father! This vow I shall be able to observe! I have for certain undertaken this task with perseverance; and perseverance is the cause of the successful observance of vows."

And having listened to her, Dyumatsena said: —

"I can by no means say unto thee, 'Do thou break thy vow.' One like me, on the contrary, should say, 'Do thou complete thy vow!'"

And having said this, the high-minded Dyumatsena stopped.

And Sāvitri, continuing to fast, began to look lean like a wooden doll. And thinking her husband would die on the morrow, the woe-stricken one, observing a fast, spent that night in extreme anguish. And when the sun had risen about a couple of hands, thinking within herself, "To-day is that day," she finished her morning rites, and offered oblations to the flaming fire. And bowing down unto the aged Brāhmanas and her father-in-law and mother-in-law, she stood before them with joined hands, concentrating her senses. And for

the welfare of Sāvitri all the ascetics dwelling in that hermitage uttered the auspicious benediction that she should never suffer widowhood. And Sāvitri, immersed in contemplation, accepted all these words of the ascetics, mentally saying, "So be it!" And the king's daughter, reflecting on the words of Nārada, remained, expecting the hour and the moment.

Then, well pleased, her father-in-law and her mother-in-law said these words unto the princess seated in a corner: —

"Thou hast completed the vow as prescribed. The time for thy meal has now arrived; therefore do thou what is proper!"

Thereat Sāvitri said: —

"Now that I have completed the purposed vow, I will eat when the sun goes down. Even this is my heart's resolve and this is my vow!"

And when Sāvitri had spoken thus about her vow, Sātyavan, taking his ax upon his shoulder, set out for the woods. And at this Sāvitri said unto her husband: —

"It behooveth thee not to go alone. I will accompany thee. I cannot bear to be separated from thee!"

Hearing these words of her, Sātyavan said: —

"Thou hast never before repaired to the forest. And, O lady, the forest paths are hard to pass! Besides, thou hast been reduced by fast on account of thy vow. How wouldst thou, therefore, be able to walk on foot?"

Thus addressed, Sāvitri said: —

"I do not feel languor because of the fast, nor do I feel exhaustion. And I have made up my mind to go. It behooveth thee not, therefore, to prevent me!"

At this, Sātyavan said: —

"If thou desirest to go, I will gratify that desire of thine. Do thou, however, take the permission of my parents, so that I may be guilty of no fault!"

Thus addressed by her lord, Sāvitri of high vows saluted her father-in-law and mother-in-law, and addressed them, saying: —

"This my husband goeth to the forest for procuring fruits. Permitted by my revered lady mother and my father-in-law, I will accompany him. For to-day I cannot bear to be separated from him. Do ye not prevent me. Indeed, I am extremely desirous of beholding the blossoming woods!"

To which Dyumatsena answered: —

"Since Sāvitri hath been bestowed by her father as my daughter-in-law, I do not remember that she hath ever spoken any words couching a request. Let my daughter-in-law, therefore, have her will in this matter. Do thou, however, O daughter-in-law, act in such a manner that Sātyavan's work may not be neglected!"

Having received the permission of both, the illustrious Sāvitri departed with her lord, in seeming smiles, although her heart was racked with grief. And that lady of large eyes went on, beholding picturesque and delightful woods inhabited by swarms of peacocks. And Sātyavan sweetly said unto Sāvitri: —

"Behold these rivers of sacred currents, and these excellent trees decked with flowers!"

But the faultless Sāvitri continued to watch her lord in all his moods, and, recollecting the words of the celestial sage, she considered her husband as already dead. And with heart cleft in twain, that damsel, replying to her lord with one half, softly followed him, expecting the hour with the other.

The powerful Sātyavan then, accompanied by his wife, plucked fruits and filled his wallet with them. And he then began to fell branches of trees. And as he was hewing them, he began to perspire. And in consequence of that exercise, his head began to ache. And, afflicted with toil, he approached his beloved wife and addressed her, saying: —

"O Sāvitri, owing to this hard exercise, my head acheth, and all my limbs and my heart also are afflicted sorely! O thou of restrained speech, I think myself unwell. I feel as if my head was being pierced with numerous darts. Therefore, O auspicious lady, I wish to sleep, for I have not the power to stand."

Hearing these words, Sāvitri, quickly advancing, approached her husband, and sat down upon the ground, placing his head upon her lap. And that helpless lady, thinking of Nārada's words, began to calculate the appointed division of the day, the hour, and the moment. The next instant she saw a person in red attire, his head decked with a diadem. And his body was of large proportions and effulgent as the sun. And he was of a darkish hue, had red eyes, carried a noose in his hand, and was dreadful to behold. And he was standing beside Sātyavan and was steadfastly gazing at him. And seeing him, Sāvitri gently placed her husband's head on the ground, and rising

suddenly, with a trembling heart, spake these words in distressful accents: —

"Seeing this thy superhuman form, I take thee to be a deity. If thou wilt, tell me, O chief of the gods, who thou art and what also thou intendest to do."

Thereat Yama, the Lord of Death, replied: —

"O Sāvitri, thou art ever devoted to thy husband, and thou art also endued with ascetic spirit. It is for this reason that I hold converse with thee. Do thou, O auspicious one, know me for Yama. This thy lord Sātyavan, the son of a king, hath his days run out. I shall therefore take him away, binding him in this noose. Know this to be my errand!"

At these words Sāvitri said. —

"I had heard that thy emissaries come to take away mortals, O worshipful one! Why then, O lord, hast thou come in person?"

Thus addressed by her, the illustrious lord of the Pitris, with a view to oblige her, began to unfold unto her truly all about his intentions. And Yama said: —

"This prince is endued with virtues and beauty of person, and is a sea of accomplishments. He deserveth not to be borne away by my emissaries. Therefore it is that I have come personally."

Saying this, Yama by main force pulled out of the body of Sātyavan a person of the measure of a thumb, bound in noose and completely under subjection. And when Sātyavan's life had thus been taken out, the body, deprived of breath, and shorn of luster, and destitute of motion, became unsightly to behold And binding Sātyavan's vital essence, Yama proceeded in a southerly direction. Thereupon, with heart overwhelmed with grief, the exalted Sāvitri, ever devoted to her lord and crowned with success in respect of her vows, began to follow Yama And at this Yama said: —

"Desist, O Sāvitri! Go back and perform the funeral obsequies of thy lord! Thou art freed from all thy obligations to thy lord. Thou hast come as far as it is possible to come."

Sāvitri replied: —

"Whither my husband is being carried, or whither he goeth of his own accord, I will follow him thither. This is the eternal custom. By virtue of my asceticism, of my regard for my superiors, of my affection for my lord, of my observance of vows, as well as of thy favor, my course is unimpeded. It

hath been declared by wise men endued with true knowledge that by walking only seven paces with another, one contracteth a friendship with one's companion. Keeping that friendship which I have contracted with thee in view, I shall speak to thee something. Do thou listen to it. They that have not their souls under control acquire no merit by leading the four successive modes of life; namely, celibacy with study, domesticity, retirement into the woods, and renunciation of the world. That which is called religious merit is said to consist of true knowledge. The wise, therefore, have declared religious merit to be the foremost of all things, and not the passage through the four successive modes. By practicing the duties of one of these modes (domesticity) agreeably to the directions of the wise, *we* (my husband and I) have attained to true merit; and therefore *we* do not desire the mode of celibacy with study or the mode of renunciation. It is for this again that the wise have declared religious merit to be the foremost of all things."

Hearing these words of her, Yama said: —

"Do thou desist! I have been pleased with these words of thine, couched in proper letters and accents, and based on reason. Do thou ask for a boon. Except the life of thy husband, O thou of faultless features, I will bestow on thee any boon thou mayest solicit!"

Hearing these words, Sāvitri said: —

"Deprived of his kingdom and bereft also of sight, my father-in-law leadeth a life of retirement in our sylvan asylum. Let that king through thy favor attain his eyesight, and become strong like either fire or the sun!"

Yama said: —

"O thou of faultless features, I grant thee this boon! It will even be as thou hast said! It seems that thou art fatigued with thy journey. Do thou desist, and return! Suffer not thyself to be weary any longer!"

Sāvitri said: —

"What weariness can I feel in presence of my husband? The lot that is my husband's is certainly mine also. Whither thou carriest my husband, thither also will I repair! O chief of the celestials, do thou again listen to me! Even a single interview with the pious is highly desirable; friendship with them is still more so. And intercourse with the virtuous can never be fruitless. Therefore one should live in the company of the righteous!"

Yama said : —

"These words thou hast spoken are fraught with useful instruction, delight the heart, and enhance the wisdom of even the learned. Therefore, O lady, solicit thou a second boon — except the life of Sātyavan ! "

Sāvitri said : —

"Some time before, my wise and intelligent father-in-law was deprived of his kingdom. May that monarch regain his kingdom ! And may that superior of mine never renounce his duties ! Even this is the second boon that I solicit ! "

Then Yama said : —

"The king shall soon regain his kingdom. Nor shall he ever fall off from his duties. Thus, O daughter of a king, have I fulfilled thy desire. Do thou now desist ! Return ! Do not take any further trouble ! "

Sāvitri said : —

"Thou hast restrained all creatures by thy decrees, and it is by thy decrees that thou takest them away, not according to thy will. Therefore it is, O god, O divine one, that people call thee Yama (*one that decrees*) ! Do thou listen to the words that I say. The eternal duty of the good towards all creatures is never to injure them in thought, word, or deed, but to bear them love and to give them their due. As regards this world, everything here is like this husband of mine. Men are destitute of both devotion and skill. The good, however, show mercy to even their foes when these seek their protection."

Yama said : —

"As water to the thirsty soul, so are these words uttered by thee to me ! Therefore do thou, O fair lady, if thou wilt, once again ask for any boon, except Sātyavan's life ! "

At these words Sāvitri replied : —

"That lord of earth, my father, is without sons. That he may have a hundred sons begotten of his loins, so that his line may be perpetuated, is the third boon I would ask of thee ! "

Yama said : —

"Thy sire, O auspicious lady, shall obtain a hundred illustrious sons, who will perpetuate and increase their father's race ! Now, O daughter of a king, thou hast obtained thy wish. Do thou desist ! Thou hast come far enough."

Sāvitri said : —

"Staying by the side of my husband, I am not conscious

of the length of the way I have walked. Indeed, my mind rusheth to yet a longer way off. Do thou again, as thou goest on, listen to the words I shall presently utter! Thou art the powerful son of Vivaswat. It is for this that thou art called 'Vaivaswat' by the wise. And, O lord, since thou dealest out equal law unto all created things, thou hast been designated 'the lord of justice.' One reposeth not, even in one's own self, the confidence that one doth in the righteous. Therefore every one wisheth particularly for intimacy with the righteous. It is goodness of heart alone that inspireth the confidence of all creatures. And it is for this that people rely particularly on the righteous."

And, hearing these words, Yama said:—

"The words that thou utterest, O fair lady, I have not heard from any one save thee! I am highly pleased with this speech of thine. Except the life of Sātyavan, solicit thou therefore a fourth boon, and then go thy way."

Sāvitri then said.—

"Born of me and of Sātyavan's loins, begotten by both of us, let there be a century of sons possessed of strength and prowess and capable of perpetuating our race! Even that is the fourth boon I would beg of thee!'

Hearing these words of hers, Yama replied·—

"Thou shalt, O lady, obtain a century of sons, possessed of strength and prowess and causing thee great delight. O daughter of a king, let no more weariness be thine! Do thou desist! Thou hast already come too far!"

Thus addressed, Sāvitri said:—

"They that are righteous always practice eternal morality! And the communion of the pious with the pious is never fruitless! Nor is there any danger to the pious from those that are pious. And, verily, it is the righteous who by their truth make the sun move in the heavens. And it is the righteous that support the earth by their austerities. And, O king, it is the righteous upon whom both the past and the future depend! Therefore they that are righteous are never cheerless in the company of the righteous. Knowing this to be the eternal practice of the good and righteous, they that are righteous continue to do good to others without expecting any benefit in return. A good office is never thrown away on the good and virtuous. Neither interest nor dignity suffereth any injury by such an act. And since such conduct ever adheres to

the righteous, the righteous often become the protectors of all!"

Hearing these words of hers, Yama replied: —

"The more thou utterest such speeches that are pregnant with great import, full of honeyed phrases, instinct with morality, and agreeable to the mind, the more is the respect that I feel for thee! O thou that art devoted to thy lord, ask for some incomparable boon!"

Thus addressed, Sāvitri said: —

"O bestower of honors, the boon thou hast already given me is incapable of accomplishment without my husband. Therefore, among other boons I ask for this, may this Sātyavan be restored to life! Deprived of my husband, I am as one dead! Without my husband I do not wish for happiness. Without my husband I do not wish for heaven itself. Without my husband I do not wish for prosperity. Without my husband I cannot make up my mind to live. Thou thyself hast bestowed on me the boon, namely, of a century of sons; yet thou takest away my husband! I ask for this boon: may Sātyavan be restored to life, for by that thy words will be made true."

Thereupon, saying "*So be it*," Yama, the dispenser of justice, untied his noose, and with cheerful heart said these words to Sāvitri: —

"Thus, O auspicious and chaste lady, is thy husband freed by me! Thou wilt be free to take him back, released from disease. And he will attain to success! And, along with thee, he will attain a life of four hundred years. And, celebrating sacrifices with due rites, he will achieve great fame in the world. And upon thee Sātyavan will also beget a century of sons. And these Kshatriyas with their sons and grandsons will all be kings, and will always be famous in connection with thy name. And thy father also will beget a hundred sons on thy mother Mālavi. And under the name of the 'Mālavas,' thy Kshatriya brothers, resembling the celestials, will be widely known along with their sons and daughters!"

And having bestowed these boons on Sāvitri and having thus made her desist, the lord of the Pitris went to his own abode. And having obtained her lord, Sāvitri, after Yama had gone away, went back to the spot where her husband's ash-colored corpse lay. And seeing her lord on the ground, she approached him, and taking hold of him, she placed his head on her lap and herself sat down on the ground. Then S[illegible]

regained his consciousness, and, affectionately eying Sāvitri again and again, like one come home after a sojourn in a strange land, he addressed her thus: —

"Alas! I have slept long! Wherefore didst thou not wake me? And where is that same sable person that was dragging me away?"

At these words of his, Sāvitri said. —

"Thou hast, O bull among men, slept long on my lap! That restrainer of creatures, the worshipful Yama, hath gone away. Thou art refreshed, O blessed one, and sleep hath forsaken thee, O son of a king! If thou art able, rise thou up! Behold, the night is deep!"

And, having regained consciousness, Sātyavan rose up like one who had enjoyed a sweet sleep.

THE MOTHER.

(Translated from the Chinese by George Borrow.)

From out the South the genial breezes sigh,
They shake the bramble branches to and fro
Whose lovely green delights the gazer's eye:
A mother's thoughts are troubled even so.

From out the South the genial breezes move,
They shake the branches of the bramble tree·
Unless the sons fair men and honest prove,
The virtuous mother will dishonored be.

The frigid fount with violence and spray
By Shiyoun's town upcasts its watery store:
Though full seven sons she gave to life and day,
The mother's heart is but disturbed the more

When sings the redbreast, it is bliss to hear
The dulcet notes the little songster breeds;
But ah! more blissful to a mother's ear
The fair report of seven good children's deeds.

HYMN TO THE GOD MERODACH.

AN AKKADIAN PSALM.

(3000 B.C. ?)

WHO shall escape from before thy power?
Thy will is an eternal mystery!
Thou makest it plain in heaven
and in the earth
Command the sea
and the sea obeyeth thee.
Command the tempest
and the tempest becometh a calm.
Command the winding course
of the Euphrates
and the will of Merodach
shall arrest the floods.
Lord, thou art holy!
Who is like unto thee?
Merodach thou art honored
among the gods that bear a name.

MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF THE EGYPTIANS.

BY CHARLES ROLLIN

[CHARLES ROLLIN A French historian; born January, 1661. He was Professor of Rhetoric at the Collège du Plessis and later at the Collège du France. He revived the study of Greek and made reforms in the system of education. He published in 1726 a work on the Study of Belles-Lettres; in 1738 a History of Rome; and from 1730 to 1738 his still famous and readable "Ancient History." He died in 1741]

HUSBANDMEN, shepherds, and artificers formed the three classes of lower life in Egypt, but were nevertheless had in very great esteem, particularly husbandmen and shepherds. The body politic requires a superiority and subordination of its several members; for as in the natural body, the eye may be said to hold the first rank, yet its luster does not dart contempt upon the feet, the hands, or even on those parts which are less honorable; in like manner, among the Egyptians, the priests, soldiers, and scholars were distinguished by particular honors; but all professions, to the meanest, had their share in

the public esteem, because the despising of any man, whose labors, however mean, were useful to the state, was thought a crime.

A better reason than the foregoing might have inspired them at the first with these sentiments of equity and moderation, which they so long preserved. As they all descended from Ham, their common father, the memory of their still recent origin, occurring to the minds of all in those first ages, established among them a kind of equality, and stamped, in their opinion, a nobility on every person derived from the common stock. Indeed, the difference of conditions, and the contempt with which persons of the lowest rank are treated, are owing merely to the distance from the common root, which makes us forget, that the meanest plebeian, when his descent is traced back to the source, is equally noble with the most elevated rank and title.

Be that as it will, no profession in Egypt was considered as groveling or sordid. By this means arts were raised to their highest perfection. The honor which cherished them mixed with every thought and care for their improvement. Every man had his way of life assigned him by the laws, and it was perpetuated from father to son. Two professions at one time, or a change of that which a man was born to, were never allowed. By this means, men became more able and expert in employments which they had always exercised from their infancy; and every man, adding his own experience to that of his ancestors, was more capable of attaining perfection in his particular art. Besides, this wholesome institution, which had been established anciently throughout Egypt, extinguished all irregular ambition, and taught every man to sit down contented with his condition, without aspiring to one more elevated, from interest, vainglory, or levity.

From this source flowed numberless inventions for the improvement of all the arts, and for rendering life more commodious, and trade more easy. I could not believe that Diodorus was in earnest in what he relates concerning the Egyptian industry, viz.: that this people had found out a way, by an artificial fecundity, to hatch eggs without the sitting of the hen; but all modern travelers declare it to be a fact, which certainly is worthy our curiosity and is said to be practiced in some places of Europe. Their relations inform us, that the Egyptians stow eggs in ovens, which are heated to such a

THE PYRAMIDS AND THE SPHINX

temperature, and with such just proportion to the natural warmth of the hen, that the chickens produced from these means are as strong as those which are hatched the natural way. The season of the year proper for this operation is from the end of December to the end of April, the heat in Egypt being too violent in the other months. During these four months, upwards of three hundred thousand eggs are laid in these ovens, which, though they are not all successful, nevertheless produce vast numbers of fowls at an easy rate. The art lies in giving the ovens a due degree of heat, which must not exceed a fixed proportion. About ten days are bestowed in heating these ovens, and very near as much time in hatching the eggs. It is very entertaining, say these travelers, to observe the hatching of these chickens, some of which show at first nothing but their heads, others but half their bodies, and others again come quite out of the egg; these last, the moment they are hatched, make their way over the unhatched eggs, and form a diverting spectacle. Corneille le Bruyn, in his Travels, has collected the observations of other travelers on this subject. Pliny likewise mentions it; but it appears from him, that the Egyptians, anciently, employed warm dung, not ovens, to hatch eggs.

I have said, that husbandmen particularly, and those who took care of flocks, were in great esteem in Egypt. Some parts of it excepted, where the latter were not suffered. It was, indeed, to these two professions that Egypt owed its riches and plenty. It is astonishing to reflect what advantages the Egyptians, by their art and labor, drew from a country of no great extent but whose soil was made wonderfully fruitful by the inundations of the Nile, and the laborious industry of the inhabitants.

It will be always so with every kingdom whose governors direct all their actions to the public welfare. The culture of lands, and the breeding of cattle, will be an inexhaustible fund of wealth in all countries, where, as in Egypt, these profitable callings are supported and encouraged by maxims of state policy. And we may consider it as a misfortune, that they are at present fallen into so general a disesteem; though it is from them

[1] Swineherds, in particular, had a general ill name throughout Egypt, as they had the care of so impure an animal Herodotus, l ii. c 47, tells us, that they were not permitted to enter the Egyptian temples, nor would any man give them his daughter in marriage.

that the most elevated ranks, as we esteem them, are furnished not only with the necessaries, but even the luxuries of life. "For," says Abbé Fleury, in his admirable work "Of the Manners of the Israelites," where the subject I am upon is thoroughly examined, "it is the peasant who feeds the citizen, the magistrate, the gentleman, the ecclesiastic: and whatever artifice or craft may be used to convert money into commodities, and these back again into money, yet all must ultimately be owned to be received from the products of the earth, and the animals that it sustains and nourishes. Nevertheless, when we compare men's different stations of life together, we give the lowest place to the husbandman; and with many people a wealthy citizen, enervated with sloth, useless to the public, and void of all merit, has the preference, merely because he has more money, and lives a more easy and delightful life.

"But let us imagine to ourselves a country where so great a difference is not made between the several conditions; where the life of a nobleman is not made to consist in idleness and doing nothing, but in a careful preservation of his liberty, that is, in a due subjection to the laws and the constitution; by a man's subsisting upon his estate without dependence on any one, and being contented to enjoy a little with liberty, rather than a great deal at the price of mean and base compliances: a country where sloth, effeminacy, and the ignorance of things necessary for life are held in just contempt, and where pleasure is less valued than health and bodily strength: in such a country, it will be much more for a man's reputation to plow, and keep flocks, than to waste all his hours in sauntering from place to place, in gaming, and expensive diversions." But we need not have recourse to Plato's commonwealth for instances of men who have led these useful lives. It was thus that the greatest part of mankind lived during near four thousand years, and that not only the Israelites, but the Egyptians, the Greeks, and the Romans, that is to say, nations the most civilized, and most renowned for arms and wisdom. They all inculcate the regard which ought to be paid to agriculture and the breeding of cattle; one of which (without saying anything of hemp and flax, so necessary for our clothing) supplies us, by corn, fruits, and pulse, with not only a plentiful but a delicious nourishment; and the other, besides its supply of exquisite meats to cover our tables, almost alone gives life to manufactures and trade, by the skins and stuffs it furnishes.

Princes are commonly desirous, and their interest certainly requires it, that the peasant, who, in a literal sense, sustains the heat and burden of the day, and pays so great a portion of the national taxes, should meet with favor and encouragement. But the kind and good intentions of princes are too often defeated by the insatiable and merciless avarice of those who are appointed to collect their revenues. History has transmitted to us a fine saying of Tiberius on this head. A prefect of Egypt, having augmented the annual tribute of the province, and doubtless with the view of making his court to the emperor, remitted to him a sum much larger than was customary, that prince, who in the beginning of his reign thought, or at least spoke, justly, answered, *That it was his design not to flay, but to shear, his sheep.*

THE MIRAGE IN EGYPT.[1]

BY THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON

BENEATH the sand-storm, John the Pilgrim prays;
  But when he rises, lo! an Eden smiles,
  Green cedarn slopes, meadows of camomiles,
Claspt in a silvery river's winding maze
"Water, water! Blessed be God!" he says,
  And totters gasping toward those happy isles.
  Then all is fled! Over the sandy piles
The bald-eyed vultures come and stand and gaze
"God heard me not," says he, "blessed be God,"
  And dies. But as he nears the Pearly Strand,
  Heav'n's outer coast where waiting angels stand,
He looks below "Farewell, thou hooded clod,
  Brown corpse the vultures tear on bloody sand,
God heard my prayer for life — blessed be God!"

THE OLDEST STORY IN THE WORLD.

THAT is, the oldest which has actually come down to us in writing. That the human imagination had been active and fruitful for centuries, even before the remote period to which this story belongs, there can be no question. Possibly some of

[1] By permission of the publisher, Mr John Lane

those strange traditions, which so often repeat themselves in different parts of the globe, with merely local variations of color and form, and which float to us we know not whence, may boast a higher antiquity. But if so, the earliest records of them have perished. They have passed from mouth to mouth, they have rooted themselves here and there, like winged seeds finding a resting place in different soils, and there shooting up, as if of native growth, and defying every attempt to ascertain their exact origin, the books in which they have at last taken definite shape being centuries later than the myth, the tale, the fable which they preserve.

But the story which is here presented to the reader comes with better credentials. There is no doubt as to its age or its authorship; it remains to this day as it was originally written. The old papyrus, brown and crumbling, covered with mysterious characters, traced two and thirty centuries ago by the hand of the Egyptian scribe, Annana, may be seen in the British Museum. It has been read, it has been deciphered, it has been printed, and its contents, so long hidden in darkness, have been brought into "the light of common day."

Wide and varied as was the field of Egyptian literature, one portion, it was supposed, had never been cultivated. Though every museum in Europe had its rolls of papyrus, amongst none of these was there any work of imagination in the shape of a tale or romance till, in the year 1852, this want was happily supplied. In that year, Mrs. D'Orbiney, an English lady, traveling in Italy, became the fortunate purchaser of this unique papyrus. On her return, she submitted it to the inspection of one of the first of living Egyptologists, the Vicomte de Rougé, Superintendent of the Egyptian collection at Paris. He at once recognized the value of the discovery, and described the general character of the roll. In a short account of it, which was printed in the *Revue Archéologique*, he drew the attention of French savants to this remarkable production.

The story was written "in usum Delphini," for the Prince Seti Mernephtah, son of Pharaoh Ramses Miamun, and was regarded as one of the masterpieces of Egyptian literature. At the end of it is this critical notice: —

"Considered good enough to be associated with the names of Pharaoh's scribe, Kagabu [the leading writer of the day],

and the scribe Horu, and the scribe Meremapu [two other stars of the first magnitude in the great literary constellation]. It was composed by the scribe Annana, the possessor of this roll. May the god Thoth preserve from destruction all the words which are contained in this roll."

[The figures and page numbers represent the lines and pages of the papyrus]

1. There were two brothers, sons of one mother and one father. Anepu was the name of the elder, Batau that of the younger. Now Anepu had a house and a wife;

2. But his younger brother was with him as a child, and he made garments for him. He followed his oxen to the field.

3. [Only when] the labor of plowing was done, then was he obliged to assist in all manner of work in the field. And lo! his younger brother

4. Was a good workman; there was none like him in all the land. . . . After many days were accomplished, afterwards the younger brother was

5. With his oxen, as was his daily custom, so he drove them also home to his house every evening. And, laden

6. With all manner of herbs of the field, he returned home from the field, that he might lay the herbs before his [cattle]. The elder brother then remained with

7. His wife, that he might drink and eat, whilst the younger brother was in his stall with his oxen.

8. Now, when the earth became bright, and a new day dawned, and the lamp [no longer burned], then he arose before his elder brother, and carried

9. The loaves of bread to the field, to give them to the laborers, that they might eat with him in the field. Then he went after his oxen;

10. And they always told him where the good herbage was, and he hearkened to all their words. And he drove them to the spot

Page 2

1. Where the good herbage was, in which they delighted And the oxen which were before him were very noble; and they multiplied

2. Exceedingly. Then was the time of plowing. And his elder brother spake unto him, saying: Let us take the team,

3. That we may plow: for the fields reappear [after the overflowing of the Nile], and the season is fair for plowing. Therefore, come thou

4. To the field with the seed, for we will busy ourselves with the plow. . . . Thus he spake to him. And his

5. Younger brother did, in all respects, as his elder brother had said unto him. . . . And when the earth grew bright and

6. A new day arose, then they went to the field with their [team], and were very busy with their labor in the field, and

7. Were full of gladness, because of the accomplishment of their work. . . . Now, it came to pass,

8. After many days, that, when they were in the field, they wanted seed, and he sent his

9. Younger brother, saying: Haste thee, and fetch us seed from the village. And his younger brother found the wife

10. Of his elder brother sitting braiding her hair. Then he spake unto her, saying: Arise, and give me seed:

Page 3.

1. For I must haste to the field, because my brother hath bidden me return without delay. Then she said unto him, Go

2. Open the granary, and take what thy soul desireth, for [if I went] my hair might become unbraided by the way. *Then went the youth*

3. Unto his stall, and he took a large basket, because he wished to carry much grain; and he laded himself with

4. Wheat and barley, and went out. Then she said unto him: How much carriest thou? And he answered her: Three measures of barley,

5. And two measures of wheat; in all, five measures, which are upon my arm. So he said unto her—

[The story then goes on to relate how this false and licentious woman, like Potiphar's wife, foiled in her wickedness, like her, took her revenge by bringing a malicious charge against the young man; and to give greater color to the accusation, wounded herself, and pretended that the wounds had been inflicted by her husband's brother.]

7. . . . Now her husband returned home at even,

8. According to his daily custom, and he entered into his house and found his wife lying there, as though she had suffered violence at the hands of an evil doer.

9. And she gave him no water for his hands as was her custom, neither did she light the lamp before him, and his house was dark. And she lay

10. There uncovered. And her husband said unto her,

"Who hath spoken unto thee? arise" Then she answered him: "No man hath spoken unto me except thy younger brother." . . . Then did his elder brother become

5. Like a panther, and he made his ax sharp, and took it in his hand. And his elder brother placed himself behind the door

6. Of his stall, to slay his younger brother on his return at evening, when he drove back his oxen into the

7. Stall. Now when the sun set, and he had laden himself with all manner of herbs of the field according to his daily custom, then

8. Came he, and the first heifer entered into the stall. Then she spake to her keeper (saying), "Beware of thine elder brother who standeth there

9. Before thee with his ax, to slay thee. Remain thou far from him." And he heard the words of his first heifer.

Page 6.

1. Then went the second in and spake likewise. And he looked under the door of his stall,

2. And he caught sight of the legs of his elder brother, who stood behind the door with his ax in his hand.

3. And he cast down his load to the ground and fled instantly thence, and his

4. Elder brother followed him with his ax. And his younger brother prayed to the sun god, Harmachis

5. (saying): "Gracious Lord, Thou art He who dost sever between the lie and the truth." And the sun god stood

6. To hear all his complaints, and the sun god caused a mighty stream to arise between him and his elder brother, and it was

7. Full of crocodiles. And the one of them was upon the one bank, and the other upon the other.

8. His elder brother dealt two blows with his hand, but he could not slay him. So did he. And his

9. Younger brother cried to him from the bank, saying: "Remain, and wait till the earth be bright, and when the orb of the sun appeareth above the horizon then will I

Page 7.

1. Discover myself to thee before it, that I may give thee to know the truth; for never have I done any wrong unto thee.

2. But in the place where thou art will I not tarry, but I will go to the mountain of cedars." When the earth grew bright, and the next day arose, then

3. The sun god Harmachis appeared, and they looked one upon another. And the youth spake to his elder brother, saying:

4. "Wherefore pursuest thou me, to slay me unrighteously? Hearest thou not, what my mouth uttereth, namely, I am of a truth thy younger brother, and

5. Thou wert unto me as a father, and thy wife as a mother."

[He then clears himself of the charge that has been laid against him, and satisfies his brother of his innocence. The story continues —]

Page 8.

1. But the soul of his brother was sore troubled. And he stood there, weeping and lamenting, yet could he not pass over to his younger brother because of the crocodiles.

2. And his younger brother cried to him, saying: "Behold thou didst devise evil, and hadst not good in thy mind instead thereof. But I will tell thee one thing which thou must do. Go to thine house.

3. Tend thy cattle, for I shall no longer tarry there where thou dwellest, but I shall go to the mountain of cedars. This now shalt thou do for me, when thou comest, in order to seek for me.

4. Know then that I must separate myself from my soul that I may lay it in the topmost blossom of the cedar. And as soon as ever the cedar tree shall be cut down, then will it fall to the earth.

5. When thou comest to seek it, then tarry thou seven years, to seek it, and if thy soul endureth this, then wilt thou find it. Then place it in a vessel with cold water. So shall I again come to life, and shall give an answer

6. To all questions, to make known [to thee] what more must be done with me. . . . Take also a bottle of barley water in thine hand, cover it with pitch, and tarry not therewith, that thou mayest have it with thee [when thou comest]." And he went

7. To the mountain of cedars, and his elder brother betook himself to his house, laid his hand upon his head, and strewed earth thereon. As soon as he entered into his house, he slew

8. His wife, cast her to the dogs, and set himself down to mourn over his younger brother. After many days his younger brother came to the mountain of cedars,

9. And no one was with him; and he passed the day in hunting the wild beasts of the land, and came in the evening to lay himself down to rest beneath the cedar tree in whose topmost blossom his soul lay. Many

Page 9

1. Days later he built for himself a hut with his hands upon the mountain of cedars,

2. And filled it with all the good things that he would have in his house. When he went out from his hut, there met him the nine gods,

3. Who had gone forth to provide for the wants of the whole land. And the company of the gods spake one to another [and] said to him,

4. "O Batau, thou bullock of the gods, why art thou thus alone, why hast thou forsaken thy land because of the wife of Anepu, thine elder

5. Brother? Behold his wife is put to death. Return home to him; he will answer thee all questions." And their heart was moved with compassion

6. Towards him very greatly. Then spake the sun god Harmachis to Chnum: Fashion thou a wife for Batau

7. That he may not abide alone. And Chnum fashioned for him a wife, and as she sat there she was more beautiful in person than all women

8. In the whole country; all divinity was in her. And the seven Hathors came and beheld her, and they said with one

9. Mouth, "She will die a violent death." And he loved her very greatly, and she sat in his house, whilst he spent the day

Page 10

1. In chasing the wild beasts of the country, and laid the spoil at her feet. And he said unto her, "Go not forth, lest thou meet the Sea

2. And he carry thee away: for I could not rescue thee from him . . . because my soul lieth

3. In the topmost of the cedar blossoms. If another findeth it, then must I fight for it." And he opened unto her his whole heart.

4. Many days later Batau went forth to hunt, as was his daily custom.

5. Now his young wife also went abroad to walk beneath the cedar which stood beside her house, when, lo! the Sea beheld her

6. And rose up behind her, but she ran hastily from him and leaped and gat her into her house.

7. But the Sea cried to the Cedar, saying: "Oh, how I love her!" Then the Cedar gave him a lock of her hair. And the

8. Sea carried it to Egypt; and laid it down on the spot where were the washers of the house of Pharaoh. And the fragrance

9. Of the lock of hair imparted itself to the garments of Pharaoh, and there arose a strife among the washers

10. Of Pharaoh, because they said, "There is a fragrance as of anointing oil among the garments of Pharaoh," and every day there was a strife among them concerning it.

Page 11.

1. And they knew not what they did. But the chief of Pharaoh's washers went to the Sea and his soul was troubled

2. Very greatly because of the daily strife concerning this matter. And he posted himself and stood upon the shore opposite the lock of hair

3. Which lay in the sea. Then he stooped down, and seized the lock of hair; and there was found therein an extraordinary sweet odor.

4. Then he brought it unto Pharaoh. And the experienced scribes of Pharaoh were summoned. And they spake unto Pharaoh: "This is the lock

5. Of a daughter of the sun god, and all divinity is in her. The whole land doeth homage to thee. Therefore send now messengers

6. Into all lands, to seek for her, but the messenger who shall go to the cedar mountains, let him be accompanied by many people,

7. That they may fetch her hither." And behold, the King said, "The thing is very good which ye have spoken" And they were sent forth. Many days later

8. Came the people who had gone to the [different] lands to bring tidings to the King, but they came not

9. Who had gone to the cedar mountains, for Batau had slain them, and had only left one of them alive to bring the King word again.

10. Then the King sent forth people, many warriors on foot and on horseback, in order again to fetch her.

Page 12

1. And there was also a woman amongst them. In her hand were placed all manner of women's ornaments. Then came the woman [Batau's wife] to

2. Egypt with her, and there was great rejoicing because of her in the whole country. And the King loved her very greatly,

3. And he reared her to wondrous beauty. And they spake to her that she should disclose the history

4 Of her husband. Then she said to the King, "Let the cedar tree be cut down, that he may perish." Then

5. Were sent armed men, who carried their axes with them to cut down the cedar tree. And they came

6. To the cedar, and they cut the blossom off, in the midst whereof the soul of Batau was.

7. Then it fell away, and he died shortly. When the earth grew bright, and a new day arose, then was

8. Also the cedar tree cut down. And Anepu, Batau's elder brother, went into his house, and

9. Sat himself down to wash his hands. And he took a vessel with barley water, which he closed with pitch,

10. And another with wine, which he closed with clay. And he took his staff

Page 13

1. And his shoes, together with his garment, and provision for the journey, and set out on his way

2. To the mountain of cedars. And he came to the hut of his younger brother, and found his younger brother lying stretched out

3. Upon his mat. He was dead. And he began to weep when he beheld his younger brother lying stretched out like one dead. Then went he forth

4. To seek for the soul of his younger brother beneath the cedar, beneath which his younger brother laid himself down in the evening.

5. And he sought for it three years without finding it. And when the fourth year came, then his soul longed to return to Egypt,

6. And he said: "I will go to-morrow morning early." Such was his purpose. When the earth grew bright, and a new day arose, he took

7. His way under the cedar, and he busied himself all the day in seeking for the soul. And as he returned home at evening, and again looked round about him to seek for it,

8. Then he found a fruit, and when he returned home with it, lo! there was the soul of his younger brother. Then took he

9. The vessel with cold water, placed it therein, and sat himself down, as was his daily custom. Now as soon as it was night,

Page 14.

1. Then the soul sucked in the water, and Batau stirred himself in all his limbs, and looked at his elder brother,

2. But his heart was incapable of motion. And Anepu, his elder brother, took the vessel with the cold water, wherein the soul

3. Of his younger brother was, made him drink it up, and lo! the soul was restored to its old place.

4. Then was he the same as he had been before. They embraced one

5. Another, and they spake one to another. And Batau said to his

6. Elder brother: "See, I will change myself into a sacred bullock with all the sacred marks; the mystery thereof shall no man know, and do thou set thyself upon my back. And so soon as the sun is arisen, we will be at the place where my wife is. Answer me

7. Whether thou wilt lead me thither: for all favor will be shown unto thee, as it is fitting. Thou shalt be

8. Laden with silver and gold, if thou leadest me to Pharaoh, for I shall be in great good fortune;

9. And they will hail me with shouts of joy throughout all the land. But go thou to thy village." When the earth grew bright,

Page 15

1. And a new day dawned, then had Batau assumed the form which he had described to his brother. And Anepu,

2. His elder brother, sat himself upon his back at the dawn of day. And when he drew nigh to the place, they

3. Informed the King; but he, when he beheld him, rejoiced greatly, and celebrated in his honor

4. A feast, greater than can be told, for it was a great good fortune. And there was joy because of him in all the land. And they

5. Brought thither silver and gold for his elder brother who abode in his village, and they gave him many servants

6. And many [other] things, and Pharaoh loved him greatly, more than any man in all the land.

7. After many days later the bullock went into the sanctuary and stood on

8. The same spot where the beautiful one [his wife] was. Then he spake unto her, saying, "Look hither, I am still alive, of a truth." Then

9. Spake she, "Who art thou?" and he answered her: "I am Batau; thou didst then,

10. When thou causedst the cedar to be felled, teach Pharaoh where I was, that I might no longer live.

Page 16.

1. Look at me: I am still alive, of a truth, only I am in the form of a bullock." Then was his beautiful wife in great fear when she heard this that

2 Her husband had spoken unto her. And then she went forth from the sanctuary, and the King sat down by her side,

3. And she found herself in favor with the King, and she obtained grace in his sight beyond all measure. Then spake she to the King:

4. "Swear to me, by God, that thou wilt fulfill all that I shall ask of thee." Then he promised to fulfill for her all that she asked, and she said: "Let me eat of the liver of this bullock,

5. For thou hast no need of him." Thus she spake unto him. Then was he exceeding sorry because of what she had spoken, and the soul

6. Of Pharaoh was troubled above measure. When the earth grew bright, and a new day arose, then they made ready a great feast

7. To offer sacrifices to the bullock. But then went forth one of the chief servants of the King to slay the bullock. And it

8. Came to pass hereupon, that when they would slay him, the people stood by his side. And when he gave him a blow upon his neck

9. There leaped forth two drops of blood on the spot where the two doorposts of the King's palace are; the one fell on the one side

10. Of Pharaoh's door, and the other on the other side. And they grew up into two beautiful Persea trees.

Page 17.

1. And each of them stood apart by itself. Then they went to the King to tell him: "Two fine

2. Persea trees have, to the King's great good fortune, sprung up in the night on the spot where the great gate of the King's palace is, and there is joy

3. Because of it in all the land." After many days later, the King was

4. Adorned with his collar of lapis lazuli, and beautiful garlands of flowers were about his neck. He was in a golden chariot.

5. And when he came forth from the King's palace, then he spied the Persea trees. And his beautiful wife also had gone forth upon a chariot behind Pharaoh.

6. And the King placed himself under one of the Perseas. But it said to his wife: "Ah! thou false woman. I am

7. Batau; I am yet alive, I have transformed myself. Thou didst teach Pharaoh where I dwelt,

8. That I might be put to death; I was the bullock, and thou didst cause me to be put to death." Many days later

9. The beautiful woman stood in the favor of the King, and she found grace in his sight. Then she said to the King: "Come

10. Swear to me, by God, that thou wilt do all that I shall say unto thee." Then also he promised to fulfill

Page 18.

1. All she should ask, and she said, "Let the two Persea trees be hewn down, that beautiful boards may be made thereof."

2. And they did all that she desired. After many days later, the King commanded

3 Skillful workmen to come and cut down Pharaoh's Perseas, and the beautiful Queen stood by and looked on.

4. And there flew a chip of the wood, and went into the mouth of the beautiful lady.

5. And it came to pass, after many days,

6. That she brought forth a son, and they went to carry tidings to the King, "To thee is

7. Born a son." And he was brought forward, and they gave him a nurse, and women to take charge of him; and there was

8. Joy in all the land. They sat themselves down to keep a festival; they gave him

9. His name; and the King loved him greatly from that hour; and he appointed him

Page 19.

1. Prince of Ethiopia After many days had passed hereafter, the King made him

2 Viceroy of the whole country. After many days had passed hereafter, when he had fulfilled

3. Many years as Viceroy, then the King died, and Pharaoh flew to heaven.

4. And the other said: "Now let me summon the mighty ones, and the great ones of the royal court; I will make them know the whole history

5. Of all that has happened, with regard to me and the Queen." And his wife was brought to him, and he made himself known unto her before them, and they uttered their sentence.

6. And they brought to him his elder brother, and he made him Viceroy over all his territory. He reigned thirty years as King of Egypt.

7. When he had lived these thirty, then his brother stood in his place on the day of his burial.

So ends this tale of three thousand years ago. How many reflections it suggests! How many points of contact it presents with the tales and traditions of other times and countries! What a curious light it throws on the manners and customs and opinions of the ancient Egyptians! In particular, how clearly it implies a belief, not only in the doctrine of the transmigration of souls, but also in the separate existence of the soul

from the body! Whether the tale was in the strictest sense original, or whether it was drawn from existing sources, is a matter of little importance: whether the merit of invention or only the merit of embellishment is due to the scribe Annana, the interest is the same. The simplicity, the freshness, the almost biblical style of the narrative, cannot fail to strike the mind, even in a translation. If, as M. Brugsch thinks, the author was the contemporary of Moses, such a circumstance adds another feature of interest to the discovery of the papyrus. The resemblance between some portions of the narrative in Genesis and the style of the Egyptian writer may be accounted for by the fact that Moses was trained by men like Annana and Kagabu in all the wisdom of the Egyptians. This story, this papyrus, may have been in his hands. Writings such as these may have contributed to his education. They help us, at least, to realize more vividly the fact that the great Jewish lawgiver was prepared for his mission, not first in the solitudes of Horeb, but in the court of Pharaoh, and in the schools of Egypt.

THE SEVENTH PLAGUE OF EGYPT.

By GEORGE CROLY

'Twas morn — the rising splendor rolled
On marble towers and roofs of gold;
Hall, court, and gallery, below,
Were crowded with a living flow;
Egyptian, Arab, Nubian, there,
The bearers of the bow and spear,
The hoary priest, the Chaldee sage,
The slave, the gemmed and glittering page;
Helm, turban, and tiara shone
A dazzling ring round Pharaoh's throne.

There came a man — the human tide
Shrank backward from his stately stride;
His cheek with storm and time was tanned;
A shepherd's staff was in his hand;
A shudder of instinctive fear
Told the dark king what step was near;
On through the host the stranger came,

It parted round his form like flame
He stooped not at the footstool stone,
He clasped not sandal, kissed not throne,
Erect he stood amid the ring,
His only words—"Be just, O king!"

On Pharaoh's cheek the blood flushed high,
A fire was in his sullen eye,
Yet on the chief of Israel
No arrow of his thousands fell.
All mute and moveless as the grave
Stood chilled the satrap and the slave
"Thou'rt come," at length the monarch spoke,
Haughty and high the words outbroke:
"Is Israel weary of its lair,
The forehead peeled, the shoulder bare?
Take back the answer to your band
Go, reap the wind, go, plow the sand!
Go, vilest of the living vile,
To build the never-ending pile,
Till, darkest of the nameless dead,
The vulture on their flesh is fed!
What better asks the howling slave
Than the base life our bounty gave?"
Shouted in pride the turbaned peers,
Upclashed to heaven the golden spears
"King! thou and thine are doomed!—Behold!"
The prophet spoke—the thunder rolled!
Along the pathway of the sun
Sailed vapory mountains, wild and dun
"Yet there is time," the prophet said
He raised his staff—the storm was stayed;
"King! be the word of freedom given.
What art thou, man, to war with Heaven?"

There came no word—the thunder broke!
Like a huge city's final smoke,
Thick, lurid, stifling, mixed with flame,
Through court and hall the vapors came
Loose as the stubble in the field,
Wide flew the men of spear and shield;
Scattered like foam along the wave,
Flew the proud pageant, prince and slave;
Or, in the chains of terror bound,
Lay, corpselike, on the smoldering ground.

"Speak, king!—the wrath is but begun!—
Still dumb?—then, Heaven, thy will be done!"

Echoed from earth a hollow roar
Like ocean on the midnight shore!
A sheet of lightning o'er them wheeled,
The solid ground beneath them reeled;
In dust sank roof and battlement;
Like webs the giant walls were rent;
Red, broad, before his startled gaze
The monarch saw his Egypt blaze
Still swelled the plague—the flame grew pale;
Burst from the clouds the charge of hail;
With arrowy keenness, iron weight,
Down poured the ministers of fate;
Till man and cattle, crushed, congealed,
Covered with death the boundless field.
Still swelled the plague—uprose the blast,
The avenger, fit to be the last.
On ocean, river, forest, vale,
Thundered at once the mighty gale
Before the whirlwind flew the tree,
Beneath the whirlwind roared the sea;
A thousand ships were on the wave—
Where are they? Ask that foaming grave!
Down go the hope, the pride of years,
Down go the myriad mariners;
The riches of earth's richest zone
Gone! like flash of lightning, gone!

And, lo! that first fierce triumph o'er,
Swells ocean on the shrinking shore,
Still onward, onward, dark and wide,
Engulfs the land the furious tide.
Then bowed thy spirit, stubborn king,
Thou serpent, reft of fang and sting!
Humbled before the prophet's knee,
He groaned, "Be injured Israel free!"

To heaven the sage upraised his wand;
Back rolled the deluge from the land;
Back to its caverns sank the gale;
Fled from the noon the vapors pale;
Broad burned again the joyous sun;
The hour of wrath and death was done.

THE BURIAL OF MOSES.

BY MRS C F. ALEXANDER

BY Nebo's lonely mountain,
  On this side Jordan's wave,
In a vale in the land of Moab
  There lies a lonely grave,
And no man knows that sepulcher,
  And no man saw it e'er;
For the angels of God upturned the sod,
  And laid the dead man there

That was the grandest funeral
  That ever passed on earth;
But no man heard the trampling,
  Or saw the train go forth —
Noiselessly as the daylight
  Comes back when night is done,
And the crimson streaks on ocean's cheek
  Grows into the great sun

Noiselessly as the springtime
  Her crown of verdure weaves,
And all the trees on all the hills
  Open their thousand leaves;
So without sound of music,
  Or voice of them that wept,
Silently down from the mountain's crown,
  The great procession swept

Perchance the bald old eagle,
  On gray Beth-Peor's height,
Out of his lonely eyrie,
  Looked on the wondrous sight,
Perchance the lion stalking
  Still shuns that hallowed spot,
For beast and bird have seen and heard
  That which man knoweth not

But when the warrior dieth,
  His comrades in the war,
With arms reversed and muffled drum,
  Follow his funeral car;
They show the banners taken,
  They tell his battles won,

And after him lead his masterless steed,
While peals the minute gun.

Amid the noblest of the land
We lay the sage to rest,
And give the bard an honored place,
With costly marble drest,
In the great minster transept
Where lights like glories fall,
And the organ rings, and the sweet choir sings
Along the emblazoned wall

This was the truest warrior
That ever buckled sword,
This the most gifted poet
That ever breathed a word;
And never earth's philosopher
Traced with his golden pen,
On the deathless page, truths half so sage
As he wrote down for men

And had he not high honor,—
The hillside for a pall,
To lie in state while angels wait
With stars for tapers tall,
And the dark rock pines, like tossing plumes,
Over his bier to wave,
And God's own hand in that lonely land,
To lay him in the grave?

In that strange grave without a name,
Whence his uncoffined clay
Shall break again, O wondrous thought!
Before the Judgment day,
And stand with glory wrapt around
On the hills he never trod,
And speak of the strife that won our life,
With the Incarnate Son of God

O lonely grave in Moab's land!
O dark Beth-Peor's hill!
Speak to these curious hearts of ours,
And teach them to be still
God hath His mysteries of grace,
Ways that we cannot tell;
He hides them deep, like the hidden sleep
Of him He loved so well.

MOSES

THE TEMPLES OF RAMESES.

RATHER more than three thousand years ago Rameses II. took in hand a mountain in Nubia, and hewed out of the living rock two vast temples. One is never surprised at anything Rameses did. He pervades the entire Nile, and dominates everything, right away from Cairo up to Wady Halfa. Take all the thirty-four dynasties, and, practically, Rameses is first, and the rest nowhere. If you come across anything colossal in the way of building, anything overwhelming in design and successful in execution, you may be quite safe in putting it down to Rameses. He reigned over sixty years, begat one hundred and seventy children, and lived to be nearly one hundred years old. And now he lies in his case at the Ghîzeh Museum, the haughty old face frowning beneath its glass cover. Short work would he have made of the hundreds of tourists who pry and peep and giggle at his royal features.

But of all the great things he did, the temples at Aboo Simbel are the greatest. The larger of the two he dedicated to the god of gods Amen, and secondarily to his own glory; and the smaller to the goddess Hathor and to his wife Nefertari. It is rare to find either in tomb or temple the record of conjugal love, but this smaller temple makes it clear that Rameses had a tender side to him. Half a foot deep on the front of the temple he cut an inscription setting forth that he, "Rameses, the Strong in Truth, made this divine abode for his royal wife Nefertari, whom he loves;" and the queen herself, tenderly responsive, carves in undying words that she, "his royal wife, who loves him, built for him this abode in the mountain of pure waters." The better to study these temples, and to see the engineering work in progress entered upon to save them from impending ruin, I slept two nights in the sand in this veritable house of love.

But at the larger temple, practical work is in hand. Here the four gigantic colossi sit, hands on knees, and gaze across the desert sands. Three thousand years have told upon the cliffs above the temple. The statues themselves would have defied time, but the native rock has yielded to sun and sand. In the rock itself there is a treacherous vein of clay, and the sand has at last eaten away the clay, and the fissures have gradually widened. A report was furnished to the Irrigation Department

at Cairo, setting forth that the great temple was in imminent peril, and that a block of stone weighing two hundred and seventy tons was likely to fall and smash the only one complete statue out of the four.

One of the embarrassing facts connected with the present Egyptian administration is that nothing can be done without the consent of half a dozen dominions and powers. Rameses himself would have told off a thousand slaves, and carted away the entire hilltop in a few weeks,—he never allowed himself to be encumbered with red tape,—but under existing circumstances Rameses has had to wait some months with the big block of stone impending over his head. Then the surveyor sent a still more urgent report; and ultimately Captain Johnston, R.E., and twelve English soldiers were sent up to Aboo Simbel to save Rameses. They found no less than three rocks in a dangerous condition: one measuring thirty-four feet by twelve was taken in hand at once and broken up into small pieces; another of twenty-five tons was similarly dealt with; and then the biggest of all, weighing about two hundred and seventy tons, was tackled. No explosives of any kind could be used, as the two northernmost colossi are out of their equilibrium, and the least vibration might topple them over; so five stout iron cables were placed round the big block, and then it was broken up into small pieces and thrown down into the sand. Rameses may now sit in peace and watch the dawn break over the desert for another three thousand years. The two colossi which are out of balance are to be pinioned back to the rock behind by iron bands; the bands will be disguised as much as possible, but one regrets that a more dignified method of support for Pharaoh could not be devised.

HOMER'S HYMN TO MERCURY.

TRANSLATED BY P B SHELLEY.

I.

SING, Muse, the son of Maia and of Jove,
 The Herald-child, king of Arcadia,
And all its pastoral hills, whom in sweet love
 Having been interwoven, modest May
Bore Heaven's dread Supreme—an antique grove
 Shadowed the cavern where the lovers lay
In the deep night, unseen by Gods or Men,
And white-armed Juno slumbered sweetly then.

II

Now, when the joy of Jove had its fulfilling,
And Heaven's tenth moon chronicled her relief,
She gave to light a babe all babes excelling,
A schemer subtle beyond all belief,
A shepherd of thin dreams, a cow-stealing,
A night-watching, and door-waylaying thief,
Who 'mongst the Gods was soon about to thieve,
And other glorious actions to achieve.

III.

The babe was born at the first peep of day;
He began playing on the lyre at noon,
And the same evening did he steal away
Apollo's herds ;—the fourth day of the moon
On which him bore the venerable May,
From her immortal limbs he leaped full soon,
Nor long could in the sacred cradle keep,
But out to seek Apollo's herds would creep.

IV

Out of the lofty cavern wandering
He found a tortoise, and cried out—" A treasure ! "
(For Mercury first made the tortoise sing)
The beast before the portal at his leisur
The flowery herbage was depasturing,
Moving his feet in a deliberate measure
Over the turf. Jove's profitable son
Eyeing him laughed, and laughing thus begun :—

V

" A useful god-send are you to me now,
King of the dance, companion of the feast,
Lovely in all your nature ! Welcome, you
Excellent plaything ! Where, sweet mountain beast,
Got you that speckled shell ? Thus much I know,
You must come home with me and be my guest;
You will give joy to me, and I will do
All that is in my power to honour you

VI

" Better to be at home than out of door ;
So come with me, and though it has been said
That you alive defend from magic power,
I know you will sing sweetly when you're dead."

Thus having spoken, the quaint infant bore,
  Lifting it from the grass on which it fed,
And grasping it in his delighted hold,
His treasured prize into the cavern old.

VII

Then scooping with a chisel of grey steel,
  He bored the life and soul out of the beast—
Not swifter a swift thought of woe or weal
  Darts through the tumult of a human breast
Which thronging cares annoy—not swifter wheel
  The flashes of its torture and unrest
Out of the dizzy eyes—than Maia's son
All that he did devise hath featly done.

VIII.

And through the tortoise's hard stony skin
  At proper distances small holes he made,
And fastened the cut stems of reeds within,
  And with a piece of leather overlaid
The open space and fixed the cubits in,
Fitting the bridge to both, and stretched o'er all
Symphonious cords of sheep-gut rhythmical

IX.

When he had wrought the lovely instrument,
  He tried the chords, and made division meet
Preluding with the plectrum, and there went
  Up from beneath his hand a tumult sweet
Of mighty sounds, and from his lips he sent
  A strain of unpremeditated wit
Joyous and wild and wanton—such you may
Hear among revellers on a holiday.

X.

He sung how Jove and May of the bright sandal
  Dallied in love not quite legitimate;
And his own birth, still scoffing at the scandal,
  And naming his own name, did celebrate;
His mother's cave and servant maids he planned all
  In plastic verse, her household stuff and state
Perennial pot, trippet, and brazen pan—
But singing he conceived another plan.

XI

Seized with a sudden fancy for fresh meat,
  He in his sacred crib deposited
The hollow lyre, and from the cavern sweet
  Rushed with great leaps up to the mountain's head,
Revolving in his mind some subtle feat
Of thievish craft, such as a swindler might
Devise in the lone season of dun night.

XII.

Lo! the great Sun under the ocean's bed has
  Driven steeds and chariot—the child meanwhile strode
O'er the Pierian mountains clothed in shadows,
  Where the immortal oxen of the God
Are pastured in the flowering unmown meadows,
  And safely stalled in a remote abode—
The archer Argicide, elate and proud,
Drove fifty from the herd, lowing aloud

XIII.

He drove them wandering o'er the sandy way,
  But, being ever mindful of his craft,
Backward and forward drove he them astray,
  So that the tracks, which seemed before, were aft,
His sandals then he threw to the ocean spray,
  And for each foot he wrought a kind of raft
Of tamarisk, and tamarisk-like sprigs,
And bound them in a lump with withy twigs

XIV.

And on his feet he tied these sandals light,
  The trail of whose wide leaves might not betray
His track; and then, a self-sufficing wight,
  Like a man hastening on some distant way,
He from Pieria's mountain bent his flight,
But an old man perceived the infant pass
Down green Onchestus, heaped like beds with grass.

XV.

The old man stood dressing his sunny vine
  "Halloo! old fellow with the crooked shoulder!
You grub those stumps? Before they will bear wine
  Methinks even you must grow a little older

Attend, I pray, to this advice of mine,
As you would 'scape what might appal a bolder—
Seeing, see not—and hearing, hear not—and—
If you have understanding—understand."

XVI.

So saying, Hermes roused the oxen vast;
O'er shadowy mountain and resounding dell,
And flower-paven plains, great Hermes past;
Till the black night divine, which favouring fell
Around his steps, grew grey, and morning fast
Wakened the world to work, and from her cell,
Sea-strewn, the Pallantean Moon sublime
Into her watch-tower just began to climb.

XVII.

Now to Alpheus he had driven all
The broad-foreheaded oxen of the Sun;
They came unwearied to the lofty stall
And to the water troughs which ever run
Through the fresh fields—and when with rushgrass tall
Lotus and all sweet herbage, every one
Had pastured been, the Great God made them move
Towards the stall in a collected drove.

XVIII.

A mighty pile of wood the God then heaped,
And having soon conceived the mystery
Of fire, from two smooth laurel branches stript
The bark, and rubbed them in his palms,—on high
Suddenly forth the burning vapour leapt,
And the divine child saw delightedly—
Mercury first found out for human weal
Tinder-box, matches, fire-irons, flint, and steel.

XIX.

And fine dry logs and roots innumerous
He gathered in a delve upon the ground—
And kindled them—and instantaneous
The strength of the fierce flame was breathed around;
And whilst the might of glorious Vulcan thus
Wrapt the great pile with glare and roaring sound,
Hermes dragged forth two heifers, lowing loud,
Close to the fire—such might was in the God.

XX.

And on the earth upon their backs he threw
  The panting beasts, and rolled them o'er and o'er,
And bored their lives out Without more ado
  He cut up fat and flesh, and down before
The fire on spits of wood he placed the two,
  Toasting their flesh and ribs, and all the gore
Pursed in the bowels; and while this was done
He stretched their hides over a craggy stone

XXI.

We mortals let an ox grow old, and then
  Cut it up after long consideration,—
But joyous-minded Hermes from the glen
  Drew the fat spoils to the more open station
Of a flat smooth space, and portioned them; and when
  He had by lot assigned to each a ration
Of the twelve Gods, his mind became aware
Of all the joys which in religion are

XXII

For the sweet savour of the roasted meat
  Tempted him, though immortal Nathelesse
He checked his haughty will and did not eat,
  Though what it cost him words can scarce express,
And every wish to put such morsels sweet
  Down his most sacred throat, he did repress;
But soon within the lofty portalled stall
He placed the fat and flesh and bones and all.

XXIII

And every trace of the fresh butchery
  And cooking, the God soon made disappear,
As if it all had vanished through the sky;
  He burned the hoofs and horns and head and hair,—
The insatiate fire devoured them hungrily,—
  And when he saw that everything was clear,
He quenched the coals and trampled the black dust,
And in the stream his bloody sandals tossed

XXIV

All night he worked in the serene moonshine—
  But when the light of day was spread abroad
He sought his natal mountain-peaks divine
  On his long wandering, neither man nor god -

Had met him, since he killed Apollo's kine,
  Nor house-dog had barked at him on his road;
Now he obliquely through the key-hole passed,
Like a thin mist, or an autumnal blast

XXV.

Right through the temple of the spacious cave
  He went with soft light feet—as if his tread
Fell not on earth; no sound their falling gave;
  Then to his cradle he crept quick, and spread
The swaddling-clothes about him; and the knave
  Lay playing with the covering of the bed,
With his left hand about his knees—the right
Held his beloved tortoise-lyre tight.

XXVI

There he lay innocent as a new-born child,
  As gossips say; but, though he was a god,
The goddess, his fair mother, unbeguiled
  Knew all that he had done, being abroad;
"Whence come you, and from what adventure wild,
  You cunning rogue, and where have you abode
All the long night, clothed in your impudence?
What have you done since you departed hence?

XXVII

"Apollo soon will pass within this gate,
  And bind your tender body in a chain
Inextricably tight, and fast as fate,
  Unless you can delude the God again,
Even when within his arms—ah, runagate!
  A pretty torment both for gods and men
Your father made when he made you!"—"Dear mother,"
Replied sly Hermes, "wherefore scold and bother?

XXVIII.

"As if I were like other babes as old,
  And understood nothing of what is what;
And cared at all to hear my mother scold.
  I in my subtle brain a scheme have got,
Which, whilst the sacred stars round Heaven are rolled,
  Will profit you and me—nor shall our lot
Be as you counsel, without gifts or food,
To spend our lives in this obscure abode.

XXIX

"But we will leave this shadow-peopled cave,
  And live among the Gods, and pass each day
In high communion, sharing what they have
  Of profuse wealth and unexhausted prey
And, from the portion which my father gave
  To Phœbus, I will snatch my share away,
Which if my father will not—nathelesse I,
Who am the king of robbers, can but try

XXX

"And, if Latona's son should find me out,
  I'll countermine him by a deeper plan;
I'll pierce the Pythian temple-walls, though stout,
  And sack the fane of everything I can—
Caldrons and tripods of great worth no doubt,
  Each golden cup and polished brăzen pan,
All the wrought tapestries and garments gay"—
So they together talked,—meanwhile the Day,

XXXI

Ethereal born, arose out of the flood
  Of flowing Ocean, bearing light to men
Apollo past toward the sacred wood,
  Which from the inmost depths of its green glen
Echoes the voice of Neptune,—and there stood
  On the same spot in green Onchestus then
The same old animal, the vine-dresser,
Who was employed hedging his vineyard there

XXXII

Latona's glorious Son began—"I pray
  Tell, ancient hedger of Onchestus green,
Whether a drove of kine has past this way,
  All heifers with crooked horns? for they have been
Stolen from the herd in high Pieria,
  Where a black bull was fed apart, between
Two woody mountains in a neighbouring glen,
And four fierce dogs watched there, unanimous as men

XXXIII

"And, what is strange, the author of this theft
  Has stolen the fatted heifers every one,
But the four dogs and the black bull are left—
  Stolen they were last night at set of sun,

Of their soft beds and their sweet food bereft—
  Now tell me, man born ere the world begun,
Have you seen any one pass with the cows?"—
To whom the man of overhanging brows,—

XXXIV.

"My friend, it would require no common skill
  Justly to speak of everything I see;
On various purposes of good or ill
  Many pass by my vineyard,—and to me
'Tis difficult to know the invisible
  Thoughts, which in all those many minds may be:—
Thus much alone I certainly can say,
I tilled these vines till the decline of day,

XXXV.

"And then I thought I saw, but dare not speak
  With certainty of such a wondrous thing,
A child, who could not have been born a week,
  Those fair-horned cattle closely following,
And in his hand he held a polished stick:
  And, as on purpose, he walked wavering
From one side to the other of the road,
And with his face opposed the steps he trod.'

XXXVI.

Apollo, hearing this, passed quickly on—
  No winged omen could have shown more clear
That the deceiver was his father's son
  So the God wraps a purple atmosphere
Around his shoulders, and like fire is gone
  To famous Pylos, seeking his kine there,
And found their track and his, yet hardly cold,
And cried—"What wonder do mine eyes behold!

XXXVII.

"Here are the footsteps of the horned herd
  Turned back towards their fields of asphodel,—
But these! are not the tracks of beasts or bird,
  Grey wolf, or bear, or lion of the dell,
Or maned Centaur—sand was never stirred
  By man or woman thus! Inexplicable!
Who with unwearied feet could e'er impress
The sand with such enormous vestiges?

XXXVIII.

"That was most strange—bı , this is stranger still
  Thus having said, Phœbus ımpetuously
Sought high Cyllene's forest-cinctured hill,
  And the deep cavern where dark shadows lie,
And where the ambrosial nymph with happy will
  Bore the Saturnian's love-child, Mercury—
And a delighted odour from the dew
Of the hill pastures, at his coming, flew.

XXXIX

And Phœbus stooped under the craggy roof
  Arched over the dark cavern —Maia's child
Perceived that he came angry, far aloof,
  About the cows of which he had been beguiled
And over him the fine and fragrant woof
  Of his ambrosial swaddling-clothes he piled
As among firebrands lies a burning spark
Covered, beneath the ashes cold and dark

XL.

There, like an infant who had sucked his fill,
  And now was newly washed and put to bed,
Awake, but courting sleep with weary will
  And gathered in a lump, hands, feet, and head,
He lay, and his beloved tortoise still
  He grasped and held under his shoulder-blade;
Phœbus the lovely mountain-goddess knew,
Not less her subtle, swindling baby, who

XLI

Lay swathed in his sly wiles Round every crook
  Of the ample cavern, for his kine Apollo
Looked sharp; and when he saw them not, he took
  The glittering key, and opened three great hollow
Recesses in the rock—where many a nook
  Was filled with the sweet food immortals swallow,
And mighty heaps of silver and of gold
Were piled within—a wonder to behold!

XLII

And white and silver robes, all overwrought
  With cunning workmanship of tracery sweet—
Except among the Gods there can be nought
  In the wide world to be compared with it.

7

Latona's offspring, after having sought
His herds in every corner, thus did greet
Great Hermes.—"Little cradled rogue, declare,
Of my illustrious heifers, where they are!

XLIII.

"Speak quickly! or a quarrel between us
Must rise, and the event will be, that I
Shall haul you into dismal Tartarus,
In fiery gloom to dwell eternally!
Nor shall your father nor your mother loose
The bars of that black dungeon—utterly
You shall be cast out from the light of day,
To rule the ghosts of men, unblest as they."

XLIV.

To whom thus Hermes slily answered:—"Son
Of great Latona, what a speech is this!
Why come you here to ask me what is done
With the wild oxen which it seems you miss?
I have not seen them, nor from any one
Have heard a word of the whole business;
If you should promise an immense reward,
I could not tell more than you now have heard

XLV.

"An ox-stealer should be both tall and strong,
And I am but a little new-born thing,
Who, yet at least, can think of nothing wrong:—
My business is to suck, and sleep, and fling
The cradle-clothes about me all day long,—
Or, half asleep, hear my sweet mother sing,
And to be washed in water clean and warm,
And hushed and kissed and kept secure from harm.

XLVI

"Oh, let not e'er this quarrel be averred!
The astounded Gods would laugh at you, if e'er
You should allege a story so absurd,
As that a new-born infant forth could fare
Out of his home after a savage herd.
I was born yesterday—my small feet are
Too tender for the roads so hard and rough —
And if you think that this is not enough,

XLVII

"I swear a great oath, by my father's head,
That I stole not your cows, and that I know
Of no one else who might, or could, or did —
Whatever things cows are I do not know,
For I have only heard the name "—This said,
He winked as fast as could be, and his brow
Was wrinkled, and a whistle loud gave he,
Like one who hears some strange absurdity.

XLVIII.

Apollo gently smiled and said :—"Aye, aye,—
You cunning little rascal, you will bore
Many a rich man's house, and your array
Of thieves will lay their siege before his door,
Silent as night, in night; and many a day
In the wild glens rough shepherds will deplore
That you or yours, having an appetite,
Met with their cattle, comrade of the night!

XLIX

"And this among the Gods shall be your gift,
To be considered as the lords of those
Who swindle, house-break, sheep-steal, and shop-lift;—
But now if you would not your last sleep doze,
Crawl out!"—Thus saying, Phœbus did uplift
The subtle infant in his swaddling-clothes,
And in his arms, according to his wont,
A scheme devised the illustrious Argiphont

L.

* * * * *
* * *

And sneezed and shuddered—Phœbus on the grass
Him threw, and whilst all that he had designed
He did perform—eager although to pass,
Apollo darted from his mighty mind
Towards the subtle babe the following scoff·
"Do not imagine this will get you off,

LI

"You little swaddled child of Jove and May!"
And seized him ·—"By this omen I shall trace
My noble herds, and you shall lead the way"—
Cyllenian Hermes from the grassy place,

Like one in earnest haste to get away,
  Rose, and with hands lifted towards his face,
Round both his ears up from his shoulders drew
His swaddling clothes, and—"What mean you to do

LII.

"With me, you unkind God?"—said Mercury:
  "Is it about these cows you tease me so?
I wish the race of cows were perished!—I
  Stole not your cows—I do not even know
What things cows are. Alas! I well may sigh,
  That, since I came into this world of woe,
I should have ever heard the name of one—
But I appeal to the Saturnian's throne."

LIII.

Thus Phœbus and the vagrant Mercury
  Talked without coming to an explanation,
With adverse purpose. As for Phœbus, he
  Sought not revenge, but only information
And Hermes tried with lies and roguery
  To cheat Apollo.—But when no evasion
Served—for the cunning one his match had found—
He paced on first over the sandy ground.

LIV.

He of the Silver Bow, the child of Jove,
  Followed behind, till to their heavenly Sire
Came both his children—beautiful as Love,
  And from his equal balance did require
A judgment in the cause wherein they strove.
O'er odorous Olympus and its snows
A murmuring tumult as they came arose,—

LV.

And from the folded depths of the great Hill.
  While Hermes and Apollo reverent stood
Before Jove's throne, the indestructible
  Immortals rushed in mighty multitude;
And, whilst their seats in order due they fill,
  The lofty Thunderer in a careless mood
To Phœbus said:—"Whence drive you this sweet prey,
This herald baby, born but yesterday?—

LVI.

"A most important subject, trifler, this
To lay before the Gods!"—"Nay, father, nay,
When you have understood the business,
Say not that I alone am fond of prey.
I found this little boy in a recess
Under Cyllene's mountains far away—
A manifest and most apparent thief,
A scandal-monger beyond all belief

LVII.

"I never saw his like either in heaven
Or upon earth for knavery or craft.—
Out of the field my cattle yester-even,
By the low shore on which the loud sea laughed,
He right down to the river-ford had driven;
And mere astonishment would make you daft
To see the double kind of footsteps strange
He has impressed wherever he did range

LVIII

"The cattle's track on the black dust full well
Is evident, as if they went towards
The place from which they came—that asphodel
Meadow, in which I feed my many herds;
His steps were most incomprehensible—
I know not how I can describe in words
Those tracks—he could have gone along the sands
Neither upon his feet nor on his hands,—

LIX

"He must have had some other stranger mode
Of moving on . those vestiges immense,
Far as I traced them on the sandy road,
Seemed like the trail of oak-toppings:—but thence
No mark nor track denoting where they trod
The hard ground gave.—but, working at his fence,
A mortal hedger saw him as he past
To Pylos, with the cows, in fiery haste

LX

"I found that in the dark he quietly
Had sacrificed some cows, and before light
Had thrown the ashes all dispersedly
About the road—then, still as gloomy night,

Had crept into his cradle, either eye
  Rubbing, and cogitating some new sleight.
No eagle could have seen him as he lay
Hid in his cavern from the peering day.

LXI.

"I taxed him with the fact, when he averred
  Most solemnly that he did neither see
Nor even had in any manner heard
  Of my lost cows, whatever things cows be;
Nor could he tell, though offered a reward,
  Not even who could tell of them to me."
So speaking, Phœbus sate; and Hermes then
Addressed the Supreme Lord of Gods and Men:

LXII.

"Great Father, you know clearly beforehand
  That all which I shall say to you is sooth;
I am a most veracious person, and
  Totally unacquainted with untruth
At sunrise Phœbus came, but with no band
  Of Gods to bear him witness, in great wrath
To my abode, seeking his heifers there,
And saying that I must show him where they are,

LXIII

"Or he would hurl me down the dark abyss
  I know that every Apollonian limb
Is clothed with speed and might and manliness,
  As a green bank with flowers—but unlike him
I was born yesterday, and you may guess
  He well knew this when he indulged the whim
Of bullying a poor little new-born thing
That slept, and never thought of cow-driving.

LXIV

"Am I like a strong fellow who steals kine?
  Believe me, dearest Father, such you are,
This driving of the herds is none of mine;
  Across my threshold did I wander ne'er,
So may I thrive! I reverence the divine
  Sun and the Gods, and I love you, and care
Even for this hard accuser—who must know
I am as innocent as they or you.

LXV.

"I swear by these most gloriously-wrought portals—
  (It is, you will allow, an oath of might)
Through which the multitude of the Immortals
  Pass and repass for ever, day and night,
Devising schemes for the affairs of mortals—
  That I am guiltless; and I will requite,
Although mine enemy be great and strong,
  His cruel threat—do thou defend the young!"

LXVI.

So speaking, the Cyllenian Argiphont
  Winked, as if now his adversary was fitted —
And Jupiter, according to his wont,
  Laughed heartily to hear the subtle-witted
Infant give such a plausible account,
  And every word a lie. But he remitted
Judgment at present—and his exhortation
Was, to compose the affair by arbitration

LXVII

And they by mighty Jupiter were bidden
  To go forth with a single purpose both,
Neither the other chiding nor yet chidden:
  And Mercury with innocence and truth
To lead the way, and show where he had hidden
  The mighty heifers —Hermes, nothing loth,
Obeyed the Ægis-bearer's will—for he
Is able to persuade all easily.

LXVIII

These lovely children of Heaven's highest Lord
  Hastened to Pylos and the pastures wide
And lofty stalls by the Alphean ford,
  Where wealth in the mute night is multiplied
With silent growth Whilst Hermes drove the herd
  Out of the stony cavern, Phœbus spied
The hides of those the little babe had slain,
Stretched on the precipice above the plain

LXIX

"How was it possible," then Phœbus said,
  "That you, a little child, born yesterday,
A thing on mother's milk and kisses fed,
  Could two prodigious heifers ever flay?

E'en I myself may well hereafter dread
  Your prowess, offspring of Cyllenian May,
When you grow strong and tall."—He spoke, and bound
Stiff withy bands the infant's wrists around.

LXX.

He might as well have bound the oxen wild;
  The withy bands, though starkly interknit,
Fell at the feet of the immortal child,
  Loosened by some device of his quick wit.
Phœbus perceived himself again beguiled,
  And stared—while Hermes sought some hole or pit,
Looking askance and winking fast as thought,
Where he might hide himself, and not be caught.

LXXI

Sudden he changed his plan, and with strange skill
  Subdued the strong Latonian, by the might
Of winning music, to his mightier will;
  His left hand held the lyre, and in his right
The plectrum struck the chords—unconquerable
  Up from beneath his hand in circling flight
The gathering music rose—and sweet as Love
The penetrating notes did live and move

LXXII.

Within the heart of great Apollo—he
  Listened with all his soul, and laughed for pleasure.
Close to his side stood harping fearlessly
  The unabashed boy, and to the measure
Of the sweet lyre, there followed loud and free
  His joyous voice; for he unlocked the treasure
Of his deep song, illustrating the birth
Of the bright Gods and the dark desert Earth:

LXXIII.

And how to the Immortals every one
  A portion was assigned of all that is,
But chief Mnemosyne did Maia's son
  Clothe in the light of his loud melodies;—
And, as each God was born or had begun,
  He in their order due and fit degrees
Sung of his birth and being—and did move
Apollo to unutterable love.

LXXIV.

These words were winged with his swift delight:
"You heifer-stealing schemer, well do you
Deserve that fifty oxen should requite
Such minstrelsies as I have heard even now.
Comrade of feasts, little contriving wight,
One of your secrets I would gladly know,
Whether the glorious power you now show forth
Was folded up within you at your birth,

LXXV.

"Or whether mortal taught or God inspired
The power of unpremeditated song?
Many divinest sounds have I admired
The Olympian Gods and mortal men among;
But such a strain of wondrous, strange, untired,
And soul-awakening music, sweet and strong,
Yet did I never hear except from thee,
Offspring of May, impostor Mercury!

LXXVI

"What Muse, what skill, what unimagined use,
What exercise of subtlest art, has given
Thy songs such power?—for those who hear may choose
From three, the choicest of the gifts of Heaven,
Delight, and love, and sleep,—sweet sleep, whose dews
Are sweeter than the balmy tears of even.—
And I, who speak this praise, am that Apollo
Whom the Olympian Muses ever follow·

LXXVII.

"And their delight is dance, and the blithe noise
Of song and overflowing poesy;
And sweet, even as desire, the liquid voice
Of pipes, that fills the clear air thrillingly,
But never did my inmost soul rejoice
In this dear work of youthful revelry,
As now I wonder at thee, son of Jove;
Thy harpings and thy song are soft as love

LXXVIII

"Now since thou hast, although so very small,
Science of arts so glorious, thus I swear,—
And let this cornel javelin, keen and tall,
Witness between us what I promise here,—

That I will lead thee to the Olympian Hall,
  Honoured and mighty, with thy mother dear,
And many glorious gifts in joy will give thee,
And even at the end will ne'er deceive thee"

LXXIX.

To whom thus Mercury with prudent speech:—
  "Wisely hast thou inquired of my skill.
I envy thee no thing I know to teach
  Even this day:—for both in word and will
I would be gentle with thee, thou canst reach
  All things in thy wise spirit, and thy sill
Is highest in heaven among the sons of Jove,
Who loves thee in the fulness of his love

LXXX.

"The Counsellor Supreme has given to thee
  Divinest gifts, out of the amplitude
Of his profuse exhaustless treasury;
  By thee, 'tis said, the depths are understood
Of his far voice; by thee the mystery
  Of all oracular fates,—and the dread mood
Of the diviner is breathed up, even I—
A child—perceive thy might and majesty—

LXXXI

"Thou canst seek out and compass all that wit
  Can find or teach;—yet since thou wilt, come, take
The lyre—be mine the glory giving it—
  Strike the sweet chords, and sing aloud, and wake
Thy joyous pleasure out of many a fit
  Of tranced sound—and with fleet fingers make
Thy liquid-voiced comrade talk with thee,—
It can talk measured music eloquently.

LXXXII.

"Then bear it boldly to the revel loud,
  Love-wakening dance, or feast of solemn state,
A joy by night or day—for those endowed
  With art and wisdom who interrogate
It teaches, babbling in delightful mood,
  All things which make the spirit most elate,
Soothing the mind with sweet familiar play,
Chasing the heavy shadows of dismay.

LXXXIII

"To those who are unskilled in its sweet tongue,
Though they should question most impetuously
Its hidden soul, it gossips something wrong—
Some senseless and impertinent reply.
But thou who art as wise as thou art strong,
Canst compass all that thou desirest. I
Present thee with this music-flowing shell,
Knowing thou canst interrogate it well.

LXXXIV.

"And let us two henceforth together feed
On this green mountain slope and pastoral plain
The herds in litigation—they will breed
Quickly enough to recompense our pain,
If to the bulls and cows we take good heed;—
And thou, though somewhat overfond of gain
Grudge me not half the profit"—Having spoke,
The shell he proffered, and Apollo took

LXXXV

And gave him in return the glittering lash,
Installing him as herdsman;—from the look
Of Mercury then laughed a joyous flash;
And then Apollo with the plectrum strook
The chords, and from beneath his hands a crash
Of mighty sounds rushed up, whose music shook
The soul with sweetness, and like an adept
His sweeter voice a just accordance kept.

LXXXVI

The herd went wandering o'er the divine mead,
Whilst these most beautiful Sons of Jupiter
Won their swift way up to the snowy head
Of white Olympus, with the joyous lyre
Soothing their journey; and their father dread
Gathered them both into familiar
Affection sweet,—and then, and now, and ever,
Hermes must love Him of the Golden Quiver,

LXXXVII

To whom he gave the lyre that sweetly sounded,
Which skilfully he held and played thereon
He piped the while, and far and wide rebounded
The echo of his pipings; every one

Of the Olympians sat with joy astounded,
  While he conceived another piece of fun,
One of his old tricks—which the God of Day
Perceiving, said:—"I fear thee, Son of May;—

LXXXVIII.

"I fear thee and thy sly chameleon spirit,
  Lest thou should'st steal my lyre and crooked bow;
This glory and power thou dost from Jove inherit,
  To teach all craft upon the earth below;
Thieves love and worship thee—it is thy merit
  To make all mortal business ebb and flow
By roguery:—now, Hermes, if you dare
By sacred Styx a mighty oath to swear,

LXXXIX.

"That you will never rob me, you will do
  A thing extremely pleasing to my heart"
Then Mercury sware by the Stygian dew,
  That he would never steal his bow or dart,
Or lay his hands on what to him was due,
  Or ever would employ his powerful art
Against his Pythian fane. Then Phœbus swore
There was no God or man whom he loved more

XC.

"And I will give thee as a good-will token
  The beautiful wand of wealth and happiness;
A perfect three-leaved rod of gold unbroken,
  Whose magic will thy footsteps ever bless;
And whatsoever by Jove's voice is spoken
  Of earthly or divine from its recess,
It like a loving soul to thee will speak,
And more than this do thou forbear to seek:

XCI.

"For, dearest child, the divinations high
  Which thou requirest, 'tis unlawful ever
That thou, or any other deity,
  Should understand—and vain were the endeavour,
For they are hidden in Jove's mind, and I,
  In trust of them, have sworn that I would never
Betray the counsels of Jove's inmost will
To any God—the oath was terrible

XCII

"Then, golden-wanded brother, ask me not
To speak the fates by Jupiter designed
But be it mine to tell their various lot
To the unnumbered tribes of human kind.
Let good to these and ill to those be wrought
As I dispense—but he who comes consigned
By voice and wings of perfect augury
To my great shrine—shall find avail in me.

XCIII.

"Him will I not deceive, but will assist;
But he who comes relying on such birds
As chatter vainly, who would strain and twist
The purpose of the Gods with idle words,
And deems their knowledge light, he shall have mist
His road—whilst I among my other hoards
His gifts deposit Yet, O son of May,
I have another wondrous thing to say:

XCIV

"There are three Fates, three virgin Sisters, who,
Rejoicing in their wind-outspeeding wings,
Their heads with flour snowed over white and new,
Sit in a vale round which Parnassus flings
Its circling skirts—from these I have learned true
Vaticinations of remotest things.
My father cared not. Whilst they search out dooms,
They sit apart and feed on honeycombs.

XCV

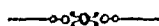
"They, having eaten the fresh honey, grow
Drunk with divine enthusiasm, and utter
With earnest willingness the truth they know;
But, if deprived of that sweet food, they mutter
All plausible delusions;—these to you
I give,—if you enquire, they will not stutter;
Delight your own soul with them:—any man
You would instruct may profit if he can.

XCVI

"Take these and the fierce oxen, Maia's child—
O'er many a horse and toil-enduring mule,
O'er jagged-jawed lions, and the wild
White-tusked boars, o'er all, by field or pool,

Of cattle which the mighty Mother mild
Nourishes in her bosom, thou shalt rule—
Thou dost alone the veil of death uplift—
Thou givest not—yet this is a great gift"

XCVII

Thus King Apollo loved the child of May
In truth, and Jove covered them with love and joy.
Hermes with Gods and men even from that day
Mingled, and wrought the latter much annoy,
And little profit, going far astray
Through the dun night Farewell, delightful Boy
Of Jove and Maia sprung,—never by me,
Nor thou, nor other songs, shall unremembered be.

A HAPPY LIFE.[1]

(From the Latin of Martial.)

By CHARLES MERIVALE.

WHAT makes the happiest life below,
A few plain rules, my friend, will show.
A good estate, not earned with toil,
But left by will or given by Fate;
A land of no ungrateful soil;
A constant fire within your grate:
No law, few cares; a quiet mind,
Strength unimpaired; a healthful frame;
Wisdom with innocence combined;
Friends, equal both in years and fame;
Your living easy, and your board
With food, but not with luxury, stored;
A bed, though chaste, not solitary;
Sound sleep to shorten night's dull reign;
Wish nothing that is yours to vary;
Think all enjoyments that remain·
And, for the inevitable hour,
Nor hope it night, nor dread its power.

[1] By permission of Miss C Merivale and Longmans, Green & Co

THE CONDUCT OF LIFE.

KING YUDHISTHIRA ANSWERS THE YAKSHA'S QUESTIONS.

(From the Mahābhārata translated by Protap Chandra Roy)

The Yaksha—What exalteth the unpurified soul? What are those that keep company with the soul during its process of purification? Who lead the soul to its state of rest? On what is the soul established?

Yudhisthira—1. Self-knowledge. 2. Self-restraint, and other qualities of a godlike nature. 3. Rectitude, morality, and religious observances. 4. The soul is established on truth, or pure knowledge.

The Yaksha—By what doth one become learned? By what doth he attain what is very great? How can one have a second? And, O king, how can one acquire intelligence?

Yudhisthira—It is by the study of the Srutis that a person becometh learned. It is by ascetic austerities that one acquireth what is very great. It is by intelligence that a person acquireth a second. And it is by serving the old that one becometh wise.

The Yaksha—What constituteth the divinity of the Brāhmanas? What even is their practice that is like that of the pious? What also is the human attribute of the Brāhmanas? And what practice of theirs is like that of the impious?

Yudhisthira—The study of the Vedas constituteth their divinity. Their asceticism constituteth behavior that is like that of the pious. Their liability to death is their human attribute. And slander is their impiety.

The Yaksha—What constitutes the divinity of the Kshatriyas? What even is their practice that is like that of the pious? What is their human attribute? And what practice of theirs is like that of the impious?

Yudhisthira—Arrows and weapons are their divinity. Celebration of sacrifices is their act that is like that of the pious. Liability to fear is their human attribute. And refusal of protection is that act of theirs which is like that of the impious.

The Yaksha—What is of the foremost value to those that cultivate? What of the foremost value to those that sow? What of the foremost value to those that wish prosperity in

this world? And what of the foremost value to those th
bring forth?

Yudhisthira—That which is of the foremost value to tho
that cultivate is rain. That of the foremost value to those th
sow is seed. That of the foremost value to those that bring for
is offspring.

The Yaksha—What person, enjoying all the objects of t
senses, endued with intelligence, regarded by the world a
liked by all beings, doth not yet live, though breathing?

Yudhisthira—He that doth not offer anything to the
five, namely, gods, guests, servants, Pitris, and himself, thou
endued with breath, is not yet alive.

The Yaksha—What is weightier than the earth itsel
What is higher than the heavens? What is fleeter than t
wind? And what is more numerous than the grass?

Yudhisthira—The mother is weightier than the earth. T
father is higher than the heavens. The mind is fleeter th
the wind. And our thoughts are more numerous than gra

The Yaksha—What is that which doth not close its ey
while asleep? What is that which doth not move after birt
What is that which is without heart? And what is that wh
swells with its own impetus?

Yudhisthira—A fish doth not close its eyes while asle
An egg doth not move after birth. A stone is without hea
And a river swelleth with its own impetus.

The Yaksha—Who is the friend of the householde
Who is the friend of the exile? Who is the friend of him th
ails? And who is the friend of one about to die?

Yudhisthira—The friend of the householder is his wi
The friend of the exile in a distant land is his companion. T
friend of him that ails is the physician. And the friend of hi
about to die is charity.

The Yaksha—What is that which sojourneth alone? Wh
is that which is reborn after its birth? What is the reme
against cold? And what is the largest field?

Yudhisthira—The sun sojourneth alone. The moon tak
birth anew. Fire is the remedy against cold. And the ea
is the largest field.

The Yaksha—What is the highest refuge of virtue? Wh
of fame? What, of heaven? And what, of happiness?

Yudhisthira—Liberality is the highest refuge of virtu
Gift, of fame; truth, of heaven; and good behavior, of happiness.

The Yaksha—What is the soul of man? Who is that friend bestowed on man by the gods? What is man's chief support? And what also is his chief refuge?

Yudhisthira—The son is a man's soul. The wife is the friend bestowed on man by the gods. The clouds are his chief support. And gift is the chief refuge

The Yaksha—What is the best of all laudable things? What is the most valuable of all possessions? What is the best of all gains? And what is the best of all kinds of happiness?

Yudhisthira—The best of all laudable things is skill. The best of all possessions is knowledge. The best of all gains is health. And the best of all kinds of happiness is contentment.

The Yaksha—What is the highest duty in the world? What is that virtue which always beareth fruit? What is that which, if controlled, leadeth not to regret? And who are they with whom an alliance cannot break?

Yudhisthira—The highest of duties is to refrain from injuries. The rites ordained in the three Vedas always bear fruit. The mind, if controlled, leadeth to no regret. And alliance with the good never breaketh.

The Yaksha—What is that which, if renounced, maketh one agreeable? What is that which, if renounced, leadeth to no regret? What is that which, if renounced, maketh one wealthy? And what is that which, if renounced, maketh one happy?

Yudhisthira—Pride, if renounced, maketh one agreeable. Wrath, if renounced, leadeth to no regret. Desire, if renounced, maketh one wealthy. And avarice, if renounced, maketh one happy.

The Yaksha—What has been said to be the sign of asceticism? What is true restraint? What constitutes forgiveness? And what is shame?

Yudhisthira—Staying in one's own religion is asceticism. The restraint of the mind is of all restraints the true one. Forgiveness consists in enduring enmity. And shame is withdrawing from all unworthy acts.

The Yaksha—What, O king, is said to be knowledge? What, tranquillity? What constitutes mercy? And what hath been called simplicity?

Yudhisthira—True knowledge is that of Divinity. True tranquillity is that of the heart. Mercy consists in wishing happiness to all. And simplicity is equanimity of heart.

The Yaksha—What enemy is invincible? What constitutes an incurable disease for man? What sort of man is called honest, and what dishonest?

Yudhisthira—Anger is an invincible enemy. Covetousness constitutes an incurable disease. He is honest that desires the weal of all creatures, and he is dishonest that is unmerciful.

The Yaksha—What, O king, is ignorance? And what is pride? What also is to be understood by idleness? And what hath been spoken of as grief?

Yudhisthira—True ignorance consists in not knowing one's duties. Pride is a consciousness of one's being himself an actor or a sufferer in life. Idleness consists in not discharging one's duties. And ignorance is grief.

The Yaksha—What hath steadiness been said to be? And what patience? What also is a real bath? And what is charity?

Yudhisthira—Steadiness consists in one's staying in one's own religion. True patience consists in the subjugation of the senses. A true bath consists in washing the mind clean of all impurities. And charity consists in protecting all creatures.

The Yaksha—What man should be regarded as learned, and who should be called an atheist? Who is also to be called ignorant? What is called desire, and what are the sources of desire? And what is envy?

Yudhisthira—He is to be called learned who knoweth his duties. An atheist is he who is ignorant, and he who is ignorant is an atheist. Desire is due to objects of possession. And envy is nothing else than grief of heart.

The Yaksha—What is pride, and what hypocrisy? What is the grace of the gods, and what is wickedness?

Yudhisthira—Stolid ignorance is pride; the setting up of a religious standard is hypocrisy. The grace of the gods is the fruit of our gifts; and wickedness consists in speaking ill of others.

The Yaksha—Virtue, profit, and desire are opposed to one another. How could things thus antagonistic to one another exist together?

Yudhisthira—When a wife and virtue agree with each other, then all the three thou hast mentioned may exist together.

The Yaksha—O bull of the Bhārata race, who is he that is condemned to everlasting hell?

Yudhisthira—He that summoneth a poor Brāhmana, prom-

ising to make him a gift, and then tells him that he hath nothing to give, goeth to everlasting hell. He also must go to everlasting hell who imputes falsehood to the Vedas, the Scriptures, the Brāhmanas, the gods, and the ceremonies in honor of the Pitris. He also goeth to everlasting hell who, though in possession of wealth, never giveth away nor enjoyeth himself, from avarice, saying he hath none.

The Yaksha — By what, O king, — birth, behavior, study, or learning, — doth a person become a Brāhmana? Tell us with certitude!

Yudhisthira — Listen, O Yaksha! It is neither birth nor study nor learning that is the cause of Brāhmanhood. Without doubt, it is behavior that constitutes it. One's behavior should always be well guarded, especially by a Brāhmana. He who maintains his conduct unimpaired is never impaired himself. He, however, whose conduct is lost is lost himself. Professors and pupils, — all who study the Scriptures, in fact, — if addicted to wicked habits, are to be regarded as illiterate wretches. He only is learned who performeth his religious duties. He even that hath studied the four Vedas is to be regarded as a wicked wretch, scarcely distinguishable from a Sudra, if his conduct be not correct. He only who performeth the Agni-Votra and hath his senses under control is called a Brāhmana.

The Yaksha — What doth one gain that speaketh agreeably? What doth he gain that always acteth with judgment? What doth he gain that hath many friends? And what he that is devoted to virtue?

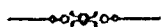
Yudhisthira — He that speaketh agreeable words becometh agreeable to all. He that acteth with judgment obtaineth whatever he seeketh. He that hath many friends liveth happily. And he that is devoted to virtue obtaineth a happy state in the next world.

The Yaksha — Who is truly happy? What is most wonderful? What is *the* path? And what is the news?

Yudhisthira — A man who cooketh in his own house scanty vegetables on the fifth or the sixth day, but who is not in debt and who stirreth not from home, is truly happy. Day after day countless beings are going to the abode of Yama (the god of death), yet those that remain behind believe themselves to be immortal. What can be more wonderful than this? Argument leads to no certain conclusion; the Crutis are different

from one another; there is not even one *Rishi* whose opinion can be accepted as infallible; the truth about religion and duty is hid in caves: therefore, that alone is *the* path along which the great have trod. This world, full of ignorance, is like a pan. The sun is fire; the days and nights are fuel. The months and the seasons constitute the wooden ladle. Time is the cook, that with such aids is cooking all creatures in that pan: this is *the* news.

The Yaksha—Thou hast, O represser of foes, truly answered all my questions! Tell us now who is truly a man, and what man truly possesseth every kind of wealth.

Yudhisthira—The report of one's good action reacheth heaven and spreadeth over the earth. As long as that report lasteth, so long is a person called a man. And that person to whom the agreeable and the disagreeable, weal and woe, the past and the future, are the same, is said to possess every kind of wealth.

APHORISMS ON LIFE.

(From Bacon's "Apothegms")

THE senses are like the sun. The sun makes the heavens invisible and the earth clear; the senses obscure heavenly things and open up earthly ones.—Philo Judæus.

Good repute is like fire: once kindled, it is easily kept alive; but when extinguished, not easily lighted again.—Plutarch.

He is not a wise man that will lose his friend for his wit: he is less a wise man that will lose his friend for another man's wit.—Bacon.

It was said of Thales, who fell into the water while looking up at the stars, that if he had looked into the water he might have seen the stars, too, but by looking at the stars he could not see the water. (That is, practical life gives room for the highest aspiration and the loftiest ideals, while idle speculation gives no room for practical virtues.)

Love without end has no end.—Spanish Proverb. (That is, the only lasting love is that without taint of selfish motives.)

The most needful piece of learning for the uses of life is to unlearn what is untrue.—Antisthenes.

Wise men learn more by fools than fools by wise men. — Cato the Elder.

Men of weak abilities set in high places are like little statues on large pedestals, — all the more insignificant from being raised up. — Plutarch.

THE DEATH OF A SON.[1]

Dasaratha declares his Bereavement a Punishment.

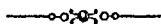
(From the Rāmayana translated by Sir Monier Monier-Williams)

One day when rains refreshed the earth, and caused my heart to swell with joy;
When, after scorching with his rays the parchèd ground, the summer sun
Had passed towards the south; when cooling breezes chased away the heat
And grateful clouds arose; when frogs and peafowl sported, and the deer
Seemed drunk with glee, and all the winged creation, dripping as if drowned,
Plumed their dank feathers on the tops of wind-rocked trees, and falling showers
Covered the mountains till they looked like watery heaps, and torrents poured
Down from their sides, filled with loose stones and red as dawn with mineral earth,
Winding like serpents in their course; — then, at that charming season, I,
Longing to breathe the air, went forth, with bow and arrow in my hand,
To seek for game, if haply by the riverside a buffalo,
An elephant, or other animal might cross at eve my path,
Coming to drink Then in the dusk I heard the sound of gurgling water,
Quickly I took my bow, and aiming toward the sound, shot off the dart.
A cry of mortal agony came from the spot, — a human voice
Was heard, and a poor hermit's son fell pierced and bleeding in the stream
"Ah! wherefore then," he cried, "am I, a harmless hermit's son, struck down?

[1] From "Indian Wisdom" By permission of author and Luzac & Co 4th edition, post 8vo, cloth, price £1 1s

Hither to this lone brook I came at eve to fill my water jar
By whom have I been smitten? Whom have I offended? Oh! I grieve
Not for myself or my own fate, but for my parents, old and blind,
Who perish in my death. Ah! what will be the end of that loved pair,
Long guided and supported by my hand? This barbèd dart hath pierced
Both me and them." Hearing that piteous voice, I, Dasaratha,
Who meant no harm to any human creature, young or old, became
Palsied with fear, my bow and arrows dropped from my senseless hands,
And I approached the place in horror; there with dismay I saw
Stretched on the bank an innocent hermit boy, writhing in pain and smeared
With dust and blood, his knotted hair disheveled, and a broken jar
Lying beside him. I stood petrified and speechless. He on me
Fixed full his eyes; and then, as if to burn my inmost soul, he said:—
"How have I wronged thee, monarch? that thy cruel hand has smitten me,—
Me, a poor hermit's son, born in the forest. father, mother, child
Hast thou transfixed with this one arrow they, my parents, sit at home,
Expecting my return, and long will cherish hope—a prey to thirst
And agonizing fears. Go to my father—tell him of my fate,
Lest his dread curse consume thee, as the flame devours the withered wood
But first in pity draw thou forth the shaft that pierces to my heart
And checks the gushing lifeblood, as the bank obstructs the bounding stream!"
He ceased, and as he rolled his eyes in agony, and quivering writhed
Upon the ground, I slowly drew the arrow from the poor boy's side.
Distracted at the grievous crime, wrought by my hand unwittingly,
Sadly I thought within myself how I might best repair the wrong,
Then took the way he had directed me towards the hermitage.
There I beheld his parents, old and blind; like two clipped, wingless birds
Sitting forlorn, without their guide, awaiting his arrival anxiously,
And, to beguile their weariness, conversing of him tenderly.
Quickly they caught the sound of footsteps, and I heard the old man say
With chiding voice, "Why hast thou lingered, child? Quick, give us both to drink
A little water Long forgetful of us, in the cooling stream

Hast thou disported, come in, for thy mother yearneth for her son
If she or I in aught have caused thee pain, or spoken hasty words,
Think on thy hermit's duty of forgiveness; bear them not in mind.
Thou art the refuge of us refugeless — the eyes of thy blind sire
Why art thou silent? Speak! Bound up in thee are both thy parents' lives"
He ceased, and I stood paralyzed — till by an effort resolutely
Collecting all my powers of utterance, with faltering voice I said:—
"Pious and noble hermit, I am not thy son, I am the king
Wandering with bow and arrow by a stream, seeking for game, I pierced
Unknowingly thy child. The rest I need not tell. Be gracious to me."
Hearing my pitiless words, announcing his bereavement, he remained
Senseless awhile; then drawing a deep sigh, his face all bathed in tears,
He spake as I approached him suppliantly, and slowly said:—
"Hadst thou not come thyself to tell thy awful tale, its load of guilt
Had crushed thy head into ten thousand fragments This ill-fated deed
Was wrought by thee unwittingly, O king, else hadst thou not been spared,
And all the race of Rāghavas had perished. Lead us to the place;
And, bloody though he be, and lifeless, we must look upon our son
For the last time, and clasp him in our arms" Then weeping bitterly,
The pair, led by my hand, came to the spot, and fell upon their son.
Thrilled by the touch, the father cried: "My son, hast thou no greeting for me?
No word of recognition? Why liest thou here upon the ground?
Art thou offended? Or am I no longer loved by thee, my son?
See here thy mother. Thou wert ever dutiful towards us both.
Why wilt thou not embrace me? Speak one tender word. Whom shall I hear
Reading again the sacred Sāstra in the early morning hours?
Who now will bring me roots and fruits to feed me like a cherished guest?
How, weak and blind, can I support thy aged mother, pining for her son?
Stay! Go not yet to Death's abode — stay with thy mother yet one day:
To-morrow we will both go with thee on the dreary way. Forlorn
And sad, deserted by our child, without protector in the wood,
Soon shall we both depart toward the mansion of the King of Death."

Thus bitterly lamenting, he performed the funeral rites; then turning
Towards me, thus addressed me, standing reverently near: "I had
But this one child, and thou hast made me childless. Now strike down
The father, I shall feel no pain in death But thy requital be
That sorrow for a child shall also bring thee one day to the grave."

SOHRAB AND RUSTUM.

By MATTHEW ARNOLD.

[MATTHEW ARNOLD English poet, essayist, and critic, born at Laleham, December 24, 1822, died at Liverpool, April 15, 1888. He was professor of poetry at Oxford, 1857–1867 He was government inspector of schools for nearly forty years. His earliest published works were his prize poems, "Alaric at Rome," written at Rugby, and "Cromwell," written at Oxford His poetical works include "The Strayed Reveler, and Other Poems," 1848, "Empedocles on Etna," 1853, "Merope," a tragedy, 1857, "New Poems," 1868 His prose essays include "Lectures on Celtic Literature," and "Lectures on Translating Homer," "Culture and Anarchy," "Literature and Dogma," and "Discourses on America."]

AND the first gray of morning filled the east,
And the fog rose out of the Oxus stream
But all the Tartar camp along the stream
Was hushed, and still the men were plunged in sleep
Sohrab alone, he slept not; all night long
He had lain wakeful, tossing on his bed
But when the gray dawn stole into his tent,
He rose, and clad himself, and girt his sword,
And took his horseman's cloak, and left his tent,
And went abroad into the cold wet fog,
Through the dim camp to Peran-Wisa's tent.
Through the black Tartar tents he passed, which stood
Clustering like beehives on the low flat strand
Of Oxus, where the summer floods o'erflow
When the sun melts the snows on high Pamera;
Through the black tents he passed, o'er that low strand,
And to a hillock came, a little back
From the stream's brink — the spot where first a boat,
Crossing the stream in summer, scrapes the land
The men of former times had crowned the top
With a clay fort, but that was fallen, and now

MATTHEW ARNOLD

The Tartars built there Peran-Wisa's tent,
A dome of laths, and o'er it felts were spread.
And Sohrab came there, and went in, and stood
Upon the thick piled carpets in the tent,
And found the old man sleeping on his bed
Of rugs and felts, and near him lay his arms
And Peran-Wisa heard him, though the step
Was dulled, for he slept light, an old man's sleep:
And he rose quickly on one arm, and said —
"Who art thou? for it is not yet clear dawn
Speak! is there news, or any night alarm?"
But Sohrab came to the bedside, and said —
"Thou know'st me, Peran-Wisa! it is I
The sun is not yet risen, and the foe
Sleep; but I sleep not, all night long I lie
Tossing and wakeful, and I come to thee.
For so did King Afrasiab bid me seek
Thy counsel, and to heed thee as thy son,
In Samarcand, before the army marched;
And I will tell thee what my heart desires.
Thou know'st if, since from Ader-baijan first
I came among the Tartars and bore arms,
I have still served Afrasiab well, and shown,
At my boy's years, the courage of a man
This too thou know'st, that while I still bear on
The conquering Tartar ensigns through the world,
And beat the Persians back on every field,
I seek one man, one man, and one alone —
Rustum, my father; who I hoped should greet,
Should one day greet, upon some well-fought field,
His not unworthy, not inglorious son
So I long hoped, but him I never find
Come then, hear now, and grant me what I ask.
Let the two armies rest to-day, but I
Will challenge forth the bravest Persian lords
To meet me, man to man: if I prevail,
Rustum will surely hear it, if I fall —
Old man, the dead need no one, claim no kin
Dim is the rumor of a common fight,
Where host meets host, and many names are sunk,
But of a single combat fame speaks clear"
He spoke; and Peran-Wisa took the hand
Of the young man in his, and sighed, and said: —
"O Sohrab, an unquiet heart is thine!
Canst thou not rest among the Tartar chiefs,

And share the battle's common chance with us
Who love thee, but must press forever first
In single fight incurring single risk,
To find a father thou hast never seen?
That were far best, my son, to stay with us
Unmurmuring; in our tents while it is war,
And when 'tis truce, then in Afrasiab's towns.
But if this one desire indeed rules all,
To seek out Rustum — seek him not through fight!
Seek him in peace, and carry to his arms,
O Sohrab, carry an unwounded son!
But far hence seek him, for he is not here.
For now it is not as when I was young,
When Rustum was in front of every fray.
But now he keeps apart, and sits at home,
In Seistan, with Zal, his father old, —
Whether that his own mighty strength at last
Feels the abhorred approaches of old age;
Or in some quarrel with the Persian king
There go! — Thou wilt not? Yet my heart forebodes
Danger or death awaits thee on this field.
Fain would I know thee safe and well, though lost
To us; fain therefore send thee hence, in peace
To seek thy father, not seek single fights
In vain; — but who can keep the lion's cub
From ravening, and who govern Rustum's son?
Go, I will grant thee what thy heart desires"

So said he, and dropped Sohrab's hand, and left
His bed, and the warm rugs whereon he lay;
And o'er his chilly limbs his woolen coat
He passed, and tied his sandals on his feet,
And threw a white cloak round him, and he took
In his right hand a ruler's staff, no sword;
And on his head he set his sheepskin cap,
Black, glossy, curled, the fleece of Kara-Kul;
And raised the curtain of his tent, and called
His herald to his side, and went abroad.

The sun by this had risen, and cleared the fog
From the broad Oxus and the glittering sands.
And from their tents the Tartar horsemen filed
Into the open plain; so Haman bade —
Haman, who next to Peran-Wisa ruled
The host, and still was in his lusty prime.
From their black tents, long files of horse, they streamed;
As when some gray November morn the files,

In marching order spread, of long-necked cranes
Stream over Casbin and the southern slopes
Of Elburz, from the Aralian estuaries,
Or some frore Caspian reed bed, southward bound
For the warm Persian seaboard — so they streamed
The Tartars of the Oxus, the King's guard,
First, with black sheepskin caps and with long spears;
Large men, large steeds, who from Bokhara come
And Khiva, and ferment the milk of mares
Next, the more temperate Toorkmuns of the south,
The Tukas, and the lances of Salore,
And those from Attruck and the Caspian sands;
Light men and on light steeds, who only drink
The acrid milk of camels, and their wells
And then a swarm of wandering horse, who came
From far, and a more doubtful service owned;
The Tartars of Ferghana, from the banks
Of the Jaxartes, men with scanty beards
And close-set skullcaps, and those wilder hordes
Who roam o'er Kipchak and the northern waste,
Kalmucks and unkempt Kuzzaks, tribes who stray
Nearest the Pole, and wandering Kirghizzes,
Who come on shaggy ponies from Pamere —
These all filed out from camp into the plain
And on the other side the Persians formed, —
First a light cloud of horse, Tartars they seemed,
The Ilyats of Khorassan; and behind,
The royal troops of Persia, horse and foot,
Marshaled battalions bright in burnished steel.
But Peran-Wisa with his herald came,
Threading the Tartar squadrons to the front,
And with his staff kept back the foremost ranks
And when Ferood, who led the Persians, saw
That Peran-Wisa kept the Tartars back,
He took his spear, and to the front he came,
And checked his ranks, and fixed them where they stood
And the old Tartar came upon the sand
Betwixt the silent hosts, and spake, and said · —
"Ferood, and ye, Persians and Tartars, hear!
Let there be truce between the hosts to-day.
But choose a champion from the Persian lords
To fight our champion Sohrab, man to man"
As, in the country, on a morn in June,
When the dew glistens on the pearlèd ears,
A shiver runs through the deep corn for joy —

Before him, and he looked, and saw him stand,
And with a cry sprang up and dropped the bird,
And greeted Gudurz with both hands, and said:—
"Welcome! these eyes could see no better sight.
What news? but sit down first, and eat and drink!"
But Gudurz stood in the tent door, and said:—
"Not now! a time will come to eat and drink,
But not to-day; to-day has other needs.
The armies are drawn out, and stand at gaze;
For from the Tartars is a challenge brought
To pick a champion from the Persian lords
To fight their champion — and thou know'st his name —
Sohrab men call him, but his birth is hid.
O Rustum, like thy might is this young man's!
He has the wild stag's foot, the lion's heart;
And he is young, and Iran's chiefs are old,
Or else too weak; and all eyes turn to thee.
Come down and help us, Rustum, or we lose!"
He spoke; but Rustum answered with a smile:—
"Go to! if Iran's chiefs are old, then I
Am older, if the young are weak, the King
Errs strangely; for the King, for Kai Khosroo,
Himself is young, and honors younger men,
And lets the aged molder to their graves.
Rustum he loves no more, but loves the young —
The young may rise at Sohrab's vaunts, not I.
For what care I, though all speak Sohrab's fame?
For would that I myself had such a son,
And not that one slight helpless girl I have —
A son so famed, so brave, to send to war,
And I to tarry with the snow-haired Zal,
My father, whom the robber Afghans vex,
And clip his borders short, and drive his herds,
And he has none to guard his weak old age.
There would I go, and hang my armor up,
And with my great name fence that weak old man,
And spend the goodly treasures I have got,
And rest my age, and hear of Sohrab's fame,
And leave to death the hosts of thankless kings,
And with these slaughterous hands draw sword no more."
He spoke, and smiled, and Gudurz made reply:—
"What then, O Rustum, will men say to this,
When Sohrab dares our bravest forth, and seeks
Thee most of all, and thou, whom most he seeks,
Hidest thy face? Take heed lest men should say:

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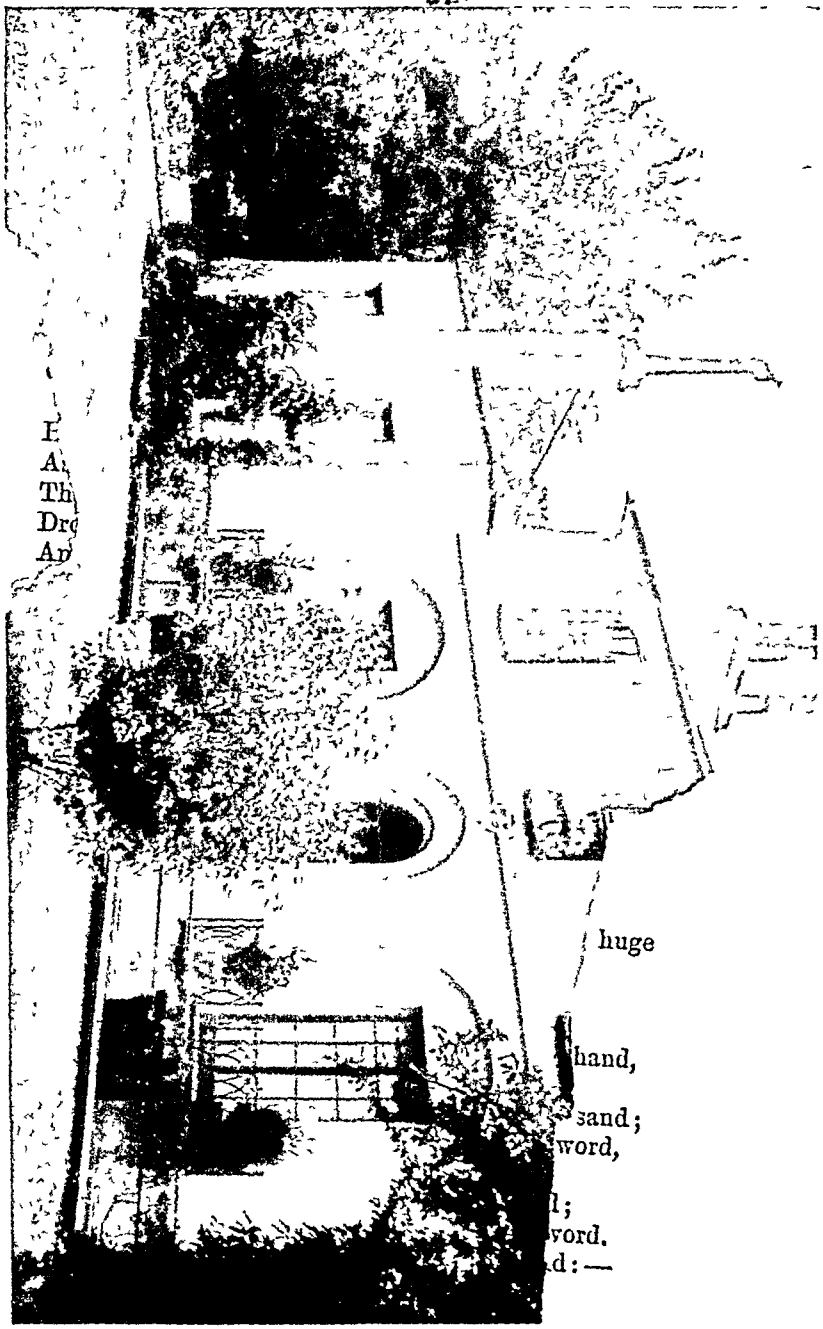
And with these slaughterous hands draw sword no more"
He spoke, and smiled, and Gudurz made reply: —
"What then, O Rustum, will men say to this,
When Sohrab dares our bravest forth, and seeks
Thee most of all, and thou, whom most he seeks,
Hidest thy face? Take heed lest men should say:

Like some old miser, Rustum hoards his fame,
And shuns to peril it with younger men."
And, greatly moved, then Rustum made reply:—
"O Gudurz, wherefore dost thou say such words?
Thou knowest better words than this to say.
What is one more, one less, obscure or famed,
Valiant or craven, young or old, to me?
Are not they mortal, am not I myself?
But who for men of naught would do great deeds?
Come, thou shalt see how Rustum hoards his fame!
But I will fight unknown, and in plain arms;
Let not men say of Rustum, he was matched
In single fight with any mortal man."
He spoke, and frowned; and Gudurz turned, and ran
Back quickly through the camp in fear and joy—
Fear at his wrath, but joy that Rustum came.
But Rustum strode to his tent door, and called
His followers in, and bade them bring his arms,
And clad himself in steel; the arms he chose
Were plain, and on his shield was no device,
Only his helm was rich, inlaid with gold,
And, from the fluted spine atop, a plume
Of horsehair waved, a scarlet-horsehair plume.
So armed, he issued forth; and Ruksh, his horse,
Followed him like a faithful hound at heel—
Ruksh, whose renown was noised through all the earth:
The horse whom Rustum on a foray once
Did in Bokhara by the river find
A colt beneath its dam, and drove him home,
And reared him; a bright bay, with lofty crest,
Dight with a saddlecloth of broidered green
Crusted with gold, and on the ground were worked
All beasts of chase, all beasts which hunters know.
So followed, Rustum left his tents, and crossed
The camp, and to the Persian host appeared.
And all the Persians knew him, and with shouts
Hailed; but the Tartars knew not who he was.
And dear as the wet diver to the eyes
Of his pale wife who waits and weeps on shore,
By sandy Bahrein, in the Persian Gulf,
Plunging all day in the blue waves, at night,
Having made up his tale of precious pearls,
Rejoins her in their hut upon the sands—
So dear to the pale Persians Rustum came.
And Rustum to the Persian front advanced,

And Sohrab armed in Haman's tent, and came.
And as afield the reapers cut a swath
Down through the middle of a rich man's corn,
And on each side are squares of standing corn,
And in the midst a stubble, short and bare —
So on each side were squares of men, with spears
Bristling, and in the midst, the open sand
And Rustum came upon the sand, and cast
His eyes toward the Tartar tents, and saw
Sohrab come forth, and eyed him as he came.
As some rich woman, on a winter's morn,
Eyes through her silken curtains the poor drudge
Who with numb blackened fingers makes her fire —
At cockcrow, on a starlit winter's morn,
When the frost flowers the whitened window panes —
And wonders how she lives, and what the thoughts
Of that poor drudge may be; so Rustum eyed
The unknown adventurous Youth, who from afar
Came seeking Rustum, and defying forth
All the most valiant chiefs, long he perused
His spirited air, and wondered who he was
For very young he seemed, tenderly reared,
Like some young cypress, tall, and dark, and straight,
Which in a queen's secluded garden throws
Its slight dark shadow on the moonlit turf,
By midnight, to a bubbling fountain's sound —
So slender Sohrab seemed, so softly reared
And a deep pity entered Rustum's soul,
As he beheld him coming, and he stood,
And beckoned to him with his hand, and said. —
"O thou young man, the air of Heaven is soft,
And warm, and pleasant; but the grave is cold!
Heaven's air is better than the cold dead grave.
Behold me! I am vast, and clad in iron,
And tried; and I have stood on many a field
Of blood, and I have fought with many a foe —
Never was that field lost, or that foe saved.
O Sohrab, wherefore wilt thou rush on death?
Be governed! quit the Tartar host, and come
To Iran, and be as my son to me,
And fight beneath my banner till I die!
There are no youths in Iran brave as thou."
So he spake, mildly, Sohrab heard his voice,
The mighty voice of Rustum, and he saw
His giant figure planted on the sand,

Sole, like some single tower, which a chief
Hath builded on the waste in former years
Against the robbers; and he saw that head,
Streaked with its first gray hairs;—hope filled his soul,
And he ran forward and embraced his knees,
And clasped his hand within his own, and said —
"Oh, by thy father's head! by thine own soul!
Art thou not Rustum? speak! art thou not he?"
But Rustum eyed askance the kneeling youth,
And turned away, and spake to his own soul:—
"Ah me, I muse what this young fox may mean!
False, wily, boastful, are these Tartar boys.
For if I now confess this thing he asks,
And hide it not, but say *Rustum is here!*
He will not yield indeed, nor quit our foes,
But he will find some pretext not to fight,
And praise my fame, and proffer courteous gifts,
A belt or sword perhaps, and go his way.
And on a feast tide, in Afrasiab's hall,
In Samarcand, he will arise and cry:
'I challenged once, when the two armies camped
Beside the Oxus, all the Persian lords
To cope with me in single fight. but they
Shrank, only Rustum dared, then he and I
Changed gifts, and went on equal terms away.'
So will he speak, perhaps, while men applaud;
Then were the chiefs of Iran shamed through me"
And then he turned, and sternly spake aloud.—
"Rise! wherefore dost thou vainly question thus
Of Rustum? I am here, whom thou hast called
By challenge forth: make good thy vaunt, or yield!
Is it with Rustum only thou wouldst fight?
Rash boy, men look on Rustum's face and flee!
For well I know, that did great Rustum stand
Before thy face this day, and were revealed,
There would be then no talk of fighting more.
But being what I am, I tell thee this—
Do thou record it in thine inmost soul:
Either thou shalt renounce thy vaunt and yield,
Or else thy bones shall strew this sand, till winds
Bleach them, or Oxus with his summer floods,
Oxus in summer wash them all away"
He spoke; and Sohrab answered, on his feet:—
"Art thou so fierce? Thou wilt not fright me so!
I am no girl, to be made pale by words.

S' HOUS WHERE HE WROTE HIS "ODE TO THE NIGHTINGALE"

Yet this thou hast said well, did Rustum stand
Here on this field, there were no fighting then.
But Rustum is far hence, and we stand here.
Begin! thou art more vast, more dread than I,
And thou art proved, I know, and I am young —
But yet success sways with the breath of Heaven
And though thou thinkest that thou knowest sure
Thy victory, yet thou canst not surely know.
For we are all, like swimmers in the sea,
Poised on the top of a huge wave of fate,
Which hangs uncertain to which side to fall.
And whether it will heave us up to land,
Or whether it will roll us out to sea,
Back out to sea, to the deep waves of death,
We know not, and no search will make us know;
Only the event will teach us in its hour."

He spoke, and Rustum answered not, but hurled
His spear down from the shoulder, down it came,
As on some partridge in the corn a hawk,
That long has towered in the airy clouds,
Drops like a plummet, Sohrab saw it come,
And sprang aside, quick as a flash, the spear
Hissed, and went quivering down into the sand,
Which it sent flying wide, — then Sohrab threw
In turn, and full struck Rustum's shield. sharp rang,
The iron plates rang sharp, but turned the spear
And Rustum seized his club, which none but he
Could wield, an unlopped trunk it was, and huge,
Still rough — like those which men in treeless plains
To build them boats fish from the flooded rivers,
Hyphasis or Hydaspes, when, high up
By their dark springs, the wind in winter time
Hath made in Himalayan forests wrack,
And strewn the channels with torn boughs — so huge
The club which Rustum lifted now, and struck
One stroke, but again Sohrab sprang aside,
Lithe as the glancing snake, and the club came
Thundering to earth, and leapt from Rustum's hand,
And Rustum followed his own blow, and fell
To his knees, and with his fingers clutched the sand;
And now might Sohrab have unsheathed his sword,
And pierced the mighty Rustum while he lay
Dizzy, and on his knees, and choked with sand;
But he looked on, and smiled, nor bared his sword,
But courteously drew back, and spoke, and said. —

"Thou strik'st too hard! that club of thine will float
Upon the summer floods, and not my bones
But rise, and be not wroth! not wroth am I,
No, when I see thee, wrath forsakes my soul.
Thou say'st, thou art not Rustum: be it so!
Who art thou then, that canst so touch my soul?
Boy as I am, I have seen battles too—
Have waded foremost in their bloody waves,
And heard their hollow roar of dying men;
But never was my heart thus touched before
Are they from Heaven, these softenings of the heart?
O thou old warrior, let us yield to Heaven!
Come, plant we here in earth our angry spears,
And make a truce, and sit upon this sand,
And pledge each other in red wine, like friends,
And thou shalt talk to me of Rustum's deeds.
There are enough foes in the Persian host,
Whom I may meet, and strike, and feel no pang.
Champions enough Afrasiab has, whom thou
Mayst fight; fight *them*, when they confront thy spear!
But oh, let there be peace 'twixt thee and me!"
He ceased, but while he spake, Rustum had risen,
And stood erect, trembling with rage; his club
He left to lie, but had regained his spear,
Whose fiery point now in his mailed right hand
Blazed bright and baleful, like that autumn star,
The baleful sign of fevers; dust had soiled
His stately crest, and dimmed his glittering arms.
His breast heaved, his lips foamed, and twice his voice
Was choked with rage; at last these words broke way:—
"Girl! nimble with thy feet, not with thy hands!
Curled minion, dancer, coiner of sweet words!
Fight, let me hear thy hateful voice no more!
Thou art not in Afrasiab's gardens now
With Tartar girls, with whom thou art wont to dance:
But on the Oxus sands, and in the dance
Of battle, and with me, who make no play
Of war; I fight it out, and hand to hand
Speak not to me of truce, and pledge, and wine!
Remember all thy valor; try thy feints
And cunning! all the pity I had is gone;
Because thou hast shamed me before both the hosts
With thy light skipping tricks, and thy girl's wiles."
He spoke, and Sohrab kindled at his taunts,
And he too drew his sword: at once they rushed

Together, as two eagles on one prey
Come rushing down together from the clouds,
One from the east, one from the west, their shields
Dashed with a clang together, and a din
Rose, such as that the sinewy woodcutters
Make often in the forest's heart at morn,
Of hewing axes, crashing trees — such blows
Rustum and Sohrab on each other hailed.
And you would say that sun and stars took part
In that unnatural conflict, for a cloud
Grew suddenly in Heaven, and darked the sun
Over the fighters' heads, and a wind rose
Under their feet, and moaning swept the plain,
And in a sandy whirlwind wrapped the pair.
In gloom they twain were wrapped, and they alone,
For both the on-looking hosts on either hand
Stood in broad daylight, and the sky was pure,
And the sun sparkled on the Oxus stream
But in the gloom they fought, with bloodshot eyes
And laboring breath first Rustum struck the shield
Which Sohrab held stiff out, the steel-spiked spear
Rent the tough plates, but failed to reach the skin,
And Rustum plucked it back with angry groan
Then Sohrab with his sword smote Rustum's helm,
Nor clove its steel quite through, but all the crest
He shore away, and that proud horsehair plume,
Never till now defiled, sank to the dust,
And Rustum bowed his head but then the gloom
Grew blacker, thunder rumbled in the air,
And lightnings rent the cloud, and Ruksh, the horse,
Who stood at hand, uttered a dreadful cry, —
No horse's cry was that, — most like the roar
Of some pained desert lion, who all day
Has trailed the hunter's javelin in his side,
And comes at night to die upon the sand —
The two hosts heard that cry, and quaked for fear,
And Oxus curdled as it crossed his stream.
But Sohrab heard, and quailed not, but rushed on,
And struck again; and again Rustum bowed
His head: but this time all the blade, like glass,
Sprang in a thousand shivers on the helm,
And in the hand the hilt remained alone.
Then Rustum raised his head, his dreadful eyes
Glared, and he shook on high his menacing spear,
And shouted: *Rustum!* — Sohrab heard that shout,

And shrank amazed; back he recoiled one step,
And scanned with blinking eyes the advancing form:
And then he stood bewildered, and he dropped
His covering shield, and the spear pierced his side.
He reeled, and staggering back, sank to the ground:
And then the gloom dispersed, and the wind fell,
And the bright sun broke forth, and melted all
The cloud; and the two armies saw the pair;—
Saw Rustum standing, safe upon his feet,
And Sohrab, wounded, on the bloody sand.
 Then, with a bitter smile, Rustum began:—
"Sohrab, thou thoughtest in thy mind to kill
A Persian lord this day, and strip his corpse,
And bear thy trophies to Afrasiab's tent.
Or else that the great Rustum would come down
Himself to fight, and that thy wiles would move
His heart to take a gift, and let thee go.
And then that all the Tartar host would praise
Thy courage or thy craft, and spread thy fame,
To glad thy father in his weak old age.
Fool, thou art slain, and by an unknown man!
Dearer to the red jackals shalt thou be
Than to thy friends, and to thy father old"
 And with a fearless mien, Sohrab replied:—
"Unknown thou art; yet thy fierce vaunt is vain.
Thou dost not slay me, proud and boastful man!
No! Rustum slays me, and this filial heart
For were I matched with ten such men as thee,
And I were that which till to-day I was,
They should be lying here, I standing there.
But that belovèd name unnerved my arm—
That name, and something, I confess, in thee,
Which troubles all my heart, and made my shield
Fall; and thy spear transfixed an unarmed foe.
And now thou boastest, and insult'st my fate.
But hear thou this, fierce man, tremble to hear:
The mighty Rustum shall avenge my death!
My father, whom I seek through all the world,
He shall avenge my death, and punish thee!"
 As when some hunter in the spring hath found
A breeding eagle sitting on her nest,
Upon the craggy isle of a hill lake,
And pierced her with an arrow as she rose,
And followed her to find her where she fell
Far off;—anon her mate comes winging back

From hunting, and a great way off descries
His huddling young left sole; at that, he checks
His pinion, and with short uneasy sweeps
Circles above his eyrie, with loud screams
Chiding his mate back to her nest but she
Lies dying, with the arrow in her side,
In some far stony gorge out of his ken,
A heap of fluttering feathers — never more
Shall the lake glass her, flying over it;
Never the black and dripping precipices
Echo her stormy scream as she sails by —
As that poor bird flies home, nor knows his loss,
So Rustum knew not his own loss, but stood
Over his dying son, and knew him not

And with a cold, incredulous voice, he said: —
"What prate is this of fathers and revenge?
The mighty Rustum never had a son."

And with a failing voice, Sohrab replied. —
"Ah yes, he had! and that lost son am I.
Surely the news will one day reach his ear,
Reach Rustum, where he sits, and tarries long,
Somewhere, I know not where, but far from here;
And pierce him like a stab, and make him leap
To arms, and cry for vengeance upon thee.
Fierce man, bethink thee, for an only son!
What will that grief, what will that vengeance be?
Oh, could I live till I that grief had seen!
Yet him I pity not so much, but her,
My mother, who in Ader-baijan dwells
With that old king, her father, who grows gray
With age, and rules over the valiant Koords.
Her most I pity, who no more will see
Sohrab returning from the Tartar camp,
With spoils and honor, when the war is done.
But a dark rumor will be bruited up,
From tribe to tribe, until it reach her ear:
And then will that defenseless woman learn
That Sohrab will rejoice her sight no more,
But that in battle with a nameless foe,
By the far-distant Oxus, he is slain"

He spoke, and as he ceased, he wept aloud,
Thinking of her he left, and his own death.
He spoke. but Rustum listened, plunged in thought.
Nor did he yet believe it was his son
Who spoke, although he called back names he knew;

For he had had sure tidings that the babe,
Which was in Ader-baijan born to him,
Had been a puny girl, no boy at all —
So that sad mother sent him word, for fear
Rustum should seek the boy, to train in arms.
And so he deemed that either Sohrab took,
By a false boast, the style of Rustum's son,
Or that men gave it him, to swell his fame.
So deemed he; yet he listened, plunged in thought:
And his soul set to grief, as the vast tide
Of the bright rocking Ocean sets to shore
At the full moon; tears gathered in his eyes:
For he remembered his own early youth
And all its bounding rapture; as, at dawn,
The shepherd from his mountain lodge descries
A far, bright city, smitten by the sun,
Through many rolling clouds — so Rustum saw
His youth; saw Sohrab's mother, in her bloom;
And that old king, her father, who loved well
His wandering guest, and gave him his fair child
With joy, and all the pleasant life they led,
They three, in that long-distant summer time —
The castle, and the dewy woods, and hunt
And hound, and morn on those delightful hills
In Ader-baijan. And he saw that Youth,
Of age and looks to be his own dear son,
Piteous and lovely, lying on the sand,
Like some rich hyacinth which by the scythe
Of an unskillful gardener has been cut,
Mowing the garden grassplots near its bed,
And lies, a fragrant tower of purple bloom,
On the mown, dying grass — so Sohrab lay,
Lovely in death, upon the common sand.
And Rustum gazed on him with grief, and said. —

"O Sohrab, thou indeed art such a son
Whom Rustum, wert thou his, might well have loved!
Yet here thou errest, Sohrab, or else men
Have told thee false — thou art not Rustum's son.
For Rustum had no son: one child he had —
But one — a girl; who with her mother now
Plies some light female task, nor dreams of us —
Of us she dreams not, nor of wounds, nor war."

But Sohrab answered him in wrath; for now
The anguish of the deep-fixed spear grew fierce,
And he desired to draw forth the steel,

And let the blood flow free, and so to die—
But first he would convince his stubborn foe;
And rising sternly on one arm, he said:—
"Man, who art thou who dost deny my words?
Truth sits upon the lips of dying men,
And falsehood, while I lived, was far from mine.
I tell thee, pricked upon this arm I bear
That seal which Rustum to my mother gave,
That she might prick it on the babe she bore."
He spoke; and all the blood left Rustum's cheeks,
And his knees tottered, and he smote his hand
Against his breast, his heavy mailèd hand,
That the hard iron corselet clanked aloud;
And to his heart he pressed the other hand,
And in a hollow voice he spake, and said:—
"Sohrab, that were a proof which could not lie!
If thou show this, then art thou Rustum's son."
Then, with weak hasty fingers, Sohrab loosed
His belt, and near the shoulder bared his arm,
And showed a sign in faint vermilion points
Pricked, as a cunning workman, in Pekin,
Pricks with vermilion some clear porcelain vase,
An emperor's gift—at early morn he paints,
And all day long, and, when night comes, the lamp
Lights up his studious forehead and thin hands—
So delicately pricked the sign appeared
On Sohrab's arm, the sign of Rustum's seal.
It was that griffin, which of old reared Zal,
Rustum's great father, whom they left to die,
A helpless babe, among the mountain rocks,
Him that kind creature found, and reared, and loved—
Then Rustum took it for his glorious sign.
And Sohrab bared that image on his arm,
And himself scanned it long with mournful eyes,
And then he touched it with his hand and said:—
"How say'st thou? Is that sign the proper sign
Of Rustum's son, or of some other man's?"
He spoke, but Rustum gazed, and gazed, and stood
Speechless, and then he uttered one sharp cry:
O boy—thy father!—and his voice choked there.
And then a dark cloud passed before his eyes,
And his head swam, and he sank down to earth.
But Sohrab crawled to where he lay, and cast
His arms about his neck, and kissed his lips,
And with fond faltering fingers stroked his cheeks,

Trying to call him back to life. and life
Came back to Rustum, and he oped his eyes,
And they stood wide with horror; and he seized
In both his hands the dust which lay around,
And threw it on his head, and smirched his hair,—
His hair, and face, and beard, and glittering arms;
And strong convulsive groanings shook his breast,
And his sobs choked him; and he clutched his sword,
To draw it, and forever let life out.
But Sohrab saw his thought, and held his hands,
And with a soothing voice he spake, and said:—
"Father, forbear! for I but meet to-day
The doom which at my birth was written down
In Heaven, and thou art Heaven's unconscious hand.
Surely my heart cried out that it was thou,
When first I saw thee; and thy heart spoke too,
I know it! but fate trod those promptings down
Under its iron heel; fate, fate engaged
The strife, and hurled me on my father's spear.
But let us speak no more of this! I find
My father; let me feel that I have found!
Come, sit beside me on this sand, and take
My head betwixt thy hands, and kiss my cheeks,
And wash them with thy tears, and say: *My son!*
Quick! quick! for numbered are my sands of life,
And swift; for like the lightning to this field
I came, and like the wind I go away—
Sudden, and swift, and like a passing wind;
But it was writ in Heaven that this should be."
So said he, and his voice released the heart
Of Rustum, and his tears broke forth; he cast
His arms round his son's neck, and wept aloud,
And kissed him. And awe fell on both the hosts,
When they saw Rustum's grief and Ruksh, the horse,
With his head bowing to the ground, and mane
Sweeping the dust, came near, and in mute woe
First to the one then to the other moved
His head, as if inquiring what their grief
Might mean; and from his dark, compassionate eyes,
The big warm tears rolled down, and caked the sand.
But Rustum chid him with stern voice, and said:—
"Ruksh, now thou grievest; but, O Ruksh, thy feet
Should then have rotted on their nimble joints,
When first they bore thy master to this field!"
But Sohrab looked upon the horse and said.—

"Is this, then, Ruksh? How often, in past days,
My mother told me of thee, thou brave steed,
My terrible father's terrible horse! and said
That I should one day find thy lord and thee.
Come, let me lay my hand upon thy mane!
O Ruksh, thou art more fortunate than I;
For thou hast gone where I shall never go,
And snuffed the breezes of my father's home.
And thou hast trod the sands of Seistan,
And seen the River of Helmund, and the Lake
Of Zirrah; and the aged Zal himself
Has often stroked thy neck, and given thee food,
Corn in a golden platter soaked with wine,
And said '*O Ruksh! bear Rustum well!*'—but I
Have never known my grandsire's furrowed face,
Nor seen his lofty house in Seistan,
Nor slaked my thirst at the clear Helmund stream;
But lodged among my father's foes, and seen
Afrasiab's cities only, Samarcand,
Bokhara, and lone Khiva in the waste,
And the black Toorkmun tents; and only drunk
The desert rivers, Moorghab and Tejend,
Kohik, and where the Kalmuks feed their sheep,
The northern Sir and this great Oxus stream,
The yellow Oxus, by whose brink I die."
Then, with a heavy groan, Rustum bewailed.—
"Oh that its waves were flowing over me!
Oh that I saw its grains of yellow silt
Roll tumbling in the current o'er my head!"
But with a grave mild voice, Sohrab replied —
"Desire not that, my father! thou must live.
For some are born to do great deeds, and live,
As some are born to be obscured, and die.
Do thou the deeds I die too young to do,
And reap a second glory in thine age,
Thou art my father, and thy gain is mine
But come! thou seest this great host of men
Which follow me · I pray thee, slay not these!
Let me entreat for them what have they done?
They followed me, my hope, my fame, my star
Let them all cross the Oxus back in peace
But me thou must bear hence, not send with them,
But carry me with thee to Seistan,
And place me on a bed, and mourn for me,
Thou, and the snow-haired Zal, and all thy friends.

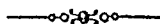
And thou must lay me in that lovely earth,
And heap a stately mound above my bones,
And plant a far-seen pillar over all.
That so the passing horseman on the waste
May see my tomb a great way off, and cry·
'*Sohrab, the mighty Rustum's son, lies there,*
Whom his great father did in ignorance kill!'
And I be not forgotten in my grave"

And with a mournful voice, Rustum replied.—
"Fear not! as thou hast said, Sohrab, my son,
So shall it be; for I will burn my tents,
And quit the host, and bear thee hence with me,
And carry thee away to Seistan,
And place thee on a bed, and mourn for thee,
With the snow-headed Zal, and all my friends.
And I will lay thee in that lovely earth,
And heap a stately mound above thy bones,
And plant a far-seen pillar over all,
And men shall not forget thee in thy grave
And I will spare thy host, yea, let them go!
Let them all cross the Oxus back in peace!
What should I do with slaying any more?
For would that all whom I have ever slain
Might be once more alive, my bitterest foes,
And they who were called champions in their time,
And through whose death I won that fame I have—
And I were nothing but a common man,
A poor, mean soldier, and without renown,
So thou mightest live too, my son, my son!
Or rather would that I, even I myself,
Might now be lying on this bloody sand,
Near death, and by an ignorant stroke of thine,
Not thou of mine! and I might die, not thou;
And I, not thou, be borne to Seistan;
And Zal might weep above my grave, not thine,—
And say, '*O son, I weep thee not too sore,*
For willingly, I know, thou met'st thine end!'
But now in blood and battles was my youth,
And full of blood and battles is my age,
And I shall never end this life of blood"

Then, at the point of death, Sohrab replied:
"A life of blood indeed, thou dreadful man!
But thou shalt yet have peace; only not now,
Not yet! but thou shalt have it on that day,
When thou shalt sail in a high-masted ship,

Thou and the other peers of Kai Khosroo,
Returning home over the salt blue sea,
From laying thy dear master in his grave"
And Rustum gazed in Sohrab's face, and said —
"Soon be that day, my son, and deep that sea!
Till then, if fate so wills, let me endure."
He spoke; and Sohrab smiled on him, and took
The spear, and drew it from his side, and eased
His wound's imperious anguish; but the blood
Came welling from the open gash, and life
Flowed with the stream; — all down his cold white side
The crimson torrent ran, dim now and soiled,
Like the soiled tissue of white violets
Left, freshly gathered, on their native bank,
By children whom their nurses call with haste
Indoors from the sun's eye; his head drooped low,
His limbs grew slack; motionless, white, he lay —
White, with eyes closed; only when heavy gasps,
Deep heavy gasps quivering through all his frame
Convulsed him back to life, he opened them,
And fixed them feebly on his father's face,
Till now all strength was ebbed, and from his limbs
Unwillingly the spirit fled away,
Regretting the warm mansion which it left,
And youth, and bloom, and this delightful world.
So, on the bloody sand, Sohrab lay dead;
And the great Rustum drew his horseman's cloak
Down o'er his face, and sate by his dead son
As those black granite pillars, once high-reared
By Jemshid in Persepolis, to bear
His house, now mid their broken flights of steps
Lie prone, enormous, down the mountain side —
So in the sand lay Rustum by his son.
And night came down over the solemn waste,
And the two gazing hosts, and that sole pair,
And darkened all; and a cold fog, with night,
Crept from the Oxus Soon a hum arose,
As of a great assembly loosed, and fires
Began to twinkle through the fog; for now
Both armies moved to camp, and took their meal;
The Persians took it on the open sands
Southward, the Tartars by the river marge,
And Rustum and his son were left alone

But the majestic river floated on,
Out of the mist and hum of that low land,

Into the frosty starlight, and there moved,
Rejoicing, through the hushed Chorasmian waste,
Under the solitary moon; — he flowed
Right for the polar star, past Orgunjè,
Brimming, and bright, and large: then sands begin
To hem his watery march, and dam his streams,
And split his currents; that for many a league
The shorn and parceled Oxus strains along
Through beds of sand and matted rushy isles —
Oxus, forgetting the bright speed he had
In his high mountain cradle in Pamere,
A foiled circuitous wanderer — till at last
The longed-for dash of waves is heard, and wide
His luminous home of waters opens, bright
And tranquil, from whose floor the new-bathed stars
Emerge, and shine upon the Aral Sea.

AFTER READING ARNOLD'S "SOHRAB AND RUSTUM."

WHO reads this measure flowing strong and deep,
  It seems to him old Homer's voice he hears;
  But soon grows up a sound that moves to tears —
Tears such as Homer cannot make us weep,
Whether a grieving god bids death and sleep
  Bear slain Sarpedon home unto his peers,
  Or gray-haired Priam, kneeling, full of fears,
Seeks Hector's corse torn by the chariot's sweep.
Lightly these sorrows move us, in compare
  With that which moans along the Oxus' tide,
  Where by his father's hand young Sohrab died, —
Great father and great son met unaware
  On fate's dark field: in awe we leave them there,
  Wrapped in the mists that from the river glide.

FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH.[1]

THE STORY OF DAMON AND PYTHIAS.

BY CHARLOTTE M YONGE

[For biographical sketch, see page 27.]

MOST of the best and noblest of the Greeks held what was called the Pythagorean philosophy. This was one of the many systems framed by the great men of heathenism, when by the feeble light of nature they were, as St. Paul says, "seeking after God, if haply they might feel after Him," like men groping in the darkness. Pythagoras lived before the time of history, and almost nothing is known about him, though his teaching and his name were never lost. There is a belief that he had traveled in the East, and in Egypt, and as he lived about the time of the dispersion of the Israelites, it is possible that some of his purest and best teaching might have been crumbs gathered from their fuller instruction through the Law and the Prophets. One thing is plain, that even in dealing with heathenism the Divine rule holds good, "By their fruits ye shall know them." Golden deeds are only to be found among men whose belief is earnest and sincere, and in something really high and noble. Where there was nothing worshiped but savage or impure power, and the very form of adoration was cruel and unclean, as among the Canaanites and Carthaginians, there we find no true self-devotion. The great deeds of the heathen world were all done by early Greeks and Romans before yet the last gleams of purer light had faded out of their belief, and while their moral sense still nerved them to energy; or else by such later Greeks as had embraced the deeper and more earnest yearnings of the minds that had become a "law unto themselves."

The Pythagoreans were bound together in a brotherhood, the members of which had rules that are now not understood, but which linked them so as to form a sort of club, with common religious observances and pursuits of science, especially mathematics and music. And they were taught to restrain their passions, especially that of anger, and to endure with patience all kinds of suffering; believing that such self-

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restraint brought them nearer to the gods, and that death would set them free from the prison of the body. The souls of evil doers would, they thought, pass into the lower and more degraded animals, while those of good men would be gradually purified, and rise to a higher existence. This, though lamentably deficient, and false in some points, was a real religion, inasmuch as it gave a rule of life, with a motive for striving for wisdom and virtue. Two friends of this Pythagorean sect lived at Syracuse, in the end of the fourth century before the Christian era. Syracuse was a great Greek city, built in Sicily, and full of all kinds of Greek art and learning; but it was a place of danger in their time, for it had fallen under the tyranny of a man of strange and capricious temper, though of great abilities, namely, Dionysius. He is said to have been originally only a clerk in a public office, but his talents raised him to continually higher situations, and at length, in a great war with the Carthaginians, who had many settlements in Sicily, he became general of the army, and then found it easy to establish his power over the city.

This power was not according to the laws, for Syracuse, like most other cities, ought to have been governed by a council of magistrates; but Dionysius was an exceedingly able man, and made the city much more rich and powerful; he defeated the Carthaginians, and rendered Syracuse by far the chief city in the island, and he contrived to make every one so much afraid of him that no one durst attempt to overthrow his power. He was a good scholar, and very fond of philosophy and poetry, and he delighted to have learned men around him, and he had naturally a generous spirit; but the sense that he was in a position that did not belong to him, and that every one hated him for assuming it, made him very harsh and suspicious. It is of him that the story is told, that he had a chamber hollowed in the rock near his state prison, and constructed with galleries to conduct sounds like an ear, so that he might overhear the conversation of his captives; and of him, too, is told that famous anecdote which has become a proverb, that on hearing a friend, named Damocles, express a wish to be in his situation for a single day, he took him at his word, and Damocles found himself at a banquet with everything that could delight his senses, delicious food, costly wine, flowers, perfumes, music; but with a sword with the point almost touching his head, and hanging by a single horse-

hair! This was to show the condition in which a usurper lived!

Thus Dionysius was in constant dread. He had a wide trench round his bedroom, with a drawbridge that he drew up and put down with his own hands; and he put one barber to death for boasting that he held a razor to the tyrant's throat every morning. After this he made his young daughters shave him; but by and by he would not trust them with a razor, and caused them to singe off his beard with hot nut-shells! He was said to have put a man named Antiphon to death for answering him, when he asked what was the best kind of brass, "That of which the statues of Harmodius and Aristogiton were made." These were the two Athenians who had killed the sons of Pisistratus the tyrant, so that the jest was most offensive; but its boldness might have gained forgiveness for it. One philosopher, named Philoxenus, he sent to a dungeon for finding fault with his poetry, but he afterwards composed another piece, which he thought so superior, that he could not be content without sending for this adverse critic to hear it. When he had finished reading it, he looked to Philoxenus for a compliment; but the philosopher only turned round to the guards, and said dryly, "Carry me back to prison." This time Dionysius had the sense to laugh, and forgive his honesty.

All these stories may not be true; but that they should have been current in the ancient world shows what was the character of the man of whom they were told, how stern and terrible was his anger, and how easily it was incurred. Among those who came under it was a Pythagorean called Pythias, who was sentenced to death, according to the usual fate of those who fell under his suspicion.

Pythias had lands and relations in Greece and he entreated as a favor to be allowed to return thither and arrange his affairs, engaging to return within a specified time to suffer death. The tyrant laughed his request to scorn. Once safe out of Sicily, who would answer for his return? Pythias made reply that he had a friend, who would become security for his return; and while Dionysius, the miserable man who trusted nobody, was ready to scoff at his simplicity, another Pythagorean, by name Damon, came forward, and offered to become surety for his friend, engaging that, if Pythias did not return according to promise, to suffer death in his stead.

Dionysius, much astonished, consented to let Pythias go, marveling what would be the issue of the affair. Time went on, and Pythias did not appear. The Syracusans watched Damon, but he showed no uneasiness. He said he was secure of his friend's truth and honor, and that if any accident had caused the delay of his return, he should rejoice in dying to save the life of one so dear to him.

Even to the last day Damon continued serene and content, however it might fall out; nay, even when the very hour drew nigh and still no Pythias. His trust was so perfect, that he did not even grieve at having to die for a faithless friend who had left him to the fate to which he had unwarily pledged himself. It was not Pythias' own will, but the winds and waves, so he still declared, when the decree was brought and the instruments of death made ready. The hour had come, and a few moments more would have ended Damon's life, when Pythias duly presented himself, embraced his friend, and stood forward himself to receive his sentence, calm, resolute, and rejoiced that he had come in time.

Even the dim hope they owned of a future state was enough to make these two brave men keep their word, and confront death for one another without quailing. Dionysius looked on more struck than ever. He felt that neither of such men must die. He reversed the sentence of Pythias, and calling the two to his judgment seat, he entreated them to admit him as a third in their friendship. Yet all the time he must have known it was a mockery that he should ever be such as they were to each other—he who had lost the very power of trusting, and constantly sacrificed others to secure his own life, whilst they counted not their lives dear to them in comparison with their truth to their word, and love to one another. No wonder that Damon and Pythias have become such a byword that they seem too well known to have their story told here, except that a name in every one's mouth sometimes seems to be mentioned by those who have forgotten or never heard the tale attached to it.

HOMER AND HIS TRANSLATORS.[1]

BY MATTHEW ARNOLD

(From "On Translating Homer"—A Series of Lectures Delivered at Oxford)

And now may Apollo and Artemis be gracious,
And to all of you, maidens, I say farewell
Yet remember me when I am gone,
And if some other toiling pilgrim among the sons of men
Comes and asks O maidens,
Who is the sweetest minstrel of all who wander hither,
And in whom do you delight most?
Make answer with one voice, in gentle words,
The blind old man of Chios' rocky isle

HOMER, in "Hymn to Apollo"

THE THIRD LECTURE —HOMER IN BALLAD VERSE.

"THE most really and truly Homeric of all the creations of the English muse is," says Mr. Newman's critic in the *National Review*, "the ballad poetry of ancient times; and the association between meter and subject is one that it would be true wisdom to preserve." "It is confessed," says Chapman's last editor, Mr. Hooper, "that the fourteen-syllable verse" (that is, a ballad verse) "is peculiarly fitting for Homeric translation" And the editor of Dr Maginn's clever and popular "Homeric Ballads" assumes it as one of his author's greatest and most undisputable merits, that he was "the first who consciously realized to himself the truth that Greek ballads can be really represented in English only by a similar measure"

This proposition that Homer's poetry is *ballad poetry*, analogous to the well-known ballad poetry of the English and other nations, has a certain small portion of truth in it, and at one time probably served a useful purpose, when it was employed to discredit the artificial and literary manner in which Pope and his school rendered Homer. But it has been so extravagantly over-used, the mistake which it was useful in combating has so entirely lost the public favor, that it is now much more important to insist on the large part of error contained in it, than to extol its small part of truth It is time to say plainly that, whatever the admirers of our old ballads may think, the su-

[1] By permission of Mrs Matthew Arnold and the Publishers, Smith, Elder & Co Price 2s. 6d

preme form of epic poetry, the genuine Homeric mold, is not the form of the Ballad of Lord Bateman. I have myself shown the broad difference between Milton's manner and Homer's; but after a course of Mr. Newman and Dr. Maginn, I turn round in desperation upon them and upon the balladists who have misled them, and I exclaim: Compared with you, Milton is Homer's double; there is, whatever you may think, ten thousand times more of the real strain of Homer in—

> Blind Thamyris, and blind Mæonides,
> And Tiresias, and Phineus, prophets old,

than in—

> Now Christ thee save, thou proud portèr,
> Now Christ thee save and see,

or in—

> While the tinker did dine, he had plenty of wine.

For Homer is not only rapid in movement, simple in style, plain in language, natural in thought; he is also, and above all, *noble*. I have advised the translator not to go into the vexed question of Homer's identity. Yet I will just remind him that the grand argument—or rather, not argument, for the matter affords no data for arguing, but the grand source from which conviction, as we read the Iliad, keeps pressing in upon us, that there is one poet of the Iliad, one Homer—is precisely this nobleness of the poet, this grand manner; we feel that the analogy drawn from other joint compositions does not hold good here, because those works do not bear, like the Iliad, the magic stamp of a master: and the moment you have *anything* less than a master work, the cooperation or consolidation of several poets becomes possible, for talent is not uncommon; the moment you have *much* less than a master work, they become easy, for mediocrity is everywhere.

I can imagine fifty Bradys joined with as many Tates to make the New Version of the Psalms. I can imagine several poets having contributed to any one of the old English ballads in Percy's collection. I can imagine several poets, possessing, like Chapman, the Elizabethan vigor and the Elizabethan mannerism, united with Chapman to produce his version of the Iliad. I can imagine several poets, with the literary knack of the twelfth century, united to produce the Nibelungen Lay in the form in which we have it,—a work which the Germans, in their joy at discovering a national epic of their

own, have rated vastly higher than it deserves. And lastly, though Mr. Newman's translation of Homer bears the strong mark of his own idiosyncrasy, yet I can imagine Mr. Newman and a school of adepts trained by him in his art of poetry, jointly producing that work, so that Aristarchus himself should have difficulty in pronouncing which line was the master's, and which a pupil's.

But I cannot imagine several poets, or one poet, joined with Dante in the composition of his "Inferno," though many poets have taken for their subject a descent into Hell.[1] Many artists, again, have represented Moses; but there is only one Moses of Michael Angelo. So the insurmountable obstacle to believing the Iliad a consolidated work of several poets is this: that the work of great masters is unique; and the Iliad has a great master's genuine stamp, and that stamp is *the grand style.*

Poets who cannot work in the grand style instinctively seek a style in which their comparative inferiority may feel itself at ease, a manner which may be, so to speak, indulgent to their inequalities. The ballad style offers to an epic poet, quite unable to fill the canvas of Homer, or Dante, or Milton, a canvas which he is capable of filling. The ballad measure is quite able to give due effect to the vigor and spirit which its employer, when at his very best, may be able to exhibit; and when he is not at his best—when he is a little trivial or a little dull—it will not betray him, it will not bring out his weaknesses into broad relief. This is a convenience; but it is a convenience which the ballad style purchases by resigning all pretensions to the highest, to the grand manner. It is true of its movement, as it is *not* true of Homer's, that it is "liable to degenerate into doggerel." It is true of its "moral qualities," as it is *not* true of Homer's, that "quaintness" and "garrulity" are among them. It is true of its employers, as it is *not* true of Homer, that they "rise and sink with their subject, are prosaic when it is tame, are low when it is mean." For this reason the ballad style and the ballad measure are eminently *in*appropriate to render Homer. Homer's manner and movement are always both noble and powerful: the ballad manner and movement are often either jaunty and smart, so not noble; or jog-trot and humdrum, so not powerful.

The Nibelungen Lay affords a good illustration of the qualities of the ballad manner. Based on grand traditions, which

[1] See Vol. III., p. 1076.

had found expression in a grand lyric poetry, the German epic poem of the Nibelungen Lay, though it is interesting, and though it has good passages, is itself anything rather than a grand poem. It is a poem of which the composer is, to speak the truth, a very ordinary mortal, and often, therefore, like other ordinary mortals, very prosy. It is in a measure which eminently adapts itself to this commonplace personality of its composer, which has much the movement of the well-known measures of Tate and Brady, and can jog on, for hundreds of lines at a time, with a level ease which reminds one of Sheridan's saying that easy writing may be often such hard reading. But, instead of occupying myself with the Nibelungen Lay, I prefer to look at the ballad style as directly applied to Homer, in Chapman's version and Mr. Newman's, and in the "Homeric Ballads" of Dr. Maginn.

First I take Chapman. I have already shown that Chapman's conceits are un-Homeric, and that his rhyme is un-Homeric; I will now show how his manner and movement are un-Homeric. Chapman's diction, I have said, is generally good; but it must be called good with this reserve, that, though it has Homer's plainness and directness, it often offends him who knows Homer, by wanting Homer's nobleness. In a passage which I have already quoted, the address of Zeus to the horses of Achilles, Chapman has—

> "*Poor wretched beasts,*" said he,
> "Why gave we you to a mortal king, when immortality
> And incapacity of age so dignifies your states?
> Was it to haste [taste?] the miseries poured out on human
> fates?"

There are many faults in this rendering of Chapman's, but what I particularly wish to notice in it is the expression "Poor wretched beasts." This expression just illustrates the difference between the ballad manner and Homer's. The ballad manner—Chapman's manner—is, I say, pitched sensibly lower than Homer's. The ballad manner requires that an expression shall be plain and natural, and then it asks no more Homer's manner requires that an expression shall be plain and natural, but it also requires that it shall be noble. Ἀ δειλώ is as plain, as simple, as "Poor wretched beasts"; but it is also noble, which "Poor wretched beasts" is not. "Poor wretched beasts" is, in truth, a little over-familiar, but this is no objec-

tion to it for the ballad manner: it is good enough for the old English ballad, good enough for the Nibelungen Lay, good enough for Chapman's "Iliad," good enough for Mr. Newman's "Iliad," good enough for Dr. Maginn's "Homeric Ballads"; but it is not good enough for Homer.

To feel that Chapman's measure, though natural, is not Homeric; that though tolerably rapid, it has not Homer's rapidity; that it has a jogging rapidity rather than a flowing rapidity; and a movement familiar rather than nobly easy,—one has only, I think, to read half a dozen lines in any part of his version. I prefer to keep as much as possible to passages which I have already noticed, so I will quote the conclusion of the nineteenth book, where Achilles answers his horse Xanthus, who has prophesied his death to him.

> Achilles, far in rage,
> Thus answered him· It fits not thee thus proudly to presage
> My overthrow. I know myself it is my fate to fall
> Thus far from Phthia, yet that fate shall fail to vent her gall
> Till mine vent thousands.—These words said, he fell to horrid deeds,
> Gave dreadful signal, and forthright made fly his one-hoofed steeds

For what regards the manner of this passage, the words "Achilles Thus answered him," and "I know myself it is my fate to fall Thus far from Phthia," are in Homer's manner, and all the rest is out of it. But for what regards its movement, who, after being jolted by Chapman through such verse as this,—

> These words said, he fell to horrid deeds,
> Gave dreadful signal, and forthright made fly his one-hoofed steeds,—

who does not feel the vital difference of the movement of Homer?

But so deeply seated is the difference between the ballad manner and Homer's, that even a man [illegible]he highest powers, even a man of the greatest vigor of spirit and of true genius,—the Coryphæus of balladists, Sir Walter Scott,—fails with a manner of this kind to produce an effect at all like the effect of Homer. "I am not so rash," declares Mr. Newman, "as to say that if *freedom* be given to rhyme as in Walter Scott's poetry,"—Walter Scott, "by far the most Homeric of our poets," as in another place he calls him,—"a genius may not arise who will

translate Homer into the melodies of 'Marmion.'" "The *truly* classical and the *truly* romantic," says Dr. Maginn, "are one; the moss-trooping Nestor reappears in the moss-trooping heroes of Percy's 'Reliques';" and a description by Scott, which he quotes, he calls "graphic, and therefore Homeric." He forgets our fourth axiom, — that Homer is not *only* graphic; he is also noble, and has the grand style.

I suppose that when Scott is in what may be called full ballad swing, no one will hesitate to pronounce his manner neither Homeric nor the grand manner. When he says, for instance,

> I do not rhyme to that dull elf
> Who cannot image to himself,

and so on, any scholar will feel that *this* is not Homer's manner. But let us take Scott's poetry at its best; and when it is at its best, it is undoubtedly very good indeed: —

> Tunstall lies dead upon the field,
> His lifeblood stains the spotless shield;
> Edmund is down, — my life is reft, —
> The Admiral alone is left.
> Let Stanley charge with spur of fire, —
> With Chester charge, and Lancashire,
> Full upon Scotland's central host,
> Or victory and England's lost

That is, no doubt, as vigorous as possible, as spirited as possible; it is exceedingly fine poetry. And still I say, it is not in the grand manner, and therefore it is not like Homer's poetry. Now, how shall I make him who doubts this feel that I say true; that these lines of Scott are essentially neither in Homer's style nor in the grand style? I may point out to him that the movement of Scott's lines, while it is rapid, is also at the same time what the French call *saccadé*, its rapidity is "jerky"; whereas Homer's rapidity is a flowing rapidity. But this is something external and material; it is but the outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual diversity. I may discuss what, in the abstract, constitutes the grand style; but that sort of general discussion never much helps our judgment of particular instances. I may say that the presence or absence of the grand style can only be spiritually discerned; and this is true, but to plead this looks like evading the difficulty. My best way is to take eminent specimens of the grand style, and

to put them side by side with this of Scott. For example, when Homer says, —

> Be content, good friend, die also thou! why lamentest thou thyself on this wise? Patroclus too died, who was a far better than thou, —

that is in the grand style. When Virgil says, —

> From me, young man, learn nobleness of soul and true effort: learn success from others, —

that is in the grand style. When Dante says, —

> I leave the gall of bitterness, and I go for the apples of sweetness promised unto me by my faithful Guide; but far as the center it behooves me first to fall, —

that is in the grand style. When Milton says, —

> His form had yet not lost
> All her original brightness, nor appeared
> Less than archangel ruined, and the excess
> Of glory obscured, —

that, finally, is in the grand style. Now let any one, after repeating to himself these four passages, repeat again the passage of Scott, and he will perceive that there is something in style which the four first have in common, and which the last is without; and this something is precisely the grand manner. It is no disrespect to Scott to say that he does not attain to this manner in his poetry; to say so, is merely to say that he is not among the five or six supreme poets of the world. Among these he is not; but being a man of far greater powers than the ballad poets, he has tried to give to their instrument a compass and an elevation which it does not naturally possess, in order to enable him to come nearer to the effect of the instrument used by the great epic poets, — an instrument which he felt he could not truly use, — and in this attempt he has but imperfectly succeeded. The poetic style of Scott is — (it becomes necessary to say so when it is proposed to "translate Homer into the melodies of 'Marmion'") — it is, tried by the highest standards, a bastard epic style; and that is why, out of his own powerful hands, it has had so little success. It is a less natural, and therefore a

less good style, than the original ballad style; while it shares with the ballad style the inherent incapacity of rising into the grand style, of adequately rendering Homer. Scott is certainly at his best in his battles. Of Homer you could not say this: he is not better in his battles than elsewhere; but even between the battle pieces of the two there exists all the difference which there is between an able work and a masterpiece.

> Tunstall lies dead upon the field,
> His lifeblood stains the spotless shield:
> Edmund is down, — my life is reft, —
> The Admiral alone is left.

— "For not in the hands of Diomede the son of Tydeus rages the spear, to ward off destruction from the Danaans; neither as yet have I heard the voice of the son of Atreus, shouting out of his hated mouth: but the voice of Hector the slayer of men bursts round me, as he cheers on the Trojans; and they with their yellings fill all the plain, overcoming the Achaians in the battle." — I protest that to my feeling, Homer's performance, even through that pale and far-off shadow of a prose translation, still has a hundred times more of the grand manner about it than the original poetry of Scott.

Well, then, the ballad manner and the ballad measure, whether in the hands of the old ballad poets, or arranged by Chapman, or arranged by Mr. Newman, or even arranged by Sir Walter Scott, cannot worthily render Homer. And for one reason: Homer is plain, so are they; Homer is natural, so are they; Homer is spirited, so are they: but Homer is sustainedly noble, and they are not. Homer and they are both of them natural, and therefore touching and stirring: but the grand style, which is Homer's, is something more than touching and stirring: it can form the character, it is edifying. The old English balladist may stir Sir Philip Sidney's heart like a trumpet, and this is much: but Homer, but the few artists in the grand style, can do more; they can refine the raw natural man, they can transmute him. So it is not without cause that I say, and say again, to the translator of Homer: "Never for a moment suffer yourself to forget our fourth fundamental proposition, *Homer is noble.*" For it is seen how large a share this nobleness has in producing that general effect of his, which it is the main business of a translator to *re*produce.

PINDAR

BY PROFESSOR R C JEBB

[RICHARD CLAVERHOUSE JEBB, Litt D, D C L, LL D., Regius Professor of Greek at Cambridge University, and M P. for the University, was born at Dundee, Aug. 27, 1841 His principal works are a "Life of Bentley" (English Men of Letters), 1882, "Sophocles, with Critical Notes, Commentary, and Translations," 1883-96; "Introduction to Homer," 1886, "Lectures on the Growth and Influence of Greek Poetry," 1893, and articles on classical subjects in the Encyclopædia Britannica, 1875–88 He is one of the most eminent of English classical scholars, and unsurpassed in the composition of Greek verse As a member of Parliament, he has displayed the greatest interest in all subjects affecting the higher education The essay on Pindar here given is the fifth of his "Lectures on the Growth and Influence of Classical Greek Poetry," delivered before the Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore.]

IN the almost total loss of Greek lyric poetry the modern world has one consolation: the poet who closed the series of the masters was accounted the greatest of all. Sappho might be unapproachable in her kind; Stesichorus and Simonides might be pre-eminent in certain qualities respectively; but in range of power and loftiness of inspiration there was no rival to Pindar. This was the general and settled verdict of antiquity, in days when all the materials for a comparison existed. And though we possess only one class of Pindar's compositions, the class is that by which he had gained his widest popularity. If the Alexandrian critics had been asked to name any one kind of poem as characteristic of him, it is probable that they would have chosen the odes of victory, and there can be little doubt that the majority of ancient readers would have confirmed their choice In relation to the development of Greek poetry, Pindar has a twofold interest: he continues the tradition which begins with Alcman and Stesichorus, while at the same time he may be regarded as, in a certain sense, the precursor of the Attic drama.

Little is known concerning his life He was born near Thebes in 522 B C, being thus a contemporary of Aeschylus, and survived the year 452 B C ; the date of his death is unknown. He enjoyed an elaborate and many-sided training in the complex art of choral lyric composition. He belonged to one of the noblest families in Greece, that of the Aegeidae, which had branches at Thebes, Sparta, and Cyrene; and he stood in an intimate relation with the priesthood of Apollo at Delphi. These facts are of cardinal importance for a comprehension of his poetry In his whole view of life he is an Hellenic aris-

tocrat, profoundly convinced that men who trace their lineage to a hero have a strain of divine blood, which gives them natural advantages, moral and intellectual no less than physical, over other men. And he has also a priestly tone; he is an expounder of religious and ethical precepts, who can speak in the lofty and commanding accents of Delphi.

The forty-four odes of victory (*epinikia*) represent a type of poem which Pindar had received from predecessors. Archilochus had written a song to Heracles and Iolaus, with the refrain τήνελλα καλλίνικε ("See, the conquering hero comes"), which had long been in use at Olympia, and was still popular in Pindar's time. In the course of the sixth century B.C., which saw a great development of the Greek national games, the more elaborate "ode of victory" came into being. Simonides, thirty-four years older than Pindar, was the first composer whose odes of victory became celebrated.

The first difficulty for moderns, when they try to appreciate the work achieved by Pindar in this field, is that of conceiving the ancient festivals themselves which called forth these odes. What was the meaning of a victory in the games at Olympia, Delphi, Nemea, or the Isthmus? What kind of feelings did it evoke? Perhaps it would be hardly possible for us moderns to imagine these things adequately, even if we knew more than we do. The best resource is to make certain leading points clear to ourselves, and then combine them, as well as we can, in a mental picture.

Taking the Olympian festival, then, as the greatest, we may say, first of all, that the spectacle was one of extraordinary brilliancy. The "altis," or sacred precinct, of Olympia, richly adorned with the most splendid works of art, was a focus of Panhellenic religion. In the midst of it was the ancient altar of Zeus, representing the earliest Hellenic phase of the sanctuary, when the worship of Zeus was combined with the cult of the hero Pelops. This was the altar at which the Iamidae, the hereditary soothsayers, practised their rites of divination by fire, in virtue of which Olympia is saluted by Pindar as "mistress of truth." A little to the west of this was the Pelopion, a small precinct in which sacrifices had been offered to Pelops from the time when Achaeans founded Pisa. South of the Pelopion stood the temple of Zeus. The easternmost portion of this temple was open to the public; the middle portion was probably the place where the wreaths were pre-

PROFESSOR JEBB IN HIS STUDY

sented to the victors; the westernmost contained the image of Olympian Zeus, forty feet high, wrought in ivory and gold by Pheidias, and inspired by these words of Homer. "The son of Cronus spake, and nodded his dark brow, and the ambrosial locks waved from the king's immortal head, and he shook great Olympus." Externally this temple was richly adorned with sculpture. The east front exhibited twenty-one colossal figures by Paeonius, a group representing the moment before the chariot-race between Oenomanus and Pelops. The west front showed the fight of the Lapithae and the Centaurs On the metopes were depicted the twelve labours of Heracles.

Other temples within the altis were those of Hera and the Mother of the Gods. There was also a large number of votive edifices, including the twelve treasure-houses, having the character of small Doric temples, erected by twelve Greek states in honour of the Olympian Zeus. Olympia was not merely a sanctuary, but also the political centre of a league,—a sacred city; and therefore the sacred precinct included a town hall and an agora, while outside of it were a council-hall, a gymnasium, and other buildings.

On the east of the altis was the stadion, an oblong enclosure used for the foot-races, as well as for the contests in boxing, wrestling, leaping, quoit-throwing, and javelin-throwing It is computed that upwards of 40,000 spectators could have seen these contests from the neighbouring slopes The hippodrome, for chariot-races and horse-races, extended south and south-east of the stadion. The valley of the Alpheus is itself of great beauty. Looking eastward, one sees the snow-crowned ranges of Erymanthus and Cyllene in Arcadia. Imagine what it must have been when all those treasures of art, from which the Hermes of Praxiteles and the winged Victory of Paeonius are mere waifs and strays, were seen in the warm sunlight of September! One can understand the orator Lysias calling Olympia the "fairest place in Greece." At this festival, all parts of Hellas—from the furthest settlement in the western Mediterranean to the colonies of Asia Minor, the Euxine, or Libya—were represented by their foremost men,—the foremost in athletic prowess, the foremost in poetry, music, eloquence, the foremost in wealth and power To enter for the chariot-race was a costly ambition: a rich man who did so was considered as reflecting honour on his city; and a Sicilian prince such as Hieron or Theron welcomed

the opportunity, not only for the sake of displaying his resources, but also as a means to popularity.

Finally, the whole festival was profoundly penetrated by religious feeling, which gave it solemnity without overclouding its free joyousness. The gods, Zeus above all, and the heroes, especially Heracles and Pelops, were present amidst their worshippers, glorious in the creations of art, and were felt as watching, inspiring, and rewarding the competitors. There is therefore nothing in modern life that can properly be compared with a victory at Olympia. The modern horse-race or boat-race may attract vast crowds, and may even assume the importance of a public holiday; but the Olympian gathering was not merely that: it was also a religious celebration. There is a still further difference. The glory of the modern race-winner or athlete is brief; it lives in the memory of a few, but not with the public The Olympian victor, however, was a distinguished man from that moment to the end of his days He had shed lustre on his native city, and was sure of such honours as it could bestow. His name was recorded at Olympia. Go where he might throughout Hellas, the title which he had won (ὀλυμπιονίκης) sufficed to procure him a more than respectful welcome. This permanent renown had its counterpart in the permanent value attached to odes of victory like Pindar's. Such an ode was indeed an occasional poem, in the sense that it was written to celebrate a particular event; but it was not ephemeral. An *epinikion* by Pindar was an abiding monument, an heirloom for the victor, his family, and his city Thus the ode in which Pindar celebrated the victory of the Rhodian Diagoras is said to have been copied in letters of gold, and deposited in the temple of Athena at Lindus in Rhodes. The anxiety of the foremost men in Hellas to obtain such a memorial can easily be understood even though they may not have believed the poet's true prophecy, that his tribute, besides travelling further, would live longer than the marble of the sculptor.

An ode of Pindar is composed of various elements which are nowhere else so blended in literature, and which in the actual life of Hellas were nowhere so vividly brought together as at Olympia First of these elements is splendour,—a reflex in Pindar's opulent and brilliant language of the material splendour which Olympia could show in so many forms,—the marble of temples and statues, the brilliant colours which

everywhere met the eye when embassies from the courts of Greek princes in Africa or Sicily were present in the altis, and when every city in Hellas that appeared at all was anxious to add something of magnificence to the scene, the splendour of athletic beauty in men and youths, perfectly developed by long months of training; the splendour of rushing movement when chariots swept round the hippodrome, and when speed of foot or disciplined strength was tested in the stadion; the splendour of choral music, and of stately ritual at the altars, the splendour of nature around and above, whether sunshine was lighting up the altis and shining on the snows of the distant Arcadian hills, or the scene was steeped in that softer radiance of which Pindar speaks, when "the full orb of the mid-month moon" looked down at evening on feast and music and song. As an instance of this quality in Pindar's style, we might take the first words of his first Olympian. "Water is best, and gold is the shining crown of lordly wealth, like a flaming fire in the darkness; but if thou wouldst sing of prizes in the games, look not by day for a star in the lonely heaven that shall rival the gladdening radiance of the sun; nor let us think to praise a place of festival more glorious than Olympia" In this splendour is included swiftness The frequent and rapid transition from image to image, from one thought to another which has started up in the poet's mind, is one of the reasons why it is impossible truly to represent Pindar in continuous translation.

The second element which Olympia offered to the sight and the thought, as Pindar offers it to the thought and the ear, is the kinship of the present with the heroic past The sacred ground of Olympia on which the competitors moved everywhere reminded them of the heroes, the ancestors of the noblest Hellenes, the common glory of the Hellenic race Here was a memorial of Pelops, there of Heracles, of Telamon or his son Ajax, of Peleus or his son Achilles, and many more, —all exemplars of strenuous effort, and of immortal fame won through effort, by the grace of the gods, and of the poets whom the gods inspired. Stesichorus had set the first great pattern of heroic legend treated in lyric verse Simonides seems to have dwelt more, in his odes on victory, on the particular circumstances of the victory which he was celebrating; and this is what might have been anticipated from his general bent. Pindar passes, as a rule, lightly and briefly over the details of the victory itself, and then links on his theme to

some heroic legend, which often occupies the bulk of the ode. Towards the end, he returns again to his immediate theme. In finding a suitable link between theme and myth he shows marvellous skill: it is one of those points in which his versatile art well repays close study. But here I would rather draw attention to a larger aspect of his dealing with the heroic legends These legends serve to invest the particular victory with a general significance, and to raise our thoughts from the latest victor towards one who strove and prevailed in far-off days. They lend an ideal charm to a triumph of which the interest would otherwise be mainly local or personal; and in doing this they render Pindar's poetry once more a faithful mirror of Olympia. The youngest conqueror who had just received his chaplet of wild olive moved in an atmosphere of memories which raised his achievement to a still higher level by connecting it with the ancestral glories of his race.

A third element common to the Olympian altis and the Pindaric ode is counsel. When the priests sprung from Iamus stood beside the altar of Zeus, and read the fiery signs, they expounded to men the omens of the future. The athlete about to enter the stadion saw before him an altar of Kairos, personified Opportunity, the power that enables competitors to seize the critical moment. In such forms, and many others, the promptings or warnings of divine counsel were expressed at Olympia; but this was not all The assembled Hellenes might there hear the voice of philosopher, or poet, or statesman, who chose that occasion to urge lessons of wisdom. Pindar is thoroughly in harmony with the genius of the national festivals when he weaves precepts of religion or ethical maxims into the richly embroidered textures of his odes. He interprets no special theory; rather he gives an impressive utterance to sentiments and rules of conduct which were generally current among Hellenes,—summing up, as it were, the teaching of Hellenic experience in a manner appropriate to such a festival. And as the Iamidae might have spoken from their altar in the altis, so Pindar speaks from the spiritual vantage-ground of his relation with Delphi. That is, he speaks loftily, with authority; and not seldom his phrases have an oracular stamp, being terse, strangely worded, or even enigmatic.

There is yet one other feature in which the mind of Pindar reflects Olympia. The festival brought Greeks together from

the whole Hellenic world. The imagination of Pindar has a corresponding tendency to range swiftly over the entire area of Hellas, including the remotest regions to which Hellenes had penetrated How spacious a fancy appears in his figurative description of a man whose hospitalities were unstinted and continual · "Far as to the Phasis was his voyage in summer days, and in winter to the shores of Nile." When his song has had free course, he thinks of it as a ship that has sailed westward, even beyond the gates of the Mediterranean, and cries, "None may pass beyond Gadeira into the gloom of the west; set our sails once more for the land of Europa" A voyage to the Pillars of Heracles furnishes him with a comparison for the utmost extent of good fortune. Here, as in his lofty flight and in his swift descent upon his object, he is indeed the eagle among poets, who surveys the whole field of Hellenic existence, while his piercing glance darts from land to land and from city to city.

Such, then, are the principal elements common to the festival and the poetry splendour of light and colour, of physical beauty, of swift movement and strenuous effort, of choral music and stately worship, of natural scenery; vivid sympathy between the present and the heroic past; wisdom speaking by the voice of priest and prophet; a feeling for the unity of Hellas, quickened by the sense of its vastness and variety

The choral form in which Pindar has blended these elements, and the manner of blending them, are more difficult to describe. The first Olympian ode may be taken as typical. The ode, of one hundred and sixteen verses, is composed in four triads of twenty-nine verses each; the triad consisting of a strophe and antistrophe, each of eleven verses, followed by an epode, of seven verses The chorus, in singing each strophe and antistrophe, accompanied their song with rhythmic dancing; in singing each epode they remained stationary. This ode was in honour of a victory in the horse-race at Olympia, won by Hieron, the ruler of Syracuse, in 472 B.C, and was intended for performance at Hieron's court It begins with this immediate theme, Hieron's victory; then passes to the legend of Tantalus and his son Pelops; and ends with a further reference to Hieron. These three sections, beginning, middle, and end, do not correspond precisely with the limits of triads, but we may say, roughly, that the first triad is given to Hieron, the second and third triads are given

to the myth, and the last triad returns to the subject of the first

The sequence of thought is as follows: Olympia is the most splendid of festivals, peerless as the sun in the heavens. The victory of Hieron at Olympia has given him fame in the land of Pelops; *whom* the mighty sea-god Poseidon loved. That relative pronoun "whom," which comes in so naturally, is the link between theme and myth. "Pelops, whom Poseidon loved, from the moment when Pelops was born with his ivory shoulder." Now, the ordinary legend did not say that Pelops was born with an ivory shoulder: it told how the Lydian king Tantalus, when the gods honoured him by coming as guests to his table, slew his son Pelops, and set the flesh before them; the goddess Demeter unwittingly ate of the shoulder; then the gods ordered Hermes to put the remains into a caldron, from which Pelops came out miraculously re-created, but without this shoulder; and Demeter supplied its place by a shoulder of ivory. Pindar rejects this version, because it dishonours the immortals (that is, makes Demeter a cannibal), and tells the story thus: "The sea-god Poseidon carried the young Pelops off from the banquet to Olympus, and then the spiteful neighbours of Tantalus invented the cannibal feast to explain the boy's disappearance. Tantalus was doomed to his fearful punishment in the lower world, not for serving up his son to the gods, but for stealing their nectar and ambrosia, and giving them to his mortal companions. And therefore the gods would not allow his son to remain in Olympus. They sent Pelops back, "to be numbered once more with the short-lived race of men." As the youth grew to manhood he fell in love with Hippodameia, daughter of Oenomaus, king of Elis. Her hand could be won only by defeating her father in the chariot-race, and death was to be the penalty of failure The young Pelops went and stood on the seashore in the night, and called aloud on the sea-god who had once borne him to Olympus Poseidon appeared to him; Pelops told his wish, and prayed for the god's help in the contest with Oenomaus, full, as he well knew, of dire peril. "But, seeing that men must die, wherefore should a man sit idly in obscurity, nursing a nameless old age? No!" he cries, "this struggle shall be my task, and do thou give the issue that I desire." Then Poseidon gave him a golden chariot, and horses, winged, untiring. Pelops overcame Oenomaus, and won Hippodameia. And now the

grave of Pelops is honoured beside the stream of the Alpheus, and his glory is bound up with that of Olympia, "*where* speed and strength are tried "

The myth is finished; and another link like that which knitted proem with myth has been forged to knit myth with conclusion: "Olympia, where speed and strength are tried He who conquers there hath delicious sunshine in his life henceforth, so far as the games can give it" And as the future is hidden from men, sufficient unto the day is the good thereof The victory of Hieron claims this Aeolian song, and if the god should not forsake him, he will receive such a tribute again Greatness has many forms and levels, may Hieron hold throughout life his supreme power, and the poet his supreme renown.

With this haughty parallel between Hieron and himself, as to degree of eminence in their respective ways, Pindar characteristically closes the first Olympian ode. The outline just given will serve to show the nature of the framework, the character of the transitions, the manner in which a moralizing strain is mingled with the others As to the effect which such an ode would have produced when performed with choral music and dance, the nearest modern analogy—distant though it be—must be sought in the sphere of music rather than in that of poetry. Oratorios such as the "Messiah" or "Israel in Egypt" are at least nearer to Pindar, in their manner of affecting the hearers, than any kind of modern literature. There is, of course, a difference which at once limits even this imperfect analogy, namely, that in Pindar's poetry, as in all Greek lyrics of the best age, the words were paramount, and the music subordinate But the comparison between the Pindaric ode and the oratorio, so far as it is valid at all, does not depend on the relation between words and music. It turns rather on those rapid transitions from one tone of feeling to another, from storm to calm, from splendid energy to tranquillity, from triumphant joy to reflection or even to sadness, which in Pindar are so frequent and so rapid that they are reconciled with art only by the massive harmonies of rhythm and language which hold them together, harmonies for which two conditions were indispensable,—a language with the unrivalled qualities of the Greek, and an artist supremely distinguished by rhythmical and musical power over words No Greek except Pindar succeeded in making such harmonies, Pindar

himself could hardly have made them in any modern tongue. For, in the higher poetry, especially when it employs the grand style, the movement of every modern language is slower than that of Greek But modern music allows of transitions from mood to mood as varied and almost as rapid as Pindar's; and here again it is the framework of harmony which makes them possible.

It has been the tendency of much criticism, both ancient and modern, to convey the impression that Pindar's genius is of that impetuous kind which scorns all restraints of traditional rule, rushes onward without premeditation or pause, and wins its triumphs by the sheer vehemence of masterful inspiration Horace has done much to diffuse this conception of the Theban poet by comparing him to the mountain stream, swollen with rains, which has overflowed its banks, and rushes downward in a thunderous torrent. In modern times, it was not until Boeckh and Dissen had brought order out of the apparent chaos of his metres that this notion of his lawlessness began to be dissipated Every one of his odes is, in fact, a work of the most elaborate and complex art, calculated and refined to the smallest detail. It is enough to mention three things out of several which demanded the artist's thought and tact.

First, as the compass of the ode is usually moderate,—the fourth Pythian being the only one which exceeds five triads,—he had to plan a symmetrical distribution of his material, so that proem, central part, and ending should be rightly proportioned to each other And if, as was usually the case, some heroic myth was to be introduced, he had to consider the links with such myths which could be furnished by the family of the victor, or by the victor's city, or by some circumstance of the victory itself. Secondly, he had to decide the musical mode to which the poem was to be set The Dorian mode breathed a grave, earnest, manly spirit; the Aeolian was more joyous and animated, with the tone of brilliant and chivalrous festivity; the Lydian, which Pindar uses more rarely, had a tender and pensive character, suited to dirges. Each style of music had certain metres which were specially congenial to it. Thirdly, the choice of musical mode and of metre affected the complexion of the dialect. Pindar's dialect is, in its basis, the same as that which Stesichorus adopted when he set the first example of treating heroic themes in lyric form. It is the epic, a variety shaped by poetical artists, and not corresponding exactly with any spoken idiom. But Pindar tempers this with

Dorisms, or Aeolisms,—Asiatic rather than Boeotian Aeolisms,—in varying proportions, according to the musical style and the metre in which he is writing.

These three points suffice to show that Pindar, in composing an *epinikion*, was an artist working under manifold demands on observance of rule and tradition. The most careful thought, the nicest care, were required at every step. Stress must be laid upon this aspect of his work, because it is apt to be overlooked But there is, of course, another aspect also. The torrent is not a good simile, but the boldness of Pindar's original genius is evident. The only reason which moderns could find for doubting it is that he so often asserts it. It must be remembered, however, that Pindar is the inspired poet, who feels, as a Greek of his age would feel, that his gift was strictly divine,—that Apollo or the Muse is speaking through his lips,—and that to exalt his own gift is to honour the divinity who bestows it Certainly it cannot have been altogether pleasant to be a minor poet in Pindar's time. he tells these struggling contemporaries, with a sublime candour, that he is the eagle, while they are ravens and daws The impression given by Pindar's style is that he is borne onward by the breath of an irresistible power within him, eager to find ample utterance, immense in resources of imagery and expression, sustained on untiring wings After the longest and highest flight he always seems to have strength in reserve, after the largest manifestations of his opulent fancy we can feel that there is inexhaustible wealth behind It is the union of this mighty spirit and this magnificent abundance with the Greek artist's disciplined instinct of self-control and symmetry that renders Pindar unique.

Particular notice is due to the stamp of his diction. Other great poets have been distinguished by more delicate felicity, more chastened beauty of phrase, more faultless and unimpeachable taste Sappho and Simonides, to take only lyric examples, exhibit even in the few fragments that remain certain charms of this kind which Pindar lacks; but there is one gift in which he is absolutely alone. It is one which could find full scope only within the grand framework of the Dorian choral lyric,—the faculty of shaping magnificent phrases, and giving them exactly their right setting in the spacious verse, so that they at once delight the ear and charm the imagination Consider, for instance, the line describing

how Jason, protected by Medea's spells, was able to harness the fire-breathing bulls:—

εἴχετ' ἔργον· πῦρ δέ νιν οὐκ ἐόλει παμφαρμάκου ξείνας ἐφετμαῖς.

Who but Pindar could have put the last three words together? In these carven marble blocks of language we often find some stately epithet, perhaps fashioned by the poet himself, as in ἀστέων ῥίζαν φυτεύσεσθαι μελησίμβροτον. But even the commonest words can be thus moulded by him into forms which haunt the memory; as when Medea says, referring to the piece of Libyan earth that was lost overboard from the Argo,—

ἐναλίαν βᾶμεν σὺν ἅλμᾳ
ἑσπέρας, ὑγρῷ πελάγει σπομέναν.

The power of poetry is inseparable, in Pindar's thought, from the power of music, and both are symbolized by the lyre, —"joint possession," as he calls it, "of Apollo and the Muses." "O golden lyre, joint possession of Apollo and the dark-haired Muses, thou at whose bidding the dancer's step begins the festal dance, thou whose signs the singers obey, when thy quivering notes raise the prelude of the choral song! Thou canst quench even the thunderbolt, whose spear is of perennial fire; and the eagle, king of birds, slumbers on the sceptre of Zeus, suffering his swift wings to droop at his sides; for thou hast sent a mist of darkness on his arched head, a gentle seal upon his eyes, and he heaves his back with the rippling breath of sleep, spell-bound by thy trembling strains. Yea, the violent god of war forgets the cruel sharpness of his spears, and yields his melting soul to slumber; for thy shafts subdue the minds of the immortals, by virtue of the art which is from Leto's son and the deep-bosomed Muses.

"But all creatures that Zeus loves not are dismayed when they hear the music of the Pierides, whether on land or on the raging deep; as that foe of the gods who lies in fearful Tartarus, Typhon of the hundred heads, reared of old in the famed Cilician cave. But now Sicily and the sea-restraining cliffs above Cumae press down his shaggy breast, and a pillar of heaven holds him fast, even hoary Aetna, nurse of keen snow through all the year; whose secret depths hurl upward pure fountains of unapproachable fire; in the day-time those rivers pour forth a stream of lurid smoke, but in the darkness a red rolling flame sweeps rocks with a roar to the wide deep."

We observe here Pindar's feeling for what is grand or terrible in nature, one which elsewhere finds only limited expression in Greek poetry of this age. Thus Aeschylus, who also speaks of Aetna in eruption, emphasizes rather its destructive effect on human labour: "Rivers of fire shall break forth, rending with fierce fangs the level meads of fruitful Sicily." Nor is Pindar less in sympathy with gentler aspects of natural beauty. In the fragment of a dithyramb he speaks of the season "when the chamber of the Hours is opened, and nectar-breathing plants perceive the fragrant spring. Then are the lovely tufts of violets strewn over the divine earth; then are roses twined in the hair, and voices of songs sound to the flute, and choruses chant of bright-wreathed Semele"

Those verses may remind us of the goddesses who were often represented as young maidens decking themselves with vernal flowers,—the Charites, or Graces. They are the deities who give all things that can rejoice or refine the human spirit, who lend a crowning charm to victory and festivity, who throw a gentle radiance over every form of art, and who are therefore also goddesses of song, especially of such song as Pindar's His tribute to the power of music should be associated with his invocation of the Charites· "Illustrious queens of bright Orchomenus, who watch over the old Minyan folk, hear me, ye Graces, when I pray! For by your help come all things glad and sweet to mortals, whether wisdom is given to any man, or beauty, or renown Yea, the gods ordain not dance or feast apart from the majesty of the Graces. The Graces control all things wrought in heaven; they have set their throne beside Pythian Apollo of the golden bow; they adore the everlasting godhead of the Olympian father."

Simonides, in his dirges, seems to have dwelt chiefly on the pathos of death; Pindar, in the most famous fragment of this class, pictures the bliss of the life in Elysium "The strength of the sun shines for them in that world, while it is night with us; the space before their city, amid crimson-flowered meadows, has shade of frankincense trees and wealth of golden fruits. Some of them take their pleasure with horses or in feats of strength, and some with dice, and some with harps, all fair-flowering bliss thrives among them, and fragrance streams ever through the lovely land, as they mingle incense manifold on the altars of the gods, with far-seen fire."

The last aspect of Pindar's work which claims our notice is

one of the most interesting,—the relation in which he stands to epos on the one side, and to drama on the other. The scanty fragments of Stesichorus, no less than the notices of him by ancient writers, suggest that his treatment of the heroic myths, though lyric in form, was distinctly epic in manner; that is, it consisted largely of continuous narrative. The most epic of Pindar's odes is the fourth Pythian, where he tells the story of the Argonauts. Of the two hundred and ninety-nine verses in this ode, the actual story of the Argonauts —apart from Medea's prophecy which is prefixed to it—fills about one hundred and eighty verses. If Pindar's method here —where he makes his nearest approach to epos—be compared with the epic, it will be seen that there are two principal differences. First, he brings out particular moments of the story—single scenes or episodes—with a vividness surpassing that of epic narrative. He succeeds in doing so by the terse brilliancy of his style, which is often marvellously picturesque, and by the short pieces of direct speech which serve to dramatize the speakers.

What could be more graphic, for instance, than the picture of the youthful Jason when he suddenly appeared in the market-place of Iolcus, wearing the close-fitting dress of a hunter in the Magnesian forests, with a leopard's skin over it, while his long, bright hair streamed down his back? "He went straight on, and stood in the market-place when the crowd was fullest, putting his dauntless spirit to the proof." They knew not who he was; but one or another of the awe-struck folk was moved to say, "Surely this is not Apollo, no, nor Aphrodite's lord, of the brazen chariot; and 'tis said that the sons of Iphimedeia have their graves in bright Naxos, even Otus, and thou, bold king Ephialtes. Yea, and Tityos hath fallen by the swift arrow of Artemis, sped from her invincible quiver, that mortals should not long for loves that are beyond their reach." Thus the people spake to one another. How vivid, again, is the picture of the moment when the ship Argo is about to sail from Iolcus, with her crew of heroes, and Jason, at the stern, pours his libation to Zeus, after the weighing of the anchor! "The chief took a golden goblet in his hands, and called on Zeus, whose spear is the lightning, and on the rushing strength of waves and winds, and on the nights, and the paths of the deep; and prayed for kindly days, and friendly fortune of return. Then a favouring voice of thunder pealed

HECTOR

in answer from the clouds, and bright flashes of lightning came bursting through them; and the heroes were comforted, putting faith in the signs of the god."

This, then, is the first distinction of Pindar here,—the force with which he portrays certain moments The second is the swiftness with which he glides over all those parts of the story which it does not suit him to elaborate After the description of Jason ploughing with the dread oxen of Aeetes, and how he was shown the place where the dragon guarded the golden fleece, Pindar thus cuts the story short: "'Tis long for me to tread the well-worn track; yea, and I know a speedy path, I have shown the ways of song to many" Then he suddenly apostrophizes Arcesilas, the prince to whom the ode is addressed, and tells, in only four lines, how Jason slew the dragon, won the fleece, and sailed home with Medea and his comrades.

Or, again, take the description of Heracles, as an infant, strangling the serpents which Hera had sent to destroy him and his brother Iolaus in their cradle. When the serpents appear there is a general panic Alcmena's handmaids are distracted; warriors come rushing in with swords But lo! "the boy Heracles lifted up his head, and began the fight · he seized the two serpents by their necks in his sure grasp, and, as he strangled them, time forced the breath out of their monstrous forms." Then Amphitryon sends for the seer Teiresias, who prophesies the child's great future. "how many lawless shapes of violence he should destroy on land and sea, how he should give to death those hatefullest of men who walk in guile and insolence;" and how, at last, for reward of his toils, "he should receive fair Hebè for his bride, and hold his marriage feast in the house of Zeus, well pleased with that dwelling-place divine." The whole picture of this scene around the cradle is masterly,—the spectators, first terrified, and then full of joyful amazement, and the calm prescience of the seer Not less so is that scene from the later life of Heracles, when he is the guest of Telamon in Aegina, and prays to his divine father that the wish of Telamon's heart may be granted "Then Heracles stretched forth to heaven his unconquerable hands, and spake thus "O father Zeus, if ever thou hast heard my prayers with willing heart, I pray thee now, even now, with strong entreaty, that thou give this man a brave child of Eriboea,—a son, strong of body, even as this lion's hide that floats around me, stripped from the beast

that I slew in Nemea of old, first of my labours; and may he have a soul to match." When Heracles had so spoken, the god sent forth the king of birds, a mighty eagle, and sweet pleasure thrilled through the hero, and he spake as a prophet speaks: "Telamon, thou shalt have the son whom thou desirest; and after the name of the bird that has appeared, call him Ajax: great shall be his might, and he shall be terrible in the strife of warring host."

Let us remember that the setting of these pictures is the ode of victory. No other form of Greek poem was so intimately bound up with the energies of the present; Pindar's verse throbs with all those pulses of Hellenic life which were stirred by the great festivals. When the heroes of the past were introduced into such an ode; when they were made, as Pindar makes them, to stand out before the fancy in deed and word,—then the character of the poem itself gave those persons a new meaning. There might be some implied parallelism between the ancient hero and the living victor; or the association might be limited to the fact that both were celebrated in the same choral ode. But, in either case, the poetical juxtaposition had a twofold effect: it threw an ideal light around the living victor; and it also invested the legendary hero with a new reality. The hero was now drawn within the circle of contemporary interests: those who listened to a choral ode of Pindar, with the Olympian victor whom it glorified present to their eyes, gained a more vivid conception of his heroic prototype.

Thus the lyric poetry of Pindar lends a new vitality to the epic tradition. This vivid sympathy with heroic action, stimulated by the struggles of the present, and yet lifted above it, is the same which received its final expression in the Attic drama. Before Pindar's career was closed Aeschylus had passed away; Sophocles and Euripides were the rising masters of tragedy. It would be misleading to exaggerate the degree of kinship between the spirit of their work and that of Pindar. But, in the sense which has been defined, a true affinity exists. Pindar, the greatest of the Greek lyrists,—the most wonderful, perhaps, in lofty power, that the lyric poetry of any age can show,—holds his title to immortality by the absolute quality of his work; but for the history of Greek literature he has also the relative interest of showing the epic heroes under a new light,—neither that far-off, though clear, light, as of a fair sunset, which the lay of the minstrel shed around them in the

palace of Alcinous, nor yet that searching sunshine of noontide which fell upon them in the theatre of Dionysus

BEAUTY.

By ANACREON.

(About 563–478 B C. Translated by Thomas Stanley.)

HORNS to bulls wise Nature lends,
Horses she with hoofs defends;
Hares with nimble feet relieves;
Dreadful teeth to lions gives;
Fishes learn through streams to slide;
Birds through yielding air to glide,
Men with courage she supplies,
But to women these denies.
What then gives she? Beauty, this
Both their arms and armor is:
She, that can this weapon use,
Fire and sword with ease subdues.

GREEK WIT

ARISTIPPUS.

THE tyrant Dionysius asked the philosopher Aristippus why philosophers infest rich men's houses, not rich men philosophers' houses Aristippus answered, "Because philosophers know what they need and rich men don't" The same sneer being uttered at another time, he answered, "Yes, and physicians infest sick men's houses, but nobody would be the patient rather than the doctor"

He once asked Dionysius for money. Dionysius replied, "I thought philosophers had no need of money." "Give," said Aristippus, "and I will answer you." Dionysius gave him some gold pieces "*Now,*" said Aristippus, "I have no need of money"

Being censured for wasting money on costly food, he answered, "If you could buy the same things for a dime, wouldn't you do it?" "Yes," was the reply. "Then," he said, "it is you that are stingy, not I that am a gourmet."

In a storm on shipboard, he showed such fright that another

passenger said to him, "We common people keep our heads; it takes you philosophers to play coward." "That is because we risk losing something more than such worthless lives as yours," was the reply.

Having vainly tried to gain Dionysius' consent to a request, he at last threw himself at the tyrant's feet, and was successful. On being reproached for so meanly humiliating himself, he replied, "It is not my fault, but that of Dionysius, who carries his ears in his feet."

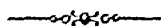
Some one asked him why people gave money to beggars and would not give it to philosophers. He replied, "Because they think they are much more likely to become beggars than philosophers themselves."

He said he took his friends' money, not so much to use it himself as to teach them how to use it.

Bias.

He, too, was once overtaken by a storm on shipboard. Among his companions were some very bad characters, who began to call on the gods for help. Bias said, "Hold your tongues; don't let them know you are on board!"

He said he would rather be umpire between his enemies than his friends: "For out of two friends I am sure to make one enemy, while out of two enemies I stand to make one friend."

Being shown a temple where votive offerings were hung, from sailors who had been saved from shipwreck after prayers to the gods for help, he asked, "But where are the offerings from those who were drowned after praying for help?"

THE HEROES AT TROY.

BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

(From "Troilus and Cressida.")

Scene: The Grecian Camp, before Agamemnon's tent. Trumpets. Enter AGAMEMNON, NESTOR, ULYSSES, MENELAUS, *and others.*

Agamemnon—

Princes,
What grief hath set the jaundice on your cheeks?
The ample proposition, that hope makes

In all designs begun on earth below,
Fails in the promised largeness; checks and disasters
Grow in the veins of actions highest reared;
As knots, by the conflux of meeting sap,
Infect the sound pine, and divert his grain
Tortive and errant from his course of growth.
Nor, princess, is it matter new to us,
That we come short of our suppose so far,
That, after seven years' siege, yet Troy walls stand;
Sith every action that hath gone before,
Whereof we have record, trial did draw
Bias and thwart, not answering the aim,
And that unbodied figure of the thought
That gave't surmised shape Why, then, you princes,
Do you with cheeks abashed behold our works,
And think them shames, which are, indeed, nought else
But the protractive trials of great Jove,
To find persistive constancy in men?
The fineness of which metal is not found
In fortune's love, for them, the bold and coward
The wise and fool, the artist and unread,
The hard and soft, seem all affined and kin:
But, in the wind and tempest of her frown,
Distinction, with a broad and powerful fan,
Puffing at all, winnows the light away.
And what hath mass, or matter, by itself,
Lies, rich in virtue, and unmingled.

Nestor—

With due observance of thy godlike seat,
Great Agamemnon, Nestor shall apply
Thy latest words In the reproof of chance,
Lies the true proof of men The sea being smooth,
How many shallow bauble boats dare sail
Upon her patient breast, making their way
With those of nobler bulk!
But let the ruffian Boreas once enrage
The gentle Thetis, and, anon, behold
The strong-ribbed bark through liquid mountains cut,
Bounding between the two moist elements,
Like Perseus' horse Where's then the saucy boat,
Whose weak untimbered sides but even now
Corrivaled greatness? either to harbor fled,
Or made a toast for Neptune Even so
Doth valor's show, and valor's worth, divide,
In storms of fortune. For, in her ray and brightness,

The herd hath more annoyance by the brize,
Than by the tiger: but when the splitting wind
Makes flexible the knees of knotted oaks,
And flies fled under shade, why, then, the thing of courage,
As roused with rage, with rage doth sympathize,
And, with an accent tuned the selfsame key,
Returns to chiding fortune

Ulysses — Agamemnon, —
Thou great commander, nerve and bone of Greece,
Heart of our numbers, soul and only spirit,
In whom the tempers and the minds of all
Should be shut up, — hear what Ulysses speaks.
Besides the applause and approbation,
The which, — most mighty for thy place and sway, —
[*To* AGAMEMNON.
And thou most reverend for thy stretched-out life, —
[*To* NESTOR.
I give to you both your speeches, — which were such,
As Agamemnon and the hand of Greece
Should hold up high in brass; and such again,
As venerable Nestor, hatched in silver,
Should with a bond of air, (strong as the axletree
On which heaven rides,) knit all the Greekish ears
To his experienced tongue, — yet let it please both, —
Thou great, — and wise, — to hear Ulysses speak.

Agamemnon —
Speak, prince of Ithaca; and be't of less expect
That matter needless, of importless burden,
Divide thy lips: than we are confident,
When rank Thersites opes his mastiff jaws,
We shall hear music, wit, and oracle.

Ulysses —
Troy, yet upon this basis, had been down,
And the great Hector's sword had lacked a master,
But for these instances.
The specialty of rule hath been neglected:
And, look, how many Grecian tents do stand
Hollow upon this plain, so many hollow factions.
When that the general is not like the hive,
To whom the foragers shall all repair,
What honey is expected? Degree being vizarded,
The unworthiest shows as fairly in the mask.
The heavens themselves, the planets, and this center,
Observe degree, priority, and place,
Insisture, course, proportion, season, form,

Office, and custom, in all line of order;
And therefore is the glorious planet, Sol,
In noble eminence enthroned and sphered
Amidst the other; whose med'cinable eye
Corrects the ill aspécts of planets evil,
And posts, like the commandment of a king,
Sans check, to good and bad: But when the planets,
In evil mixture, to disorder wander,
What plagues, and what portents? what mutiny?
What raging of the sea? shaking of earth?
Commotion in the winds? frights, changes, horrors,
Divert and crack, rend and deracinate
The unity and married calm of states
Quite from their fixture? Oh, when degree is shaked,
Which is the ladder of all high designs,
The enterprize is sick! How could communities,
Degrees in schools, and brotherhoods in cities,
Peaceful commérce from dividable shores,
The primogenitive and due of birth,
Prerogative of age, crowns, scepters, laurels,
But by degree, stand in authentic place?
Take but degree away, untune that string,
And, hark, what discord follows! each thing meets
In mere oppugnancy. The bounded waters
Should lift their bosoms higher than the shores,
And make a sop of all this solid globe:
Strength should be lord of imbecility,
And the rude son shall strike his father dead:
Force should be right; or, rather, right and wrong
(Between whose endless jar justice resides)
Should lose their names, and so should justice too.
Then everything includes itself in power,
Power into will, will into appetite,
And appetite, an universal wolf,
So doubly seconded with will and power,
Must make perforce an universal prey,
And, last, eat up himself Great Agamemnon,
This chaos, when degree is suffocate,
Follows the choking.
And this neglection of degree it is,
That by a pace goes backward, with a purpose
It hath to climb The general's disdained
By him one step below; he, by the next,
That next by him beneath · so every step,
Exampled by the first pace that is sick

Of his superior, grows to an envious fever
Of pale and bloodless emulation:
And 'tis this fever that keeps Troy on foot,
Not her own sinews. To end a tale of length,
Troy in our weakness stands, not in her strength.

Nestor —

Most wisely hath Ulysses here discovered
The fever whereof all our power is sick.

Agamemnon —

The nature of the sickness found, Ulysses,
What is the remedy?

Ulysses —

The great Achilles, — whom opinion crowns
The sinew and the forehand of our host, —
Having his ear full of his airy fame,
Grows dainty of his worth, and in his tent
Lies mocking our designs. With him, Patroclus,
Upon a lazy bed the livelong day,
Breaks scurril jests;
And with ridiculous and awkward action
(Which, slanderer, he imitation calls)
He pageants us. Sometimes, great Agamemnon,
Thy topless reputation he puts on;
And, like a strutting player, — whose conceit
Lies in his hamstring, and doth think it rich
To hear the wooden dialogue and sound
'Twixt his stretched footing and the scaffoldage,
Such to-be-pitied and o'er-wrested seeming
He acts thy greatness in. and when he speaks,
'Tis like a chime a mending; with terms unsquared,
Which, from the tongue of roaring Typhon dropped,
Would seem hyperboles. At this fusty stuff,
The large Achilles, on his pressed bed lolling,
From his deep chest laughs out a loud applause;
Cries — *Excellent! 'tis* Agamemnon *just.* —
Now play me Nestor, — *hem, and stroke thy beard,*
As he, being drest to some oration.
That's done; — as near as the extremest ends
Of parallels; as like as Vulcan and his wife.
Yet good Achilles still cries, *Excellent!*
'Tis Nestor *right! Now play him me,* Patroclus,
Arming to answer in a night alarm.
And then, forsooth, the faint defects of age
Must be the scene of mirth; to cough and spit,
And with a palsy-fumbling on his gorget,

Shake in and out the rivet:—and at this sport,
Sir Valor dies, cries, *O!—enough,* Patroclus;—
O, give me ribs of steel! I shall split all
In pleasure of my spleen. And in this fashion,
All our abilities, gifts, natures, shapes,
Severals and generals of grace exact,
Achievements, plots, orders, preventions,
Excitements to the field, or speech for truce,
Success, or loss, what is, or is not, serves
As stuff for these two to make paradoxes.

Nestor—
And in the imitation of these twain,
(Whom, as Ulysses says, opinion crowns
With an imperial voice,) many are infect.
Ajax is grown self-willed, and bears his head
In such a rein, in full as proud a place
As broad Achilles: keeps his tent like him;
Makes factious feasts, rails on our state of war,
Bold as an oracle: and sets Thersites
(A slave, whose gall coins slanders like a mint)
To match us in comparisons with dirt,
To weaken and discredit our exposure,
How rank soever rounded in with danger.

Ulysses—
They tax our policy, and call it cowardice;
Count wisdom as no member of the war,
Forestall prescience, and esteem no act
But that of hand: the still and mental parts,—
That do contrive how many hands shall strike,
When fitness calls them on; and know, by measure
Of their observant toil, the enemies' weight,—
Why, this hath not a finger's dignity:
They call this—bed work, mappery, closet war.
So that the ram, that batters down the wall,
For the great swing and rudeness of his poize,
They place before his hand that made the engine:
Or those, that with the fineness of their souls
By reason guide his execution.

Nestor—
Let this be granted, and Achilles' horse
Makes many Thetis' sons. [*Trumpet sounded.*

Agamemnon— What trumpet? look, Menelaus.

Enter ÆNEAS.

Menelaus—
From Troy.
Agamemnon— What would you 'fore our tent?
Æneas— Is this
Great Agamemnon's tent, I pray?
Agamemnon— Even this.
Æneas—
May one that is a herald, and a prince,
Do a fair message to his kingly ears?
Agamemnon—
With surety stronger than Achilles' arm
'Fore all the Greekish heads, which with one voice
Call Agamemnon head and general.
Æneas—
Fair leave and large security. How may
A stranger to those most imperial looks
Know them from eyes of other mortals?
Agamemnon— How?
Æneas—
Ay,
I ask that I might waken reverence,
And bid the cheek be ready with a blush
Modest as morning when she coldly eyes
The youthful Phœbus:
Which is that god in office, guiding men?
Which is the high and mighty Agamemnon?
Agamemnon—
This Trojan scorns us, or the men of Troy
Are ceremonious courtiers.
Æneas—
Courtiers as free, as debonair, unarmed,
As bending angels; that's their fame in peace:
But when they would seem soldiers, they have galls,
Good arms, strong joints, true swords; and, Jove's accord,
Nothing so full of heart. But peace, Æneas,
Peace, Trojan; lay thy finger on thy lips!
The worthiness of praise disdains his worth,
If that the praised himself bring the praise forth:
But what the repining enemy commends,
That breath fame follows; that praise, sole pure, transcends.
Agamemnon—
Sir, you of Troy, call you yourself Æneas?
Æneas—
Ay, Greek, that is my name.
Agamemnon— What's your affair, I pray you?

Æneas —

Sir, pardon; 'tis for Agamemnon's ears.

Agamemnon —

He hears nought privately, that comes from Troy.

Æneas —

Nor I from Troy come not to whisper him:
I bring a trumpet to awake his ear.
To set his sense on the attentive bent,
And then to speak.

Agamemnon — Speak frankly, as the wind;
It is not Agamemnon's sleeping hour.
That thou shalt know, Trojan, he is awake,
He tells thee so himself.

Æneas — Trumpet, blow loud,
Send thy brass voice through all these lazy tents;—
And every Greek of mettle, let him know,
What Troy means fairly, shall be spoke aloud.

[*Trumpet sounds*

We have, great Agamemnon, here in Troy
A prince called Hector, (Priam is his father,)
Who in this dull and long-continued truce
Is rusty grown: he bade me take a trumpet,
And to this purpose speak Kings, princes, lords!
If there be one among the fair'st of Greece,
That holds his honor higher than his ease;
That seeks his praise more than he fears his peril;
That knows his valor, and knows not his fear,
That loves his mistress more than in confession,
(With truant vows to her own lips he loves,)
And dare avow her beauty and her worth,
In other arms than hers,—to him this challenge.
Hector, in view of Trojans and of Greeks,
Shall make it good, or do his best to do it,
He hath a lady, wiser, fairer, truer,
Than ever Greek did compass in his arms;
And will to-morrow with his trumpet call,
Midway between your tents and walls of Troy,
To rouse a Grecian that is true in love:
If any come, Hector shall honor him;
If none, he'll say in Troy, when he retires,
The Grecian dames are sunburned, and not worth
The splinter of a lance Even so much.

Agamemnon —

This shall be told our lovers, lord Æneas;
If none of them have soul in such a kind,

We left them all at home: But we are soldiers;
And may that soldier a mere recreant prove,
That means not, hath not, or is not in love.
If then one is, or hath, or means to be,
That one meets Hector; if none else, I am he.

Nestor —

Tell him of Nestor, one that was a man
When Hector's grandsire sucked: he is old now,
But, if there be not in our Grecian host
One noble man, that hath one spark of fire
To answer for his love, tell him from me,—
I'll hide my silver beard in a gold beaver,
And in my vantbrace put this withered brawn,
And, meeting him, will tell him, That my lady
Was fairer than his grandame, and as chaste
As may be in the world · His youth in flood,
I'll prove this truth with my three drops of blood.

Æneas —

Now heaven forbid such scarcity of youth!

Ulysses —

Amen.

Agamemnon —

Fair lord Æneas, let me touch your hand;
To our pavilion shall I lead you, sir.
Achilles shall have word of this intent;
So shall each lord of Greece, from tent to tent:
Yourself shall feast with us before you go,
And find the welcome of a noble foe.

[*Exeunt all but* ULYSSES *and* NESTOR.

Ulysses —

Nestor,——

Nestor —

What says Ulysses?

Ulysses —

I have a young conception in my brain,
Be you my time to bring it to some shape.

Nestor —

What is't?

Ulysses —

This 'tis:
Blunt wedges rive hard knots. The seeded pride
That hath to this maturity blown up
In rank Achilles, must or now be cropped,
Or, shedding, breed a nursery of like evil,
To overbulk us all.

Nestor— Well, and how?

Ulysses—

This challenge that the gallant Hector sends,
However it is spread in general name,
Relates in purpose only to Achilles.

Nestor—

The purpose is perspicuous even as substance,
Whose grossness little characters sum up:
And, in the publication, make no strain,
But that Achilles, were his brain as barren
As banks of Lybia, — though, Apollo knows,
'Tis dry enough, — will with great speed of judgment,
Ay, with celerity, find Hector's purpose
Pointing on him

Ulysses —

And wake him to the answer, think you?

Nestor— Yes,

It is most meet Whom may you else oppose,
That can from Hector bring those honors off,
If not Achilles? Though't be a sportful combat,
Yet in the trial much opinion dwells;
For here the Trojans taste our dear'st repute
With their fin'st palate And trust to me, Ulysses,
Our imputation shall be oddly poised
In this wild action: for the success,
Although particular, shall give a scantling
Of good or bad unto the general,
And in such indexes, although small pricks
To their subséquent volumes, there is seen
The baby figure of the giant mass
Of things to come at large It is supposed,
He, that meets Hector, issues from our choice:
And choice, being mutual act of all our souls,
Makes merit her election, and doth boil,
As 'twere from forth us all, a man distilled
Out of her virtues, Who miscarrying,
What heart receives from hence a conquering part,
To steel a strong opinion to themselves?
Which entertained, limbs are his instruments,
In no less working, than are swords and bows
Directive by the limbs.

Ulysses—

Give pardon to my speech, —
Therefore 'tis meet Achilles meet not Hector.
Let us, like merchants, show our foulest wares,

And think, perchance, they'll sell; if not,
The luster of the better shall exceed,
By showing the worst first. Do not consent,
That ever Hector and Achilles meet;
For both our honor and our shame, in this,
Are dogged with two strange followers.

Nestor—

I see them not with my old eyes; what are they?

Ulysses—

What glory our Achilles shares from Hector,
Were he not proud, we all should share with him:
But he already is too insolent,
And we were better parch in Afric's sun,
Than in the pride and salt scorn of his eyes,
Should he 'scape Hector fair: if he were foiled,
Why, then we did our main opinion crush
In taint of our best man. No, make a lottery;
And, by device, let blockish Ajax draw
The sort to fight with Hector: Among ourselves,
Give him allowance for the better man,
For that will physic the great Myrmidon,
Who broils in loud applause; and make him fall
His crest, that prouder than blue Iris bends.
If the dull brainless Ajax come safe off,
We'll dress him up in voices: If he fail,
Yet go we under our opinion still
That we have better men. But, hit or miss,
Our project's life this shape of sense assumes,—
Ajax, employed, plucks down Achilles' plumes.

Nestor—

Ulysses,
Now I begin to relish thy advice;
And I will give a taste of it forthwith
To Agamemnon: go we to him straight.
Two curs shall tame each other; Pride alone
Must tarre the mastiffs on, as 'twere their bone. [*Exeunt.*

Scene: The Grecian Camp Enter AGAMEMNON, ULYSSES, DIOMEDES, NESTOR, AJAX, MENELAUS, *and* CALCHAS.

Agamemnon—

What wouldst thou of us, Trojan? make demand.

Calchas—

You have a Trojan prisoner called Antenor,
Yesterday took;-Troy holds him very dear,

ULYSSES

Oft have you (often have you thanks therefore)
Desired my Cressid in right great exchange,
Whom Troy hath still denied: But this Antenor,
I know, is such a wrest in their affairs,
That their negotiations all must slack,
Wanting his manage; and they will almost
Give us a prince of blood, a son of Priam,
In change of him: let him be sent, great princes,
And he shall buy my daughter: and her presence
Shall quite strike off all service I have done,
In most accepted pain.

Agamemnon — Let Diomedes bear him
And bring us Cressid hither; Calchas shall have
What he requests of us. — Good Diomed,
Furnish you fairly for this interchange:
Withal, bring word — if Hector will to-morrow
Be answered in his challenge: Ajax is ready.

Diomedes —
This shall I undertake; and 'tis a burden
Which I am proud to bear
[*Exeunt* DIOMEDES *and* CALCHAS

Enter ACHILLES *and* PATROCLUS, *before their tent.*

Ulysses —
Achilles stands i' the entrance of his tent: —
Please it our general to pass strangely by him,
As if he were forgot; and princes all,
Lay negligent and loose regard upon him.
I will come last· 'Tis like, he'll question me,
Why such unplausive eyes are bent, why turned on him:
If so, I have derision med'cinable,
To use between your strangeness and his pride,
Which his own will shall have desire to drink;
It may do good: pride hath no other glass
To show itself, but pride; for supple knees
Feed arrogance, and are the proud man's fees.

Agamemnon —
We'll execute your purpose, and put on
A form of strangeness as we pass along, —
So do each lord; and either greet him not,
Or else disdainfully, which shall shake him more
Than if not looked on. I will lead the way.

Achilles —
What, comes the general to speak with me?
You know my mind, I'll fight no more 'gainst Troy.

Agamemnon —
What says Achilles? would he aught with us?
Nestor —
Would you, my lord, aught with the general?
Achilles — No.
Nestor —
Nothing, my lord.
Agamemnon — The better.
[*Exeunt* AGAMEMNON *and* NESTOR.
Achilles — Good day, good day.
Menelaus —
How do you? how do you? [*Exit* MENELAUS.
Achilles — What, does the cuckold scorn me?
Ajax —
How now, Patroclus?
Achilles — Good morrow, Ajax.
Ajax — Ha?
Achilles —
Good morrow.
Ajax — Ay, and good next day, too. [*Exit* AJAX.
Achilles —
What mean these fellows? Know they not Achilles?
Patroclus —
They pass by strangely: they were used to bend,
To send their smiles before them to Achilles.
To come as humbly as they used to creep
To holy altars.
Achilles — What, am I poor of late?
'Tis certain, greatness, once fallen out with fortune,
Must fall out with men too: What the declined is,
He shall as soon read in the eyes of others,
As feel in his own fall: for men, like butterflies,
Show not their mealy wings but to the summer;
And not a man, for being simply man,
Hath any honor; but honor for those honors
That are without him, as place, riches, favor,
Prizes of accident as oft as merit·
Which when they fall, as being slippery standers,
The love that leaned on them as slippery too,
Do one pluck down another, and together
Die in the fall. But 'tis not so with me:
Fortune and I are friends; I do enjoy
At ample point all that I did possess,
Save these men's looks; who do, methinks, find out
Something not worth in me such rich beholding

As they have often given. Here is Ulysses;
I'll interrupt his reading.—
How now, Ulysses?

Ulysses— Now, great Thetis' son?

Achilles—
What are you reading?

Ulysses— A strange fellow here
Writes me, that man—how dearly ever parted,
How much in having, or without, or in,—
Cannot make boast to have that which he hath,
Nor feels not what he owes, but by reflection;
As when his virtues shining upon others
Heat them, and they retort that heat again
To the first giver.

Achilles— This is not strange, Ulysses.
The beauty that is borne here in the face
The bearer knows not, but commends itself
To others' eyes. nor doth the eye itself
(That most pure spirit of sense) behold itself,
Not going from itself, but eye to eye opposed
Salutes each other with each other's form
For speculation turns not to itself,
Till it hath traveled, and is married there
Where it may see itself: this is not strange at all.

Ulysses—
I do not strain at the position,
It is familiar, but at the author's drift:
Who, in his circumstance, expressly proves—
That no man is the lord of anything,
(Though in and of him there be much consisting,)
Till he communicate his parts to others.
Nor doth he of himself know them for aught
Till he behold them formed in the applause
Where they are extended, which, like an arch, reverberates
The voice again, or like a gate of steel
Fronting the sun, receives and renders back
His figure and his heat. I was much rapt in this;
And apprehended here immediately
The unknown Ajax.
Heavens, what a man is there! a very horse;
That has he knows not what Nature, what things there are
Most abject in regard, and dear in use!
What things again most dear in the esteem,
And poor in worth! now shall we see to-morrow,
An act that very chance doth throw upon him,

Ajax renowned. O heavens, what some men do,
While some men leave to do!
How some men creep in skittish fortune's hall,
Whiles others play the idiots in her eyes!
How one man eats into another's pride,
While pride is fasting in his wantonness!
To see these Grecian lords!—why, even already
They clap the lubber Ajax on the shoulder;
As if his foot were on brave Hector's breast,
And great Troy shrinking.

Achilles—
I do believe it: for they passed by me,
As misers do by beggars; neither gave to me
Good word, nor look: What, are my deeds forgot?

Ulysses—
Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back,
Wherein he puts alms for oblivion,
A great-sized monster of ingratitudes:
Those scraps are good deeds past. which are devoured
As fast as they are made, forgot as soon
As done: Perséverance, dear my lord,
Keeps honor bright: To have done is to hang
Quite out of fashion, like a rusty mail
In monumental mockery. Take the instant way;
For honor travels in a strait so narrow,
Where one but goes abreast: keep then the path;
For emulation hath a thousand sons,
That one by one pursue. if you give way,
Or hedge aside from the direct forthright,
Like to an entered tide they all rush by,
And leave you hindmost;—
Or, like a gallant horse fallen in first rank,
Lie there for pavement to the abject rear,
O'errun and trampled on: Then what they do in present,
Though less than yours in past, must o'ertop yours:
For time is like a fashionable host,
That slightly shakes his parting guest by the hand;
And with his arms outstretched, as he would fly,
Grasps in the comer: Welcome ever smiles,
And farewell goes out sighing. O, let not virtue seek
Remuneration for the thing it was,
For beauty, wit,
High birth, vigor of bone, desert in service,
Love, friendship, charity, are subjects all
To envious and calumniating time.

One touch of nature makes the whole world kin, —
That all, with one consent, praise new-born gawds,
Though they are made and molded of things past;
And give to dust, that is a little gilt,
More laud than gilt o'erdusted.
The present eye praises the present object:
Then marvel not, thou great and cómplete man,
That all the Greeks begin to worship Ajax,
Since things in motion sooner catch the eye,
Than what not stirs The cry went once on thee,
And still it might; and yet it may again,
If thou wouldst not entomb thyself alive,
And case thy reputation in thy tent,
Whose glorious deeds, but in these fields of late,
Made emulous missions 'mongst the gods themselves,
And drave great Mars to faction.

Achilles — Of this my privacy
I have strong reasons

Ulysses — But 'gainst your privacy
The reasons are more potent and heroical·
'Tis known, Achilles, that you are in love
With one of Priam's daughters.

Achilles — Ha! known!

Ulysses —
Is that a wonder?
The providence that's in a watchful state,
Knows almost every grain of Plutus' gold;
Finds bottom in the uncomprehensive deeps;
Keeps place with thought, and almost like the gods,
Does thoughts unveil in their dumb cradles
There is a mystery (with whom relation
Durst never meddle) in the soul of state,
Which hath an operation more divine,
Than breath, or pen, can give expressure to.
All the commérce that you have had with Troy,
As perfectly is ours, as yours, my lord;
And better would it fit Achilles much,
To throw down Hector, than Polyxena:
But it must grieve young Pyrrhus now at home,
When fame shall in our islands sound her trump;
And all the Greekish girls shall tripping sing, —
Great Hector's sister did Achilles win;
But our great Ajax bravely beat down him.
Farewell, my lord· I as your lover speak;
The fool slides o'er the ice that you should break. [*Exit.*

Patroclus —

To this effect, Achilles, have I moved you:
A woman impudent and mannish grown
Is not more loathed than an effeminate man
In time of action. I stand condemned for this;
They think, my little stomach to the war,
And your great love to me, restrains you thus·
Sweet, rouse yourself; and the weak wanton Cupid
Shall from your neck unloose his amorous fold,
And, like a dewdrop from the lion's mane,
Be shook to air.

Achilles — Shall Ajax fight with Hector?

Patroclus —

Ay; and, perhaps, receive much honor by him.

Achilles —

I see, my reputation is at stake;
My fame is shrewdly gored.

Patroclus — O, then beware;

Those wounds heal ill, that men do give themselves:
Omission to do what is necessary
Seals a commission to a blank of danger;
And danger, like an ague, subtly taints
Even then when we sit idly in the sun.

Achilles —

Go call Thersites hither, sweet Patroclus:
I'll send the food to Ajax, and desire him
To invite the Trojan lords after the combat,
To see us here unarmed: I have a woman's longing,
An appetite that I am sick withal,
To see great Hector in his weeds of peace;
To talk with him, and to behold his visage,
Even to my full view. A labor saved!

Enter THERSITES.

Thersites — A wonder!

Achilles — What?

Thersites — Ajax goes up and down the field, asking for himself.

Achilles — How so?

Thersites — He must fight singly to-morrow with Hector; and is so prophetically proud of an heroical cudgeling, that he raves in saying nothing.

Achilles — How can that be?

Thersites — Why, he stalks up and down like a peacock; a stride, and a stand· ruminates, like an hostess, that hath no arithmetic but her brain to set down her reckoning: bites his lip with a politic regard, as who should say — there were wit in this head, an 'twould

out; and so there is; but it lies as coldly in him as fire in a flint, which will not show without knocking. The man's undone forever; for if Hector break not his neck i' the combat, he'll break it himself in vain glory. He knows not me: I said, *Good morrow, Ajax;* and he replies, *Thanks, Agamemnon.* What think you of this man, that takes me for the general? He has grown a very land fish, languageless, a monster. A plague of opinion! a man may wear it on both sides, like a leather jerkin.

Achilles—Thou must be my ambassador to him, Thersites

Thersites—Who, I? why, he'll answer nobody; he professes not answering; speaking is for beggars; he wears his tongue in his arms. I will put on his presence, let Patroclus make demands to me, you shall see the pageant of Ajax

Achilles—To him, Patroclus: tell him,—I humbly desire the valiant Ajax to invite the most valorous Hector to come unarmed to my tent; and to procure safe conduct for his person, of the magnanimous, and most illustrious, six-or-seven-times honored captain general of the Grecian army, Agamemnon. Do this

Patroclus—Jove bless great Ajax!

Thersites—Humph!

Patroclus—I come from the worthy Achilles,——

Thersites—Ha!

Patroclus—Who most humbly desires you to invite Hector to his tent,——

Thersites—Humph!

Patroclus—And to procure safe conduct from Agamemnon.

Thersites—Agamemnon?

Patroclus—Ay, my lord.

Thersites—Ha!

Patroclus—What say you to't?

Thersites—God be wi' you, with all my heart.

Patroclus—Your answer, sir.

Thersites—If to-morrow be a fair day, by eleven o'clock it will go one way or other; howsoever, he shall pay for me ere he has me.

Patroclus—Your answer, sir.

Thersites—Fare you well, with all my heart.

Achilles—Why, but he is not in this tune, is he?

Thersites—No, but he's out o' tune thus. What music will be in him when Hector has knocked out his brains, I know not but, I am sure, none; unless the fiddler Apollo get his sinews to make catlings on.

Achilles—Come, thou shalt bear a letter to him straight.

Thersites—Let me bear another to his horse; for that's the more capable creature.

Achilles—My mind is troubled, like a fountain stirred; and I myself see not the bottom of it. [*Exeunt* ACHILLES *and* PATROCLUS.

Thersites—'Would the fountain of your mind were clear again, that I might water an ass at it! I had rather be a tick in a sheep, than such a valiant ignorance. [*Exit.*

Scene: Troy. A Street. Enter, at one side, ÆNEAS *and Servant, with a Torch; at the other,* PARIS, DEIPHOBUS, ANTENOR, DIOMEDES, *and others, with Torches.*

Paris—
See, ho! who's that there?
Deiphobus— 'Tis the lord Æneas.
Æneas—
Is the prince there in person?—
Had I so good occasion to lie long,
As you, Prince Paris, nothing but heavenly business
Should rob my bed mate of my company.
Diomedes—
That's my mind too.—Good morrow, lord Æneas.
Paris—
A valiant Greek, Æneas; take his hand:
Witness the process of your speech, wherein
You told—how Diomed, a whole week by days,
Did haunt you in the field.
Æneas— Health to you, valiant sir,
During all question of the gentle truce·
But when I meet you armed, as black defiance,
As heart can think, or courage execute.
Diomedes—
The one and other Diomed embraces.
Our bloods are now in calm; and, so long, health:
But when contention and occasion meet,
By Jove, I'll play the hunter for thy life,
With all my force, pursuit, and policy.
Æneas—
And thou shalt hunt a lion that will fly
With his face backward.—In humane gentleness,
Welcome to Troy! now, by Anchises' life,
Welcome, indeed! by Venus' hand I swear,
No man alive can love, in such a sort,
The thing he means to kill, more excellently.
Diomedes—
We sympathize:—Jove, let Æneas live,
If to my sword his fate be not the glory,
A thousand complete courses of the sun!
But, in mine emulous honor, let him die,
With every joint a wound: and that to-morrow!
Æneas—
We know each other well.

Diomedes —
We do, and long to know each other worse.
Paris —
This is the most despiteful gentle greeting,
The noblest hateful love, that e'er I heard of —
What business, lord, so early?
Æneas —
I was sent for to the king, but why, I know not.
Paris —
His purpose meets you: 'twas to bring this Greek
To Calchas' house; and there to render him,
For the enfreed Antenor, the fair Cressid
Let's have your company · or, if you please,
Haste there before us · I constantly do think,
(Or, rather, call my thought a certain knowledge,)
My brother Troilus lodges there to-night;
Rouse him, and give him note of our approach.
With the whole quality wherefore I fear
We shall be much unwelcome
Æneas — That I assure you,
Troilus had rather Troy were borne to Greece,
Than Cressid borne from Troy.
Paris — There is no help;
The bitter disposition of the time
Will have it so. On, lord; we'll follow you.
Æneas — Good morrow, all [*Exit.*

A DIALOGUE OF THE DEAD.

BETWEEN HELEN OF TROY AND MADAME DE MAINTENON.

BY ANNA LETITIA BARBAULD

[ANNA LETITIA AIKIN An English miscellaneous writer, born in 1743; married Rochemont Barbauld, a Huguenot refugee, in 1774 A volume of "Miscellaneous Pieces," written with her brother, — but the best of them hers, — gave her reputation. She wrote "Hymns in Prose for Children," "Devotional Pieces," "Early Lessons," etc She died in 1825]

Helen — Whence comes it, my dear Madame Maintenon, that beauty, which in the age I lived in produced such extraordinary effects, has now lost almost all its power?

Maintenon — I should wish first to be convinced of the fact, before I offer to give you a reason for it.

Helen — That will be very easy; for there is no occasion to

go any further than our own histories and experience to prove what I advance. You were beautiful, accomplished, and fortunate; endowed with every talent and every grace to bend the heart of man and mold it to your wish: and your schemes were successful; for you raised yourself from obscurity and dependence to be the wife of a great monarch.—But what is this to the influence my beauty had over sovereigns and nations! I occasioned a long ten years' war between the most celebrated heroes of antiquity; contending kingdoms disputed the honor of placing me on their respective thrones; my story is recorded by the father of verse; and my charms make a figure even in the annals of mankind. You were, it is true, the wife of Louis XIV., and respected in his court: but you occasioned no wars; you are not spoken of in the history of France, though you furnished materials for the memoirs of a court. Are the love and admiration that were paid you merely as an amiable woman to be compared with the enthusiasm I inspired, and the boundless empire I obtained over all that was celebrated, great, or powerful in the age I lived in?

Maintenon—All this, my dear Helen, has a splendid appearance, and sounds well in a heroic poem; but you greatly deceive yourself if you impute it all to your personal merit. Do you imagine that half the chiefs concerned in the war of Troy were at all influenced by your beauty, or troubled their heads what became of you, provided they came off with honor? Believe me, love had very little to do in the affair. Menelaus sought to revenge the affront he had received; Agamemnon was flattered with the supreme command; some came to share the glory, others the plunder; some because they had bad wives at home, some in hopes of getting Trojan mistresses abroad: and Homer thought the story extremely proper for the subject of the best poem in the world. Thus you became famous; your elopement was made a national quarrel; the animosities of both nations were kindled by frequent battles: and the object was not the restoring of Helen to Menelaus, but the destruction of Troy by the Greeks.—My triumphs, on the other hand, were all owing to myself and to the influence of personal merit and charms over the heart of man. My birth was obscure; my fortunes low; I had passed the bloom of youth, and was advancing to that period at which the generality of our sex lose all importance with the other. I had to do with a man of gallantry and intrigue, a monarch who had been

long familiarized with beauty, and accustomed to every refinement of pleasure which the most splendid court in Europe could afford: Love and Beauty seemed to have exhausted all their powers of pleasing for him in vain. Yet this man I captivated, I fixed; and far from being content, as other beauties had been, with the honor of possessing his heart, I brought him to make me his wife, and gained an honorable title to his tenderest affection.—The infatuation of Paris reflected little honor upon you A thoughtless youth, gay, tender, and impressible, struck with your beauty, in violation of all the most sacred laws of hospitality carries you off, and obstinately refuses to restore you to your husband. You seduced Paris from his duty, I recovered Louis from vice; you were the mistress of the Trojan prince, I was the companion of the French monarch.

Helen—I grant you were the wife of Louis, but not the queen of France. Your great object was ambition, and in that you met with a partial success; my ruling star was love, and I gave up everything for it. But tell me, did not I show my influence over Menelaus in his taking me again after the destruction of Troy?

Maintenon—That circumstance alone is sufficient to show that he did not love you with any delicacy. He took you as a possession that was restored to him, as a booty that he had recovered; and he had not sentiment enough to care whether he had your heart or not. The heroes of your age were capable of admiring beauty, and often fought for the possession of it; but they had not refinement enough to be capable of any pure, sentimental attachment or delicate passion. Was that period the triumph of love and gallantry, when a fine woman and a tripod were placed together for prizes at a wrestling bout, and the tripod esteemed the more valuable reward of the two? No: it is our Clelia, our Cassandra and Princess of Cleves, that have polished mankind and taught them how to love

Helen—Rather say you have lost sight of nature and passion, between bombast on one hand and conceit on the other. Shall one of the cold temperament of France teach a Greek how to love? Greece, the parent of fair forms and soft desires, the nurse of poetry, whose soft climate and tempered skies disposed to every gentler feeling, and tuned the heart to harmony and love!—was Greece a land of barbarians? But recollect, if you can, an incident which showed the power of beauty in stronger

colors — that when the grave old counselors of Priam on my appearance were struck with fond admiration, and could not bring themselves to blame the cause of a war that had almost ruined their country; you see I charmed the old as well as seduced the young.

Maintenon — But I, after I was grown old, charmed the young; I was idolized in a capital where taste, luxury, and magnificence were at the height; I was celebrated by the greatest wits of my time, and my letters have been carefully handed down to posterity.

Helen — Tell me now, sincerely, were you happy in your elevated fortune?

Maintenon — Alas! Heaven knows I was far otherwise; a thousand times did I wish for my dear Scarron again. He was a very ugly fellow, it is true, and had but little money; but the most easy, entertaining companion in the world: we danced, laughed, and sung; I spoke without fear or anxiety, and was sure to please. With Louis all was gloom, constraint, and a painful solicitude to please — which seldom produces its effect: the king's temper had been soured in the latter part of life by frequent disappointments; and I was forced continually to endeavor to procure him that cheerfulness which I had not myself. Louis was accustomed to the most delicate flatteries; and though I had a good share of wit, my faculties were continually on the stretch to entertain him, — a state of mind little consistent with happiness or ease; I was afraid to advance my friends or punish my enemies. My pupils at St. Cyr were not more secluded from the world in a cloister than I was in the bosom of the court; a secret disgust and weariness consumed me. I had no relief but in my work and books of devotion; with these alone I had a gleam of happiness.

Helen — Alas! one need not have married a great monarch for that.

Maintenon — But deign to inform me, Helen, if you were really as beautiful as fame reports; for, to say truth, I cannot in your shade see the beauty which for nine long years had set the world in arms.

Helen — Honestly, no. I was rather low, and something sunburnt: but I had the good fortune to please; that was all. I was greatly obliged to Homer.

Maintenon — And did you live tolerably with Menelaus after all your adventures?

Helen — As well as possible. Menelaus was a good-natured, domestic man, and was glad to sit down and end his days in quiet. I persuaded him that Venus and the Fates were the cause of all my irregularities, which he complaisantly believed. Besides, I was not sorry to return home: for, to tell you a secret, Paris had been unfaithful to me long before his death, and was fond of a little Trojan brunette whose office it was to hold up my train; but it was thought dishonorable to give me up. I began to think love a very foolish thing: I became a great housekeeper, worked the battles of Troy in tapestry, and spun with my maids by the side of Menelaus, who was so satisfied with my conduct, and behaved, good man, with so much fondness, that I verily think this was the happiest period of my life.

Maintenon — Nothing more likely; but the most obscure wife in Greece could rival you there. Adieu! You have convinced me how little fame and greatness conduce to happiness.

THE CONTENTION OF ACHILLES AND AGAMEMNON.

(From the Iliad of Homer. translated by Alexander Pope.)

[ALEXANDER POPE: An English poet, born May 22, 1688 His whole career was one of purely poetic work and the personal relations it brought him into. He published the "Essay on Criticism" in 1710, the "Rape of the Lock" in 1711, the "Messiah" in 1712, his translation of the Iliad in 1718-1720, and of the Odyssey in 1725. His "Essay on Man," whose thoughts were mainly suggested by Bolingbroke, appeared in 1733 His "Satires," modeled on Horace's manner, but not at all in his spirit, are among his best-known works. He died May 30, 1744]

BOOK I.

ACHILLES' wrath, to Greece the direful spring
Of woes unnumbered, heavenly goddess, sing!
That wrath which hurled to Pluto's gloomy reign
The souls of mighty chiefs untimely slain;
Whose limbs unburied on the naked shore,
Devouring dogs and hungry vultures tore:
Since great Achilles and Atrides strove,
Such was the sovereign doom, and such the will of Jove!
    Declare, O Muse! in what ill-fated hour
Sprung the fierce strife, from what offended power

Latona's son a dire contagion spread,
And heaped the camp with mountains of the dead.
The king of men his reverent priest defied,
And for the king's offense the people died.
For Chryses sought with costly gifts to gain
His captive daughter from the victor's chain.
Suppliant the venerable father stands;
Apollo's awful ensigns grace his hands:
By these he begs; and lowly bending down,
Extends the scepter and the laurel crown.
He sued to all, but chief implored for grace
The brother kings, of Atreus' royal race.—
"Ye kings and warriors! may your vows be crowned
And Troy's proud walls lie level with the ground.
May Jove restore you when your toils are o'er
Safe to the pleasures of your native shore.
But, oh! relieve a wretched parent's pain,
And give Chryseis to these arms again;
If mercy fail, yet let my presents move,
And dread avenging Phœbus, son of Jove."
The Greeks in shouts their joint assent declare,
The priest to reverence, and release the fair.
Not so Atrides he, with kingly pride,
Repulsed the sacred sire, and thus replied·—
"Hence on thy life, and fly these hostile plains,
Nor ask, presumptuous, what the king detains·
Hence, with thy laurel crown, and golden rod;
Nor trust too far those ensigns of thy god.
Mine is thy daughter, priest, and shall remain;
And prayers, and tears, and bribes, shall plead in vain
Till time shall rifle every youthful grace,
And age dismiss her from my cold embrace
In daily labors of the loom employed,
Or doomed to deck the bed she once enjoyed.
Hence then; to Argos shall the maid retire,
Far from her native soil or weeping sire."
The trembling priest along the shore returned,
And in the anguish of a father mourned.
Disconsolate, not daring to complain,
Silent he wandered by the sounding main;
Till, safe at distance, to his god he prays,
The god who darts around the world his rays —
"O Smintheus! sprung from fair Latona's line,
Thou guardian power of Cilla the divine,
Thou source of light! whom Tenedos adores,

And whose bright presence gilds thy Chrysa's shores
If e'er with wreaths I hung thy sacred fane,
Or fed the flames with fat of oxen slain;
God of the silver bow! thy shafts employ,
Avenge thy servant, and the Greeks destroy."
Thus Chryses prayed —the favoring power attends,
And from Olympus' lofty tops descends.
Bent was his bow, the Grecian hearts to wound,
Fierce as he moved, his silver shafts resound.
Breathing revenge, a sudden night he spread,
And gloomy darkness rolled about his head
The fleet in view, he twanged his deadly bow,
And hissing fly the feathered fates below.
On mules and dogs the infection first began,
And last, the vengeful arrows fixed in man.
For nine long nights, through all the dusky air,
The pyres, thick-flaming, shot a dismal glare
But ere the tenth revolving day was run,
Inspired by Juno, Thetis' godlike son
Convened to council all the Grecian train;
For much the goddess mourned her heroes slain
The assembly seated, rising o'er the rest,
Achilles thus the king of men addressed.—
"Why leave we not the fatal Trojan shore,
And measure back the seas we crossed before?
The plague destroying whom the sword would spare,
'Tis time to save the few remains of war
But let some prophet, or some sacred sage,
Explore the cause of great Apollo's rage;
Or learn the wasteful vengeance to remove
By mystic dreams, for dreams descend from Jove
If broken vows this heavy curse have laid,
Let altars smoke, and hecatombs be paid
So Heaven, atoned, shall dying Greece restore,
And Phœbus dart his burning shafts no more."
He said, and sat: when Calchas thus replied;
Calchas the wise, the Grecian priest and guide,
That sacred seer, whose comprehensive view,
The past, the present, and the future knew.
Uprising slow, the venerable sage
Thus spoke the prudence and the fears of age·—
"Beloved of Jove, Achilles! wouldst thou know
Why angry Phœbus bends his fatal bow?
First give thy faith, and plight a prince's word
Of sure protection, by thy power and sword.

For I must speak what wisdom would conceal,
And truths, invidious to the great, reveal.
Bold is the task, when subjects, grown too wise,
Instruct a monarch where his error lies;
For though we deem the short-lived fury past,
'Tis sure the mighty will revenge at last."
 To whom Pelides · "From thy inmost soul
Speak what thou know'st, and speak without control.
E'en by that god I swear who rules the day,
To whom thy hands the vows of Greece convey,
And whose blessed oracles thy lips declare,
Long as Achilles breathes this vital air,
No daring Greek, of all the numerous band,
Against his priest shall lift an impious hand;
Not e'en the chief by whom our hosts are led,
The king of kings, shall touch that sacred head."
 Encouraged thus, the blameless man replies: —
"Nor vows unpaid, nor slighted sacrifice,
But he, our chief, provoked the raging pest,
Apollo's vengeance for his injured priest
Nor will the god's awakened fury cease,
But plagues shall spread, and funeral fires increase,
Till the great king, without a ransom paid,
To her own Chrysa send the black-eyed maid.
Perhaps, with added sacrifice and prayer,
The priest may pardon, and the god may spare."
 The prophet spoke. when with a gloomy frown
The monarch started from his shining throne;
Black choler filled his breast that boiled with ire,
And from his eyeballs flashed the living fire.
"Augur accursed! denouncing mischief still,
Prophet of plagues, forever boding ill!
Still must that tongue some wounding message bring,
And still thy priestly pride provoke thy king?
For this are Phœbus' oracles explored,
To teach the Greeks to murmur at their lord?
For this with falsehood is my honor stained,
Is heaven offended, and a priest profaned;
Because my prize, my beauteous maid, I hold,
And heavenly charms prefer to proffered gold?
A maid unmatched in manners as in face,
Skilled in each art, and crowned with every grace;
Not half so dear were Clytæmnestra's charms,
When first her blooming beauties blessed my arms.
Yet, if the gods demand her, let her sail,

Our cares are only for the public weal.
Let me be deemed the hateful cause of all,
And suffer, rather than my people fall
The prize, the beauteous prize, I will resign,
So dearly valued, and so justly mine
But since for common good I yield the fair,
My private loss let grateful Greece repair,
Nor unrewarded let your prince complain,
That he alone has fought and bled in vain"
"Insatiate king (Achilles thus replies),
Fond of the power, but fonder of the prize!
Wouldst thou the Greeks their lawful prey should yield,
The due reward of many a well-fought field?
The spoils of cities razed and warriors slain,
We share with justice, as with toil we gain,
But to resume whate'er thy avarice craves
(That trick of tyrants) may be borne by slaves.
Yet if our chief for plunder only fight,
The spoils of Ilion shall thy loss requite,
Whene'er, by Jove's decree, our conquering powers
Shall humble to the dust her lofty towers"
Then thus the king. "Shall I my prize resign
With tame content, and thou possessed of thine?
Great as thou art, and like a god in fight,
Think not to rob me of a soldier's right.
At thy demand shall I restore the maid.
First let the just equivalent be paid;
Such as a king might ask, and let it be
A treasure worthy her, and worthy me
Or grant me this, or with a monarch's claim
This hand shall seize some other captive dame.
The mighty Ajax shall his prize resign,
Ulysses' spoils, or even thy own, be mine
The man who suffers, loudly may complain,
And rage he may, but he shall rage in vain.
But this when time requires.—It now remains
We launch a bark to plow the watery plains,
And waft the sacrifice to Chrysa's shores,
With chosen pilots, and with laboring oars
Soon shall the fair the sable ship ascend,
And some deputed prince the charge attend.
This Creta's king, or Ajax shall fulfill,
Or wise Ulysses see performed our will;
Or, if our royal pleasure shall ordain,
Achilles' self conduct her o'er the main,

Let fierce Achilles, dreadful in his rage,
The god propitiate, and the pest assuage."
At this, Pelides, frowning stern, replied.—
"O tyrant, armed with insolence and pride!
Inglorious slave to interest, ever joined
With fraud, unworthy of a royal mind!
What generous Greek, obedient to thy word,
Shall form an ambush, or shall lift the sword?
What cause have I to war at thy decree?
The distant Trojans never injured me;
To Pythia's realms no hostile troops they led:
Safe in her vales my warlike coursers fed;
Far hence removed, the hoarse-resounding main,
And walls of rocks, secure my native reign,
Whose fruitful soil luxuriant harvests grace,
Rich in her fruits, and in her martial race.
Hither we sailed, a voluntary throng,
To avenge a private, not a public wrong:
What else to Troy the assembled nations draws,
But thine, ungrateful, and thy brother's cause?
Is this the pay our blood and toils deserve;
Disgraced and injured by the man we serve?
And darest thou threat to snatch my prize away,
Due to the deeds of many a dreadful day?
A prize as small, O tyrant! matched with thine,
As thy own actions if compared to mine.
Thine in each conquest is the wealthy prey,
Though mine the sweat and danger of the day.
Some trivial present to my ships I bear.
Or barren praises pay the wounds of war.
But now, proud monarch, I'm thy slave no more;
My fleet shall waft me to Thessalia's shore.
Left by Achilles on the Trojan plain,
What spoils, what conquests, shall Atrides gain?"
To this the king: "Fly, mighty warrior! fly;
Thy aid we need not, and thy threats defy
There want not chiefs in such a cause to fight,
And Jove himself shall guard a monarch's right.
Of all the kings (the god's distinguished care)
To power superior none such hatred bear;
Strife and debate thy restless soul employ,
And wars and horrors are thy savage joy.
If thou hast strength, 'twas Heaven that strength bestowed
For know, vain man! thy valor is from God.
Haste, launch thy vessels, fly with speed away!

Rule thy own realms with arbitrary sway;
I heed thee not, but prize at equal rate
Thy short-lived friendship, and thy groundless hate
Go, threat thy earth-born Myrmidons: — but here
'Tis mine to threaten, prince, and thine to fear.
Know, if the god the beauteous dame demand,
My bark shall waft her to her native land;
But then prepare, imperious prince! prepare,
Fierce as thou art, to yield thy captive fair.
Even in thy tent I'll seize the blooming prize,
Thy loved Briseis with the radiant eyes
Hence shalt thou prove my might, and curse the hour
Thou stood'st a rival of imperial power;
And hence, to all our hosts it shall be known,
That kings are subject to the gods alone"
Achilles heard, with grief and rage oppressed,
His heart swelled high, and labored in his breast,
Distracting thoughts by turns his bosom ruled;
Now fired by wrath, and now by reason cooled.
That prompts his hand to draw the deadly sword,
Force through the Greeks, and pierce their haughty lord;
This whispers soft his vengeance to control
And calm the rising tempest of his soul.
Just as in anguish of suspense he stayed,
While half unsheathed appeared the glittering blade,
Minerva swift descended from above,
Sent by the sister and the wife of Jove
(For both the princes claimed her equal care);
Behind she stood, and by the golden hair
Achilles seized; to him alone confessed,
A sable cloud concealed her from the rest.
He sees, and sudden to the goddess cries,
Known by the flames that sparkle from her eyes —
"Descends Minerva, in her guardian care,
A heavenly witness of the wrongs I bear
From Atreus' son? — Then let those eyes that view
The daring crime, behold the vengeance too"
"Forbear (the progeny of Jove replies),
To calm thy fury I forsake the skies.
Let great Achilles, to the gods resigned,
To reason yield the empire o'er his mind.
By awful Juno this command is given:
The king and you are both the care of heaven.
The force of keen reproaches let him feel,
But sheathe, obedient, thy revenging steel.

For I pronounce (and trust a heavenly power)
Thy injured honor has its fated hour,
When the proud monarch shall thy arms implore,
And bribe thy friendship with a boundless store.
Then let revenge no longer bear the sway;
Command thy passions, and the gods obey."
To her Pelides: "With regardful ear,
'Tis just, O goddess! I thy dictates hear.
Hard as it is, my vengeance I suppress:
Those who revere the gods the gods will bless."
He said, observant of the blue-eyed maid;
Then in the sheath returned the shining blade.
The goddess swift to high Olympus flies,
And joins the sacred senate of the skies.
Nor yet the rage his boiling breast forsook,
Which thus redoubling on Atrides broke:—
"O monster! mixed of insolence and fear,
Thou dog in forehead, but in heart a deer!
When wert thou known in ambushed fights to dare,
Or nobly face, the horrid front of war?
'Tis ours, the chance of fighting fields to try;
Thine to look on, and bid the valiant die:
So much 'tis safer through the camp to go,
And rob a subject, than despoil a foe
Scourge of thy people, violent and base!
Sent in Jove's anger on a slavish race;
Who, lost to sense of generous freedom past,
Are tamed to wrongs;—or this had been thy last.
Now by this sacred scepter hear me swear,
Which never more shall leaves or blossoms bear,
Which severed from the trunk (as I from thee)
On the bare mountains left its parent tree;
This scepter, formed by tempered steel to prove
An ensign of the delegates of Jove,
From whom the power of laws and justice springs
(Tremendous oath! inviolate to kings);
By this I swear:—when bleeding Greece again
Shall call Achilles, she shall call in vain.
When, flushed with slaughter, Hector comes to spread
The purpled shore with mountains of the dead,
Then shalt thou mourn the affront thy madness gave,
Forced to implore when impotent to save:
Then rage in bitterness of soul to know
This act has made the bravest Greek thy foe."
He spoke; and furious hurled against the ground

JUNO

His scepter starred with golden studs around:
Then sternly silent sat With like disdain
The raging king returned his frowns again
  To calm their passion with the words of age,
Slow from his seat arose the Pylian sage,
Experienced Nestor, in persuasion skilled·
Words, sweet as honey, from his lips distilled.
Two generations now had passed away,
Wise by his rules, and happy by his sway;
Two ages o'er his native realm he reigned,
And now the example of the third remained
All viewed with awe the venerable man;
Who thus with mild benevolence began·—
  "What shame, what woe is this to Greece! what joy
To Troy's proud monarch, and the friends of Troy!
That adverse gods commit to stern debate
The best, the bravest, of the Grecian state
Young as ye are, this youthful heat restrain,
Nor think your Nestor's years and wisdom vain
A godlike race of heroes once I knew,
Such as no more these aged eyes shall view!
Lives there a chief to match Pirithous' fame,
Dryas the bold, or Ceneus' deathless name,
Theseus, endued with more than mortal might,
Or Polyphemus, like the gods in fight?
With these of old, to toils of battle bred,
In early youth my hardy days I led;
Fired with the thirst which virtuous envy breeds,
And smit with love of honorable deeds,
Strongest of men, they pierced the mountain boar,
Ranged the wild deserts red with monsters' gore,
And from their hills the shaggy Centaurs tore·
Yet these with soft persuasive arts I swayed,
When Nestor spoke, they listened and obeyed
If in my youth, even these esteemed me wise,
Do you, young warriors, hear my age advise
Atrides, seize not on the beauteous slave,
That prize the Greeks by common suffrage gave.
Nor thou, Achilles, treat our prince with pride,
Let kings be just, and sovereign power preside.
Thee the first honors of the war adorn,
Like gods in strength, and of a goddess born,
Him awful majesty exalts above
The powers of earth, and sceptered sons of Jove
Let both unite with well-consenting mind,

So shall authority with strength be joined.
Leave me, O king! to calm Achilles' rage;
Rule thou thyself, as more advanced in age.
Forbid it, gods! Achilles should be lost,
The pride of Greece, and bulwark of our host."
  This said, he ceased. The king of men replies: —
"Thy years are awful, and thy words are wise.
But that imperious, that unconquered soul,
No laws can limit, no respect control.
Before his pride must his superiors fall,
His word the law, and he the lord of all?
Him must our hosts, our chiefs, ourself obey?
What king can bear a rival in his sway?
Grant that the gods his matchless force have given
Has foul reproach a privilege from heaven?"
  Here on the monarch's speech Achilles broke,
And furious, thus, and interrupting spoke —
"Tyrant, I well deserve thy galling chain,
To live thy slave, and still to serve in vain,
Should I submit to each unjust decree. —
Command thy vassals, but command not me
Seize on Briseis, whom the Grecians doomed
My prize of war, yet tamely see resumed,
And seize secure, no more Achilles draws
His conquering sword in any woman's cause.
The gods command me to forgive the past.
But let this first invasion be the last:
For know, thy blood, when next thou darest invade,
Shall stream in vengeance on my reeking blade."
  At this they ceased · the stern debate expired;
The chiefs in sullen majesty retired
  Achilles with Patroclus took his way
Where near his tents his hollow vessels lay
Meantime Atrides launched with numerous oars
A well-rigged ship for Chrysa's sacred shores;
High on the deck was fair Chryseis placed,
And sage Ulysses with the conduct graced;
Safe in her sides the hecatomb they stowed,
Then swiftly sailing, cut the liquid road.
  The host to expiate next the king prepares,
With pure lustrations, and with solemn prayers.
Washed by the briny wave, the pious train
Are cleansed; and cast the ablutions in the main.
Along the shore whole hecatombs were laid,
And bulls and goats to Phœbus' altars paid,

THESEUS

The sable fumes in curling spires arise,
And waft their grateful odors to the skies.
The army thus in sacred rites engaged,
Atrides still with deep resentment raged
To wait his will two sacred heralds stood,
Talthybius and Eurybates the good.
"Haste to the fierce Achilles' tent (he cries),
Thence bear Briseis as our royal prize,
Submit he must; or if they will not part,
Ourself in arms shall tear her from his heart"
The unwilling heralds act their lord's commands,
Pensive they walk along the barren sands;
Arrived, the hero in his tent they find,
With gloomy aspect on his arm reclined
At awful distance long they silent stand,
Loth to advance, and speak their hard command;
Decent confusion! This the godlike man
Perceived and thus with accent mild began.—
"With leave and honor enter our abodes,
Ye sacred ministers of men and gods!
I know your message, by constraint you came;
Not you, but your imperious lord I blame.
Patroclus, haste, the fair Briseis bring;
Conduct my captive to the haughty king
But witness, heralds, and proclaim my vow,
Witness to gods above, and men below!
But first, and loudest, to your prince declare
(That lawless tyrant whose commands you bear),
Unmoved as death Achilles shall remain,
Though prostrate Greece shall bleed at every vein;
The raging chief in frantic passion lost,
Blind to himself, and useless to his host,
Unskilled to judge the future by the past,
In blood and slaughter shall repent at last"
Patroclus now the unwilling beauty brought,
She, in soft sorrows, and in pensive thought,
Passed silent, as the heralds held her hand,
And oft looked back, slow-moving o'er the strand.
Not so his loss the fierce Achilles bore;
But sad, retiring to the sounding shore
O'er the wild margin of the deep he hung,
That kindred deep from whence his mother sprung:
There bathed in tears of anger and disdain,
Thus loud lamented to the stormy main:—
"O parent goddess! since in early bloom

Thy son must fall, by too severe a doom;
Sure to so short a race of glory born,
Great Jove in justice should this span adorn.
Honor and fame at least the thunderer owed,
And ill he pays the promise of a god,
If yon proud monarch thus thy son defies,
Obscures my glories, and resumes my prize."

Far from the deep recesses of the main,
Where aged Ocean holds his watery reign,
The goddess mother heard. The waves divide;
And like a mist she rose above the tide;
Beheld him mourning on the naked shores,
And thus the sorrows of his soul explores
"Why grieves my son? Thy anguish let me share;
Reveal the cause, and trust a parent's care."

He deeply sighing said: "To tell my woe
Is but to mention what too well you know.
From Thebé, sacred to Apollo's name
(Aëtion's realm), our conquering army came,
With treasure loaded and triumphant spoils,
Whose just division crowned the soldier's toils;
But bright Chryseïs, heavenly prize! was led,
By vote selected, to the general's bed.
The priest of Phœbus sought by gifts to gain
His beauteous daughter from the victor's chain;
The fleet he reached, and, lowly bending down,
Held forth the scepter and the laurel crown,
Entreating all; but chief implored for grace
The brother kings of Atreus' royal race:
The generous Greeks their joint consent declare,
The priest to reverence, and release the fair;
Not so Atrides: he, with wonted pride,
The sire insulted, and his gifts denied·
The insulted sire (his god's peculiar care)
To Phœbus prayed, and Phœbus heard the prayer;
A dreadful plague ensues: the avenging darts
Incessant fly, and pierce the Grecian hearts.
A prophet then, inspired by heaven, arose,
And points the crime, and thence derives the woes:
Myself the first the assembled chiefs incline
To avert the vengeance of the power divine;
Then, rising in his wrath, the monarch stormed;
Incensed he threatened, and his threats performed:
The fair Chryseïs to her sire was sent,
With offered gifts to make the god relent;

But now he seized Briseis' heavenly charms,
And of my valor's prize defrauds my arms,
Defrauds the votes of all the Grecian train;
And service, faith, and justice plead in vain.
But, goddess! thou thy suppliant son attend.
To high Olympus' shining court ascend,
Urge all the ties to former service owed,
And sue for vengeance to the thundering god.
Oft hast thou triumphed in the glorious boast,
That thou stood'st forth of all the ethereal host,
When bold rebellion shook the realms above,
The undaunted guard of cloud-compelling Jove;
When the bright partner of his awful reign,
The warlike maid, and monarch of the main,
The traitor gods, by mad ambition driven,
Durst threat with chains the omnipotence of Heaven.
Then, called by thee, the monster Titan came
(Whom gods Briareus, men Ægeon name),
Through wondering skies enormous stalked along,
Not he that shakes the solid earth so strong.
With giant pride at Jove's high throne he stands,
And brandished round him all his hundred hands.
The affrighted gods confessed their awful lord,
They dropped the fetters, trembled, and adored.
This, goddess, this to his remembrance call,
Embrace his knees, at his tribunal fall;
Conjure him far to drive the Grecian train,
To hurl them headlong to their fleet and main,
To heap the shores with copious death, and bring
The Greeks to know the curse of such a king.
Let Agamemnon lift his haughty head
O'er all his wide dominion of the dead,
And mourn in blood that e'er he durst disgrace
The boldest warrior of the Grecian race"

"Unhappy son! (fair Thetis thus replies,
While tears celestial trickle from her eyes)
Why have I borne thee with a mother's throes
To Fates averse, and nursed for future woes?
So short a space the light of heaven to view!
So short a space! and filled with sorrow too!
O might a parent's careful wish prevail,
Far, far from Ilion should thy vessels sail,
And thou, from camps remote, the danger shun
Which now, alas! too nearly threats my son.
Yet (what I can) to move thy suit I'll go

To great Olympus crowned with fleecy snow.
Meantime, secure within thy ships, from far
Behold the field, nor mingle in the war.
The sire of gods and all the ethereal train,
On the warm limits of the farthest main,
Now mix with mortals, nor disdain to grace
The feasts of Æthiopia's blameless race;
Twelve days the powers indulge the genial rite,
Returning with the twelfth revolving light.
Then will I mount the brazen dome, and move
The high tribunal of immortal Jove."

The goddess spoke: the rolling waves unclose;
Then down the steep she plunged from whence she rose,
And left him sorrowing on the lonely coast,
In wild resentment for the fair he lost.

In Chrysa's port now sage Ulysses rode;
Beneath the deck the destined victims stowed:
The sails they furled, they lash the mast aside,
And dropped their anchors, and the pinnace tied.
Next on the shore their hecatomb they land;
Chryseis last descending on the strand.
Her, thus returning from the furrowed main,
Ulysses led to Phœbus' sacred fane;
Where at his solemn altar, as the maid
He gave to Chryses, thus the hero said:—

"Hail, reverend priest! to Phœbus' awful dome
A suppliant I from great Atrides come:
Unransomed, here receive the spotless fair;
Accept the hecatomb the Greeks prepare;
And may thy god who scatters darts around,
Atoned by sacrifice, desist to wound."

At this, the sire embraced the maid again,
So sadly lost, so lately sought in vain.
Then near the altar of the darting king,
Disposed in rank their hecatomb they bring;
With water purify their hands, and take
The sacred offering of the salted cake;
While thus with arms devoutly raised in air,
And solemn voice, the priest directs his prayer:—

"God of the silver bow, thy ear incline,
Whose power encircles Cilla the divine;
Whose sacred eye thy Tenedos surveys,
And gilds fair Chrysa with distinguished rays!
If, fired to vengeance at thy priest's request,
Thy direful darts inflict the raging pest:

Once moie attend! avert the wasteful woe,
And smile propitious, and unbend thy bow."
So Chryses prayed. Apollo heard his prayer:
And now the Greeks their hecatomb prepare;
Between their horns the salted barley threw,
And, with their heads to heaven, the victims slew,
The limbs they sever from the inclosing hide
The thighs, selected to the gods, divide
On these, in double cauls involved with art,
The choicest morsels lay from every part.
The priest himself before his altar stands,
And burns the offering with his holy hands,
Pours the black wine, and sees the flames aspire,
The youth with instruments surround the fire
The thighs thus sacrificed, and entrails dressed,
The assistants part, transfix, and roast the rest
Then spread the tables, the repast prepare;
Each takes his seat, and each receives his share
When now the rage of hunger was repressed,
With pure libations they conclude the feast;
The youths with wine the copious goblets crowned,
And, pleased, dispense the flowing bowls around,
With hymns divine the joyous banquet ends,
The pæans lengthened till the sun descends
The Greeks, restored, the grateful notes prolong,
Apollo listens, and approves the song.
'Twas night; the chiefs beside their vessel lie,
Till rosy morn had purpled o'er the sky
Then launch, and hoist the mast, indulgent gales,
Supplied by Phœbus, fill the swelling sails,
The milk-white canvas bellying as they blow,
The parted ocean foams and roars below·
Above the bounding billows swift they flew,
Till now the Grecian camp appeared in view.
Far on the beach they haul their bark to land,
(The crooked keel divides the yellow sand,)
Then part, where stretched along the winding bay,
The ships and tents in mingled prospect lay
But raging still, amidst his navy sat
The stern Achilles, steadfast in his hate;
Nor mixed in combat, nor in council joined;
But wasting cares lay heavy on his mind·
In his black thoughts revenge and slaughter roll,
And scenes of blood rise dreadful in his soul
Twelve days were past, and now the dawning light

The gods had summoned to the Olympian height:
Jove, first ascending from the watery bowers,
Leads the long order of ethereal powers.
When, like the morning mist in early day,
Rose from the flood the daughter of the sea;
And to the seats divine her flight addressed.
There, far apart, and high above the rest,
The thunderer sat; where old Olympus shrouds
His hundred heads in heaven, and props the clouds.
Suppliant the goddess stood: one hand she placed
Beneath his beard, and one his knees embraced.
"If e'er, O father of the gods! (she said)
My words could please thee, or my actions aid,
Some marks of honor on my son bestow,
And pay in glory what in life you owe.
Fame is at least by heavenly promise due
To life so short, and now dishonored too.
Avenge this wrong, O ever just and wise!
Let Greece be humbled, and the Trojans rise;
Till the proud king and all the Achaian race
Shall heap with honors him they now disgrace."
Thus Thetis spoke; but Jove in silence held
The sacred counsels of his breast concealed.
Not so repulsed, the goddess closer pressed,
Still grasped his knees, and urged the dear request.
"O sire of gods and men! thy suppliant hear;
Refuse, or grant; for what has Jove to fear?
Or oh! declare, of all the powers above,
Is wretched Thetis least the care of Jove?"
She said: and, sighing, thus the god replies,
Who rolls the thunder o'er the vaulted skies:—
"What hast thou asked? ah, why should Jove engage
In foreign contests and domestic rage,
The gods' complaints, and Juno's fierce alarms,
While I, too partial, aid the Trojan arms?
Go, lest the haughty partner of my sway
With jealous eyes thy close access survey;
But part in peace, secure thy prayer is sped:
Witness the sacred honors of our head,
The nod that ratifies the will divine,
The faithful, fixed, irrevocable sign;
This seals thy suit, and this fulfills thy vows——"
He spoke, and awful bends his sable brows,
Shakes his ambrosial curls, and gives the nod,
The stamp of fate and sanction of the god:

High heaven with trembling the dread signal took,
And all Olympus to the center shook.
Swift to the seas profound the goddess flies,
Jove to his starry mansions in the skies.
The shining synod of the immortals wait
The coming god, and from their thrones of state
Arising silent, wrapped in holy fear,
Before the majesty of heaven appear.
Trembling they stand, while Jove assumes the throne,
All, but the god's imperious queen alone:
Late had she viewed the silver-footed dame,
And all her passions kindled into flame
"Say, artful manager of heaven (she cries),
Who now partakes the secrets of the skies?
Thy Juno knows not the decrees of fate,
In vain the partner of imperial state.
What favorite goddess then those cares divides,
Which Jove in prudence from his consort hides?"
To this the thunderer "Seek not thou to find
The sacred counsels of almighty mind.
Involved in darkness lies the great decree,
Nor can the depths of fate be pierced by thee.
What fits thy knowledge, thou the first shalt know;
The first of gods above, and men below,
But thou, nor they, shall search the thoughts that roll
Deep in the close recesses of my soul."
Full on the sire the goddess of the skies,
Rolled the large orbs of her majestic eyes,
And thus returned "Austere Saturnius, say,
From whence this wrath, or who controls thy sway?
Thy boundless will, for me, remains in force,
And all thy counsels take the destined course
But 'tis for Greece I fear. for late was seen,
In close consult, the silver-footed queen.
Jove to his Thetis nothing could deny,
Nor was the signal vain that shook the sky.
What fatal favor has the goddess won,
To grace her fierce, inexorable son?
Perhaps in Grecian blood to drench the plain,
And glut his vengeance with my people slain"
Then thus the god: "O restless fate of pride,
That strives to learn what heaven resolves to hide,
Vain is the search, presumptuous and abhorred,
Anxious to thee, and odious to thy lord
Let this suffice the immutable decree

No force can shake · what is, that ought to be.
Goddess, submit; nor dare our will withstand,
But dread the power of this avenging hand:
The united strength of all the gods above
In vain resists the omnipotence of Jove."
    The thunderer spoke, nor durst the queen reply;
A reverent horror silenced all the sky.
The feast disturbed, with sorrow Vulcan saw
His mother menaced, and the gods in awe;
Peace at his heart, and pleasure his design,
Thus interposed the architect divine · —
"The wretched quarrels of the mortal state
Are far unworthy, gods! of your debate:
Let men their days in senseless strife employ,
We, in eternal peace and constant joy.
Thou, goddess mother, with our sire comply,
Nor break the sacred union of the sky.
Lest, roused to rage, he shake the blessed abodes,
Launch the red lightning, and dethrone the gods.
If you submit, the thunderer stands appeased;
The gracious power is willing to be pleased"
    Thus Vulcan spoke. and rising with a bound,
The double bowl with sparkling nectar crowned.
Which held to Juno in a cheerful way,
"Goddess (he cried), be patient and obey.
Dear as you are, if Jove his arm extend,
I can but grieve, unable to defend.
What god so daring in your aid to move,
Or lift his hand against the force of Jove?
Once in your cause I felt his matchless might,
Hurled headlong down from the ethereal height;
Tossed all the day in rapid circles round;
Nor till the sun descended touched the ground;
Breathless I fell, in giddy motion lost;
The Sinthians raised me on the Lemnian coast"
    He said, and to her hands the goblet heaved,
Which, with a smile, the white-armed queen received.
Then, to the rest he filled; and in his turn,
Each to his lips applied the nectared urn
Vulcan with awkward grace his office plies,
And unextinguished laughter shakes the skies.
    Thus the blest gods the genial day prolong,
In feasts ambrosial, and celestial song
Apollo tuned the lyre; the Muses round
With voice alternate aid the silver sound.

Meantime the radiant sun to mortal sight
Descending swift, rolled down the rapid light:
Then to their starry domes the gods depart,
The shining monuments of Vulcan's art:
Jove on his couch reclined his awful head,
And Juno slumbered on the golden bed.

Book II.

Now pleasing sleep had sealed each mortal eye,
Stretched in the tents the Grecian leaders lie.
The immortals slumbered on their thrones above;
All, but the ever-wakeful eyes of Jove
To honor Thetis' son he bends his care,
And plunge the Greeks in all the woes of war
Then bids an empty phantom rise to sight,
And thus commands the vision of the night.—
"Fly hence, deluding Dream! and light as air,
To Agamemnon's ample tent repair
Bid him in arms draw forth the embattled train,
Lead all his Grecians to the dusty plain
Declare, e'en now 'tis given him to destroy
The lofty towers of wide-extended Troy
For now no more the gods with fate contend,
At Juno's suit the heavenly factions end.
Destruction hangs o'er yon devoted wall,
And nodding Ilion waits the impending fall."
Swift as the word the vain illusion fled,
Descends, and hovers o'er Atrides' head;
Clothed in the figure of the Pylian sage,
Renowned for wisdom, and revered for age.
Around his temples spreads his golden wing,
And thus the flattering dream deceives the king —
"Canst thou, with all a monarch's cares oppressed,
O Atreus' son! canst thou indulge thy rest?
Ill fits a chief who mighty nations guides,
Directs in council, and in war presides,
To whom its safety a whole people owes,
To waste long nights in indolent repose
Monarch, awake! 'tis Jove's command I bear;
Thou, and thy glory, claim his heavenly care
In just array draw forth the embattled train,
Lead all thy Grecians to the dusty plain;
E'en now, O king! 'tis given thee to destroy
The lofty towers of wide-extended Troy.

For now no more the gods with fate contend,
At Juno's suit the heavenly factions end
Destruction hangs o'er yon devoted wall,
And nodding Ilion waits the impending fall.
Awake, but waking this advice approve,
And trust the vision that descends from Jove"
The phantom said; then vanished from his sight,
Resolves to air, and mixes with the night
A thousand schemes the monarch's mind employ;
Elate in thought he sacks untaken Troy:
Vain as he was, and to the future blind,
Nor saw what Jove and secret fate designed,
What mighty toils to either host remain,
What scenes of grief, and numbers of the slain!
Eager he rises, and in fancy hears
The voice celestial murmuring in his ears.
First on his limbs a slender vest he drew,
Around him next the regal mantle threw,
The embroidered sandals on his feet were tied,
The starry falchion glittered at his side;
And last, his arm the massy scepter loads,
Unstained, immortal, and the gift of gods
Now rosy Morn ascends the court of Jove,
Lifts up her light, and opens day above.
The king dispatched his heralds with commands
To range the camp and summon all the bands.
The gathering hosts the monarch's word obey;
While to the fleet Atrides bends his way
In his black ship the Pylian prince he found,
There calls a senate of the peers around·
The assembly placed, the king of men expressed
The counsels labouring in his artful breast:—
"Friends and confederates! with attentive ear
Receive my words, and credit what you hear
Late as I slumbered in the shades of night,
A dream divine appeared before my sight,
Whose visionary form like Nestor came,
The same in habit, and in mien the same
The heavenly phantom hovered o'er my head,
'And, dost thou sleep, O Atreus' son? (he said)
Ill fits a chief who mighty nations guides,
Directs in council, and in war presides;
To whom its safety a whole people owes,
To waste long nights in indolent repose
Monarch, awake! 'tis Jove's command I bear,

Thee and thy glory claim his heavenly care.
In just array draw forth the embattled train,
And lead the Grecians to the dusty plain;
E'en now, O king! 'tis given thee to destroy
The lofty towers of wide-extended Troy
For now no more the gods with fate contend,
At Juno's suit the heavenly factions end.
Destruction hangs o'er yon devoted wall,
And nodding Ilion waits the impending fall
This hear observant, and the gods obey!"
The vision spoke, and passed in air away
Now, valiant chiefs! since heaven itself alarms,
Unite, and rouse the sons of Greece to arms
But first, with caution, try what yet they dare,
Worn with nine years of unsuccessful war
To move the troops to measure back the main,
Be mine, and yours the province to detain."

He spoke, and sat. when Nestor, rising, said
(Nestor, whom Pylos' sandy realms obeyed) —
"Princes of Greece, your faithful ears incline,
Nor doubt the vision of the powers divine,
Sent by great Jove to him who rules the host,
Forbid it, heaven! this warning should be lost!
Then let us haste, obey the god's alarms,
And join to rouse the sons of Greece to arms"

Thus spoke the sage. the kings without delay
Dissolve the council, and their chief obey:
The sceptered rulers lead, the following host,
Poured forth by thousands, darkens all the coast.
As from some rocky cleft the shepherd sees
Clustering in heaps on heaps the driving bees,
Rolling and blackening, swarms succeeding swarms
With deeper murmurs and more hoarse alarms,
Dusky they spread, a close embodied crowd,
And o'er the vale descends the living cloud
So, from the tents and ships, a lengthened train
Spreads all the beach, and wide o'ershades the plain:
Along the region runs a deafening sound,
Beneath their footsteps groans the trembling ground.
Fame flies before the messenger of Jove,
And shining soars, and claps her wings above.
Nine sacred heralds now, proclaiming loud
The monarch's will, suspend the listening crowd.
Soon as the throngs in order ranged appear,
And fainter murmurs died upon the ear,

Your own resistless eloquence employ,
And to the immortals trust the fall of Troy."
The voice divine confessed the warlike maid,
Ulysses heard, nor uninspired obeyed:
Then meeting first Atrides, from his hand
Received the imperial scepter of command.
Thus graced, attention and respect to gain,
He runs, he flies through all the Grecian train;
Each prince of name, or chief in arms approved,
He fired with praise, or with persuasion moved —
"Warriors like you, with strength and wisdom blessed,
By brave examples should confirm the rest.
The monarch's will not yet revealed appears;
He tries our courage, but resents our fears.
The unwary Greeks his fury may provoke;
Not thus the king in secret council spoke.
Jove loves our chief, from Jove his honor springs,
Beware! for dreadful is the wrath of kings"
But if a clamorous vile plebeian rose,
Him with reproof he checked, or tamed with blows:—
"Be still, thou slave, and to thy betters yield;
Unknown alike in council and in field!
Ye gods, what dastards would our host command!
Swept to the war, the lumber of a land.
Be silent, wretch, and think not here allowed
That worst of tyrants, an usurping crowd.
To one sole monarch Jove commits the sway;
His are the laws, and him let all obey"
With words like these the troops Ulysses ruled,
The loudest silenced, and the fiercest cooled
Back to the assembly roll the thronging train,
Desert the ships, and pour upon the plain.
Murmuring they move, as when old ocean roars,
And heaves huge surges to the trembling shores;
The groaning banks are burst with bellowing sound,
The rocks remurmur and the deeps rebound.
At length the tumult sinks, the noises cease,
And a still silence lulls the camp to peace.
Thersites only clamored in the throng,
Loquacious, loud, and turbulent of tongue:
Awed by no shame, by no respect controlled,
In scandal busy, in reproaches bold:
With witty malice studious to defame,
Scorn all his joy, and laughter all his aim·—
But chief he gloried with licentious style

To lash the great, and monarchs to revile.
His figure such as might his soul proclaim;
One eye was blinking, and one leg was lame.
His mountain shoulders half his breast o'erspread,
Thin hairs bestrewed his long misshapen head.
Spleen to mankind his envious heart possessed,
And much he hated all, but most the best:
Ulysses or Achilles still his theme,
But royal scandal his delight supreme;
Long had he lived the scorn of every Greek,
Vexed when he spoke, yet still they heard him speak.
Sharp was his voice, which in its shrillest tone,
Thus with injurious taunts attacked the throne:—
"Amidst the glories of so bright a reign,
What moves the great Atrides to complain?
'Tis thine whate'er the warrior's breast inflames,
The golden spoil, and thine the lovely dames
With all the wealth our wars and blood bestow,
Thy tents are crowded and thy chests o'erflow
Thus at full ease in heaps of riches rolled,
What grieves the monarch? Is it thirst of gold?
Say, shall we march with our unconquered powers
(The Greeks and I) to Ilion's hostile towers,
And bring the race of royal bastards here,
For Troy to ransom at a price too dear?
But safer plunder thy own host supplies,
Say, wouldst thou seize some valiant leader's prize
Or, if thy heart to generous love be led,
Some captive fair to bless thy kingly bed?
Whate'er our master craves submit we must,
Plagued with his pride, or punished for his lust.
O women of Achaia; men no more!
Hence let us fly, and let him waste his store
In loves and pleasures on the Phrygian shore
We may be wanted on some busy day,
When Hector comes: so great Achilles may
From him he forced the prize we jointly gave,
From him, the fierce, the fearless, and the brave
And durst he, as he ought, resent that wrong,
This mighty tyrant were no tyrant long."
Fierce from his seat at this Ulysses springs.
In generous vengeance of the king of kings
With indignation sparkling in his eyes,
He views the wretch, and sternly thus replies:—
"Peace, factious monster, born to vex the state,

With wrangling talents formed for foul debate
Curb that impetuous tongue, nor rashly vain,
And singly mad, asperse the sovereign reign.
Have we not known thee, slave! of all our host,
The man who acts the least, upbraids the most?
Think not the Greeks to shameful flight to bring,
Nor let those lips profane the name of king.
For our return we trust the heavenly powers;
Be that their care; to fight like men be ours.
But grant the host with wealth the general load,
Except detraction, what hast thou bestowed?
Suppose some hero should his spoils resign,
Art thou that hero, could those spoils be thine?
Gods! let me perish on this hateful shore,
And let these eyes behold my son no more;
If, on thy next offense, this hand forbear
To strip those arms thou ill deserv'st to wear,
Expel the council where our princes meet,
And send thee scourged and howling through the fleet."
He said, and cowering as the dastard bends,
The weighty scepter on his back descends:
On the round bunch the bloody tumors rise:
The tears spring starting from his haggard eyes;
Trembling he sat, and shrunk in abject fears,
From his vile visage wiped the scalding tears;
While to his neighbor each expressed his thought:—
"Ye gods! what wonders has Ulysses wrought!
What fruits his conduct and his courage yield!
Great in the council, glorious in the field.
Generous he rises in the crown's defense,
To curb the factious tongue of insolence.
Such just examples on offenders shown,
Sedition silence, and assert the throne."
'Twas thus the general voice the hero praised,
Who, rising, high the imperial scepter raised:
The blue-eyed Pallas, his celestial friend,
(In form a herald,) bade the crowds attend.
The expecting crowds in still attention hung,
To hear the wisdom of his heavenly tongue.
Then deeply thoughtful, pausing ere he spoke,
His silence thus the prudent hero broke:—
"Unhappy monarch! whom the Grecian race
With shame deserting, heap with vile disgrace.
Not such at Argos was their generous vow
Once all their voice, but ah! forgotten now:

THETIS BEARING THE ARMOR OF ACHILLES

From a painting by François Gerard

Ne'er to return, was then the common cry,
Till Troy's proud structures should in ashes lie
Behold them weeping for their native shore;
What could their wives or helpless children more?
What heart but melts to leave the tender train,
And, one short month, endure the wintry main?
Few leagues removed, we wish our peaceful seat,
When the ship tosses, and the tempests beat·
Then well may this long stay provoke their tears
The tedious length of nine revolving years.
Not for their grief the Grecian host I blame,
But vanquished! baffled! oh, eternal shame!
Expect the time to Troy's destruction given,
And try the faith of Calchas and of heaven
What passed at Aulis, Greece can witness bear,
And all who live to breathe this Phrygian air
Beside a fountain's sacred brink we raised
Our verdant altars, and the victims blazed
'Twas where the plane tree spread its shades around,
The altars heaved; and from the crumbling ground
A mighty dragon shot, of dire portent;
From Jove himself the dreadful sign was sent
Straight to the tree his sanguine spires he rolled,
And curled around in many a winding fold;
The topmost branch a mother bird possessed;
Eight callow infants filled the mossy nest,
Herself the ninth, the serpent, as he hung,
Stretched his black jaws and crushed the crying young,
While hovering near, with miserable moan,
The drooping mother wailed her children gone.
The mother last, as round the nest she flew,
Seized by the beating wing, the monster slew;
Nor long survived to marble turned, he stands
A lasting prodigy on Aulis' sands
Such was the will of Jove; and hence we dare
Trust in his omen, and support the war.
For while around we gazed with wondering eyes,
And trembling sought the powers with sacrifice,
Full of his god, the reverend Calchas cried,
'Ye Grecian warriors! lay your fears aside
This wondrous signal Jove himself displays,
Of long, long labors, but eternal praise
As many birds as by the snake were slain,
So many years the toils of Greece remain;
But wait the tenth, for Ilion's fall decreed'

Thus spoke the prophet, thus the Fates succeed:
Obey, ye Grecians! with submission wait,
Nor let your flight avert the Trojan fate."
He said: the shores with loud applauses sound,
The hollow ships each deafening shout rebound.
Then Nestor thus: "These vain debates forbear,
Ye talk like children, not like heroes dare.
Where now are all your high resolves at last?
Your leagues concluded, your engagements past?
Vowed with libations and with victims then,
Now vanished like their smoke: the faith of men!
While useless words consume the unactive hours,
No wonder Troy so long resists our powers.
Rise, great Atrides! and with courage sway;
We march to war, if thou direct the way.
But leave the few that dare resist thy laws,
The mean deserters of the Grecian cause,
To grudge the conquests mighty Jove prepares,
And view with envy our successful wars.
On that great day, when first the martial train,
Big with the fate of Ilion, plowed the main,
Jove, on the right, a prosperous signal sent,
And thunder rolling shook the firmament.
Encouraged hence, maintain the glorious strife,
Till every soldier grasp a Phrygian wife,
Till Helen's woes at full revenged appear,
And Troy's proud matrons render tear for tear.
Before that day, if any Greek invite
His country's troops to base, inglorious flight,
Stand forth that Greek! and hoist his sail to fly,
And die the dastard first, who dreads to die.
But now, O monarch! all thy chiefs advise:
Nor what they offer, thou thyself despise.
Among those counsels, let not mine be vain;
In tribes and nations to divide thy train:
His separate troops let every leader call,
Each strengthen each, and all encourage all.
What chief, or soldier, of the numerous band,
Or bravely fights, or ill obeys command,
When thus distinct they war, shall soon be known
And what the cause of Ilion not o'erthrown;
If fate resists, or if our arms are slow,
If gods above prevent, or men below."
    To him the king: "How much thy years excel
In arts of counsel, and in speaking well!

O would the gods, in love to Greece, decree
But ten such sages as they grant in thee,
Such wisdom soon should Priam's force destroy,
And soon should fall the haughty towers of Troy!
But Jove forbids, who plunges those he hates
In fierce contention and in vain debates:
Now great Achilles from our aid withdraws,
By me provoked; a captive maid the cause
If e'er as friends we join, the Trojan wall
Must shake, and heavy will the vengeance fall.
But now, ye warriors, take a short repast;
And, well refreshed, to bloody conflict haste
His sharpened spear let every Grecian wield
And every Grecian fix his brazen shield,
Let all excite the fiery steeds of war,
And all for combat fit the rattling car.
This day, this dreadful day, let each contend
No rest, no respite, till the shades descend;
Till darkness, or till death, shall cover all:
Let the war bleed, and let the mighty fall,
Till bathed in sweat be every manly breast,
With the huge shield each brawny arm depressed,
Each aching nerve refuse the lance to throw,
And each spent courser at the chariot blow
Who dares, inglorious, in his ships to stay,
Who dares to tremble on this signal day;
That wretch, too mean to fall by martial power,
The birds shall mangle, and the dogs devour"

The monarch spoke, and straight a murmur rose,
Loud as the surges when the tempest blows,
That dashed on broken rocks tumultuous roar,
And foam and thunder on the stony shore.
Straight to the tents the troops dispersing bend,
The fires are kindled, and the smokes ascend;
With hasty feasts they sacrifice, and pray,
To avert the dangers of the doubtful day.
A steer of five years' age, large limbed, and fed,
To Jove's high altars Agamemnon led·
There bade the noblest of the Grecian peers;
And Nestor first, as most advanced in years
Next came Idomeneus, and Tydeus' son,
Ajax the less, and Ajax Telamon,
Then wise Ulysses in his rank was placed;
And Menelaus came, unbid, the last.
The chiefs surround the destined beast, and take

The sacred offering of the salted cake:
When thus the king prefers his solemn prayer —
"O thou! whose thunder rends the clouded air,
Who in the heaven of heavens hast fixed thy throne,
Supreme of gods! unbounded, and alone!
Hear! and before the burning sun descends,
Before the night her gloomy veil extends,
Low in the dust be laid yon hostile spires,
Be Priam's palace sunk in Grecian fires,
In Hector's breast be plunged this shining sword,
And slaughtered heroes groan around their lord!"
Thus prayed the chief: his unavailing prayer
Great Jove refused, and tossed in empty air:
The God averse, while yet the fumes arose,
Prepared new toils, and doubled woes on woes.
Then prayers performed the chiefs the rite pursue.
The barley sprinkled, and the victim slew
The limbs they sever from the inclosing hide,
The thighs, selected to the gods, divide.
On these, in double cauls involved with art,
The choicest morsels lie from every part,
From the cleft wood the crackling flames aspire,
While the fat victims feed the sacred fire
The thighs thus sacrificed, and entrails dressed,
The assistants part, transfix, and roast the rest;
Then spread the tables, the repast prepare,
Each takes his seat, and each receives his share.
Soon as the rage of hunger was suppressed,
The generous Nestor thus the prince addressed —
"Now bid thy heralds sound the loud alarms,
And call the squadrons sheathed in brazen arms;
Now seize the occasion, now the troops survey,
And lead to war when heaven directs the way."
He said; the monarch issued his commands;
Straight the loud heralds call the gathering bands;
The chiefs inclose their king; the hosts divide,
In tribes and nations ranked on either side.
High in the midst the blue-eyed virgin flies;
From rank to rank she darts her ardent eyes;
The dreadful ægis, Jove's immortal shield,
Blazed on her arm, and lightened all the field:
Round the vast orb a hundred serpents rolled,
Formed the bright fringe, and seemed to burn in gold.
With this each Grecian's manly breast she warms,
Swells their bold hearts, and strings their nervous arms;

No more they sigh, inglorious, to return,
But breathe revenge, and for the combat burn
As on some mountain, through the lofty grove,
The crackling flames ascend, and blaze above;
The fires expanding, as the winds arise,
Shoot their long beams, and kindle half the skies·
So from the polished arms, and brazen shields,
A gleamy splendor flashed along the fields.
Not less their number than the embodied cranes,
Or milk-white swans in Asius' water plains
That, o'er the windings of Cayster's springs,
Stretch their long necks, and clap their rustling wings,
Now tower aloft, and course in airy rounds,
Now light with noise; with noise the field resounds
Thus numerous and confused, extending wide,
The legions crowd Scamander's flowery side,
With rushing troops the plains are covered o'er,
And thundering footsteps shake the sounding shore
Along the river's level meads they stand
Thick as in spring the flowers adorn the land,
Or leaves the trees; or thick as insects play,
The wandering nation of a summer's day:
That, drawn by milky steams, at evening hours,
In gathered swarms surround the rural bowers;
From pail to pail with busy murmur run
The gilded legions, glittering in the sun
So thronged, so close, the Grecian squadrons stood
In radiant arms, and thirst for Trojan blood.
Each leader now his scattered force conjoins
In close array, and forms the deepening lines
Not with more ease the skillful shepherd swain
Collects his flocks from thousands on the plain.
The king of kings, majestically tall,
Towers o'er his armies, and outshines them all.
Like some proud bull, that round the pastures leads
His subject herds, the monarch of the meads,
Great as the gods, the exalted chief was seen,
His strength like Neptune, and like Mars his mien;
Jove o'er his eyes celestial glories spread,
And dawning conquest played around his head.

ON TRANSLATIONS OF HOMER.[1]

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

THESE lame hexameters the strong-winged music of Homer!
No — but a most burlesque barbarous experiment.
When was a harsher sound ever heard, ye Muses, in England?
When did a frog coarser croak upon our Helicon?
Hexameters no worse than daring Germany gave us,
Barbarous experiment, barbarous hexameters!

ON FIRST LOOKING INTO CHAPMAN'S HOMER.

BY JOHN KEATS.

MUCH have I traveled in the realms of gold,
And many goodly states and kingdoms seen;
Round many western islands have I been
Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold.
Oft of one wide expanse had I been told
That deep-browed Homer ruled as his demesne;
Yet did I never breathe its pure serene
Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold.
Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
When a new planet swims into his ken;
Or like stout Cortez when with eagle eyes
He stared at the Pacific — and all his men
Looked at each other with a wild surmise —
Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

ACHILLES AND HELENA.

BY WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

[WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR. English poet and miscellaneous writer; born at Ipsley Court, Warwickshire, January 30, 1775, died at Florence, Italy, September 17, 1864, where he had lived chiefly since 1821. His "Imaginary Conversations" fill six large volumes His first volume of Poems was published in 1795, his last, entitled "Heroic Idylls," in 1863. The list of his writings in prose and verse is very long.]

[1] By permission of the publishers, Macmillan & Co, Ltd.

Achilles, during the siege of Troy, having prayed to his mother Thetis and to Aphroditè that he might see Helen face to face, is transported by those goddesses to a place of meeting with her on Mount Ida.

Helena—Where am I? Desert me not, O ye blessed from above! ye twain who brought me hither!

Was it a dream?

Stranger! thou seemest thoughtful; couldst thou answer me? Why so silent? I beseech and implore thee, speak.

Achilles—Neither thy feet nor the feet of mules have borne thee where thou standest. Whether in the hour of departing sleep, or at what hour of the morning, I know not, O Helena, but Aphroditè and Thetis, inclining to my prayer, have, as thou art conscious, led thee into these solitudes. To me also have they shown the way; that I might behold the pride of Sparta, the marvel of the Earth, and—how my heart swells and agonizes at the thought!—the cause of innumerable woes to Hellas.

Helena—Stranger! thou art indeed one whom the goddesses or gods might lead, and glory in; such is thy stature, thy voice, and thy demeanor; but who, if earthly, art thou?

Achilles—Before thee, O Helena, stands Achilles, son of Peleus. Tremble not, turn not pale, bend not thy knees, O Helena.

Helena—Spare me, thou goddess-born! thou cherished and only son of silver-footed Thetis! Chryseïs and Briseïs ought to soften and content thy heart. Lead not me also into captivity Woes too surely have I brought down on Hellas; but woes have been mine alike, and will forever be.

Achilles—Daughter of Zeus! what word hast thou spoken! Chryseïs, child of the aged priest who performs in this land due sacrifices to Apollo, fell to the lot of another; an insolent and unworthy man, who hath already brought more sorrows upon our people than thou hast; so that dogs and vultures prey on the brave who sank without a wound. Briseïs is indeed mine; the lovely and dutiful Briseïs. He, unjust and contumelious, proud at once and base, would tear her from me. But gods above! in what region has the wolf with impunity dared to seize upon the kid which the lion hath taken?

Talk not of being led into servitude. Could mortal be guilty of such impiety? Hath it never thundered on these mountain heads? Doth Zeus, the wide-seeing, see all the Earth but Ida? doth he watch over all but his own? Capaneus and

Typhoeus less offended him, than would the wretch whose grasp should violate the golden hair of Helena. And dost thou still tremble? irresolute and distrustful!

Helena—I must tremble, and more and more.

Achilles—Take my hand: be confident: be comforted.

Helena—May I take it? may I hold it? I am comforted.

Achilles—The scene around us, calm and silent as the sky itself, tranquilizes thee; and so it ought. Turnest thou to survey it? perhaps it is unknown to thee.

Helena—Truly; for since my arrival I have never gone beyond the walls of the city.

Achilles—Look then around thee freely, perplexed no longer. Pleasant is this level eminence, surrounded by broom and myrtle, and crisp-leaved beech and broad dark pine above. Pleasant the short slender grass, bent by insects as they alight on it or climb along it, and shining up into our eyes, interrupted by tall sisterhoods of gray lavender, and by dark-eyed cistus, and by lightsome citisus, and by little troops of serpolet running in disorder here and there.

Helena—Wonderful! how didst thou ever learn to name so many plants?

Achilles—Chiron taught me them, when I walked at his side while he was culling herbs for the benefit of his brethren. All these he taught me, and at least twenty more; for wondrous was his wisdom, boundless his knowledge, and I was proud to learn.

Ah, look again! look at those little yellow poppies; they appear to be just come out to catch all that the sun will throw into their cups: they appear in their joyance and incipient dance to call upon the lyre to sing among them.

Helena—Childish! for one with such a spear against his shoulder; terrific even its shadow; it seems to make a chasm across the plain.

Achilles—To talk or to think like a child is not always a proof of folly: it may sometimes push aside heavy griefs where the strength of wisdom fails. What art thou pondering, Helena?

Helena—Recollecting the names of the plants. Several of them I do believe I had heard before, but had quite forgotten; my memory will be better now.

Achilles—Better now? in the midst of war and tumult?

Helena—I am sure it will be, for didst thou not say that Chiron taught them?

Achilles — He sang to me over the lyre the lives of Narcissus and Hyacinthus, brought back by the beautiful Hours, of silent unwearied feet, regular as the stars in their courses. Many of the trees and bright-eyed flowers once lived and moved, and spoke as we are speaking. They may yet have memories, although they have cares no longer.

Helena — Ah! then they have no memories; and they see their own beauty only.

Achilles — Helena! thou turnest pale, and droopest.

Helena — The odor of the blossoms, or of the gums, or the height of the place, or something else, makes me dizzy. Can it be the wind in my ears?

Achilles — There is none.

Helena — I could wish there were a little.

Achilles — Be seated, O Helena!

Helena — The feeble are obedient: the weary may rest even in the presence of the powerful.

Achilles — On this very ground where we are now reposing, they who conducted us hither told me, the fatal prize of beauty was awarded. One of them smiled; the other, whom in duty I love the most, looked anxious, and let fall some tears.

Helena — Yet she was not one of the vanquished.

Achilles — Goddesses contended for it; Helena was afar.

Helena — Fatal was the decision of the arbiter!

But could not the venerable Peleus, nor Pyrrhus the infant so beautiful and so helpless, detain thee, O Achilles, from this sad, sad war?

Achilles — No reverence or kindness for the race of Atreus brought me against Troy; I detest and abhor both brothers: but another man is more hateful to me still. Forbear we to name him. The valiant, holding the hearth as sacred as the temple, is never a violator of hospitality. He carries not away the gold he finds in the house; he folds not up the purple linen worked for solemnities, about to convey it from the cedar chest to the dark ship, together with the wife confided to his protection in her husband's absence, and sitting close and expectant by the altar of the gods.

It was no merit in Menelaus to love thee; it was a crime in another — I will not say to love, for even Priam or Nestor might love thee — but to avow it, and act on the avowal.

Helena — Menelaus, it is true, was fond of me, when Paris was sent by Aphroditè to our house. It would have been very

wrong to break my vow to Menelaus, but Aphroditè urged me by day and by night, telling me that to make her break hers to Paris would be quite inexpiable. She told Paris the same thing at the same hour; and as often. He repeated it to me every morning: his dreams tallied with mine exactly. At last——

Achilles—The last is not yet come. Helena! by the Immortals! if ever I meet him in battle I transfix him with this spear.

Helena—Pray do not. Aphroditè would be angry and never forgive thee.

Achilles—I am not sure of that; she soon pardons. Variable as Iris, one day she favors and the next day she forsakes.

Helena—She may then forsake *me*.

Achilles—Other deities, O Helena, watch over and protect thee. Thy two brave brothers are with those deities now, and never are absent from their higher festivals.

Helena—They could protect me were they living, and they would. O that thou couldst but have seen them!

Achilles—Companions of my father on the borders of the Phasis, they became his guests before they went all three to hunt the boar in the brakes of Calydon. Thence too the beauty of a woman brought many sorrows into brave men's breasts, and caused many tears to hang long and heavily on the eyelashes of matrons.

Helena—Didst thou indeed see my brothers at that season? Yes, certainly.

Achilles—I saw them not, desirous though I always was of seeing them, that I might have learnt from them, and might have practiced with them, whatever is laudable and manly. But my father, fearing my impetuosity, as he said, and my inexperience, sent me away. Soothsayers had foretold some mischief to me from an arrow: and among the brakes many arrows might fly wide, glancing from trees.

Helena—I wish thou hadst seen them, were it only once. Three such youths together the blessed sun will never shine upon again.

O my sweet brothers! how they tended me! how they loved me! how often they wished me to mount their horses and to hurl their javelins. They could only teach me to swim with them; and when I had well learnt it I was more afraid than at first. It gratified me to be praised for anything but swimming.

Happy, happy hours! soon over! Does happiness always go

away before beauty? It must go then: surely it might stay that little while. Alas! dear Castor! and dearer Polydeucès! often shall I think of you as ye were (and oh! as I was) on the banks of the Eurotas. Brave noble creatures! they were as tall, as terrible, and almost as beautiful, as thou art. Be not wroth! Blush no more for me.

Achilles — Helena! Helena! wife of Menelaus! my mother is reported to have left about me only one place vulnerable: I have at last found where it is. Farewell

Helena — O leave me not! Earnestly I entreat and implore thee, leave me not alone. These solitudes are terrible: there must be wild beasts among them; there certainly are Fauns and Satyrs. And there is Cybelè, who carries towers and temples on her head; who hates and abhors Aphroditè, who persecutes those *she* favors, and whose priests are so cruel as to be cruel even to themselves.

Achilles — According to their promise, the goddesses who brought thee hither in a cloud will in a cloud reconduct thee, safely and unseen, into the city.

Again, O daughter of Leda and of Zeus, farewell!

MENELAUS AND HELEN AT TROY.

By WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR

[For biographical sketch, see page 224]

After the fall of Troy Helen is pursued by Menelaus up the steps of the palace; an old attendant deprecates and intercepts his vengeance.

Menelaus —

Out of my way! Off! or my sword may smite thee,
Heedless of venerable age. And thou,
Fugitive! stop. Stand, traitress, on that stair —
Thou mountest not another, by the gods!
Now take the death thou meritest, the death
Zeus who presides o'er hospitality,
And every other god whom thou hast left,
And every other who abandons thee
In this accursed city, sends at last.
Turn, vilest of vile slaves! turn, paramour
Of what all other women hate, of cowards,

Turn, lest this hand wrench back thy head, and toss
It and its odors to the dust and flames.

Helen —

Welcome the death thou promisest! Not fear
But shame, obedience, duty, make me turn.

Menelaus —

Duty! false harlot!

Helen — Name too true! severe
Precursor to the blow that is to fall!
It should alone suffice for killing me.

Menelaus —

Ay, weep: be not the only one in Troy
Who wails not on this day — its last — the day
Thou and thy crimes darken with dead on dead.

Helen —

Spare! spare! O let the last that falls be me.
There are but young and old.

Menelaus — There are but guilty
Where thou art, and the sword strikes none amiss.
Hearest thou not the creeping blood buzz near
Like flies? or wouldst thou rather hear it hiss
Louder, against the flaming roofs thrown down
Wherewith the streets are pathless? Ay, but vengeance
Springs over all; and Nemesis and Atè
Drove back the flying ashes with both hands.
I never saw thee weep till now and now
There is no pity in thy tears. The tiger
Leaves not her young athirst for the first milk,
As thou didst Thine could scarce have claspt thy knee
If she had felt thee leave her.

Helen — O my child!
My only one! thou livest: 'tis enough;
Hate me, abhor me, curse me — these are duties —
Call me but Mother in the shades of death!
She now is twelve years old, when the bud swells
And the first colors of uncertain life
Begin to tinge it.

Menelaus [*aside*] — Can she think of home?
Hers once, mine yet, and sweet Hermionè's!
Is there one spark that cheered my hearth, one left,
For thee, my last of love!

Scorn, righteous scorn
Blows it from me — but thou mayst — never, never —
Thou shalt not see her even there. The slave
On earth shall scorn thee, and the damned below.

Helen—
Delay not either fate. If death is mercy,
Send me among the captives, so that Zeus
May see his offspring led in chains away,
And thy hard brother, pointing with his sword
At the last wretch that crouches on the shore,
Cry, "She alone shall never sail for Greece!"
Menelaus—
Hast thou more words?
Her voice is musical
As the young maids who sing to Artemis.
How glossy is that yellow braid my grasp
Seized and let loose! Ah! can then years have past
Since—but the children of the gods, like them,
Suffer not age Helen! speak honestly,
And thus escape my vengeance—was it force
That bore thee off?
Helen— It was some evil god.
Menelaus—
Helping that hated man?
Helen— How justly hated!
Menelaus—
By thee too?
Helen— Hath he not made *thee* unhappy?
O do not strike.
Menelaus— Wretch!
Helen— Strike, but do not speak.
Menelaus—
Lest thou remember me against thy will.
Helen—
Lest I look up and see you wroth and sad,
Against my will, O! how against my will
They know above, they who perhaps can pity.
Menelaus—
They shall not save thee
Helen— Then indeed they pity.
Menelaus—
Prepare for death.
Helen— Not from that hand: 'twould pain you.
Menelaus—
Touch not my hand.—Easily dost thou drop it!
Helen—
Easy are all things, do but thou command.
Menelaus—
Look up then.

Helen — To the hardest proof of all
I am now bidden: bid me not look up.

Menelaus —
She looks as when I led her on behind
The torch and fife, and when the blush o'erspread
Her girlish face at tripping in the myrtle
On the first step before the wreathèd gate.
Approach me. Fall not on thy knees.

Helen — The hand
That is to slay me, best may slay me thus.
I dare no longer see the light of heaven,
Nor thine — alas! the light of heaven to me

Menelaus —
Follow me.
She holds out both arms — and now
Drops them again. — She comes. — Why stoppest thou?

Helen —
O Menelaus! could thy heart know mine,
As once it did — for then did they converse,
Generous the one, the other not unworthy —
Thou wouldst find sorrow deeper even than guilt.

Menelaus —
And I must lead her by the hand again?
Naught shall persuade me. Never. She draws back —
The true alone and loving sob like her.
Come, Helen! [*He takes her hand.*

Helen — O! let never Greek see this!
Hide me from Argos, from Amyclai hide me,
Hide me from all.

Menelaus — Thy anguish is too strong
For me to strive with.

Helen — Leave it all to me.

Menelaus —
Peace! peace! The wind, I hope, is fair for Sparta.

CIRCE'S PALACE.

BY NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

[NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE: American story-writer; born at Salem, Mass., July 4, 1804; died at Plymouth, N.H., May 19, 1864. His official positions, in the customhouse at Salem and as United States consul at Liverpool, furnished him with many opportunities for the study of human nature. His literary popularity was of slow growth, but was founded on the eternal verities. His

most famous novels are "The Scarlet Letter," 1850, "The House of the Seven Gables," 1851; "The Blithedale Romance," 1852; "The Marble Faun," 1860; "Septimius Felton," posthumous He wrote a great number of short stories, inimitable in style and full of weird imagination "Twice-told Tales," first series, appeared in 1837, "The Snow Image and Other Twice-told Tales," in 1852, "Tanglewood Tales," in 1853]

SOME of you have heard, no doubt, of the wise King Ulysses, and how he went to the siege of Troy, and how, after that famous city was taken and burned, he spent ten long years in trying to get back again to his own little kingdom of Ithaca. At one time in the course of this weary voyage, he arrived at an island that looked very green and pleasant, but the name of which was unknown to him. For, only a little while before he came thither, he had met with a terrible hurricane, or rather a great many hurricanes at once, which drove his fleet of vessels into a strange part of the sea, where neither himself nor any of his mariners had ever sailed. This misfortune was entirely owing to the foolish curiosity of his shipmates, who, while Ulysses lay asleep, had untied some very bulky leathern bags, in which they supposed a valuable treasure to be concealed. But in each of these stout bags, King Æolus, the ruler of the winds, had tied up a tempest, and had given it to Ulysses to keep, in order that he might be sure of a favorable passage homeward to Ithaca; and when the strings were loosened, forth rushed the whistling blasts, like air out of a blown bladder, whitening the sea with foam, and scattering the vessels nobody could tell whither.

Immediately after escaping from this peril, a still greater one had befallen him. Scudding before the hurricane, he reached a place which, as he afterwards found, was called Læstrygonia, where some monstrous giants had eaten up many of his companions, and had sunk every one of his vessels, except that in which he himself sailed, by flinging great masses of rock at them, from the cliffs along the shore. After going through such troubles as these, you cannot wonder that King Ulysses was glad to moor his tempest-beaten bark in a quiet cove of the green island which I began with telling you about. But he had encountered so many dangers from giants, and one-eyed Cyclopes, and monsters of the sea and land, that he could not help dreading some mischief, even in this pleasant and seemingly solitary spot. For two days, therefore, the poor weather-worn voyagers kept quiet, and either stayed on board of their vessel, or merely crept along under cliffs that bordered the

shore; and to keep themselves alive, they dug shellfish out of the sand, and sought for any little rill of fresh water that might be running towards the sea.

Before the two days were spent, they grew very weary of this kind of life; for the followers of King Ulysses, as you will find it important to remember, were terrible gormandizers, and pretty sure to grumble if they missed their regular meals, and their irregular ones besides. Their stock of provisions was quite exhausted, and even the shellfish began to get scarce, so that they had now to choose between starving to death or venturing into the interior of the island, where, perhaps, some huge three-headed dragon, or other horrible monster, had his den Such misshapen creatures were very numerous in those days; and nobody ever expected to make a voyage, or take a journey, without running more or less risk of being devoured by them.

But King Ulysses was a bold man as well as a prudent one; and on the third morning he determined to discover what sort of a place the island was, and whether it were possible to obtain a supply of food for the hungry mouths of his companions. So, taking a spear in his hand, he clambered to the summit of a cliff, and gazed round about him. At a distance, towards the center of the island, he beheld the stately towers of what seemed to be a palace, built of snow-white marble, and rising in the midst of a grove of lofty trees. The thick branches of these trees stretched across the front of the edifice, and more than half concealed it, although, from the portion which he saw, Ulysses judged it to be spacious and exceedingly beautiful, and probably the residence of some great nobleman or prince. A blue smoke went curling up from the chimney, and was almost the pleasantest part of the spectacle to Ulysses. For, from the abundance of this smoke, it was reasonable to conclude that there was a good fire in the kitchen, and that, at dinner time, a plentiful banquet would be served up to the inhabitants of the palace, and to whatever guests might happen to drop in.

With so agreeable a prospect before him, Ulysses fancied that he could not do better than to go straight to the palace gate, and tell the master of it that there was a crew of poor shipwrecked mariners, not far off, who had eaten nothing for a day or two save a few clams and oysters, and would therefore be thankful for a little food. And the prince or nobleman must be a very stingy curmudgeon, to be sure, if, at least, when

his own dinner was over, he would not bid them welcome to the broken victuals from the table.

Pleasing himself with this idea, King Ulysses had made a few steps in the direction of the palace, when there was a great twittering and chirping from the branch of a neighboring tree. A moment afterwards, a bird came flying towards him, and hovered in the air, so as almost to brush his face with its wings. It was a very pretty little bird, with purple wings and body, and yellow legs, and a circle of golden feathers round its neck, and on its head a golden tuft, which looked like a king's crown in miniature. Ulysses tried to catch the bird. But it fluttered nimbly out of his reach, still chirping in a piteous tone, as if it could have told a lamentable story, had it only been gifted with human language. And when he attempted to drive it away, the bird flew no farther than the bough of the next tree, and again came fluttering about his head, with its doleful chirp, as soon as he showed a purpose of going forward.

"Have you anything to tell me, little bird?" asked Ulysses

And he was ready to listen attentively to whatever the bird might communicate; for at the siege of Troy, and elsewhere, he had known such odd things to happen, that he would not have considered it much out of the common run had this little feathered creature talked as plainly as himself.

"Peep!" said the bird, "peep, peep, pe—weep!" And nothing else would it say, but only, "Peep, peep, pe—weep!" in a melancholy cadence, and over and over and over again. As often as Ulysses moved forward, however, the bird showed the greatest alarm, and did its best to drive him back, with the anxious flutter of its purple wings. Its unaccountable behavior made him conclude, at last, that the bird knew of some danger that awaited him, and which must needs be very terrible, beyond all question, since it moved even a little fowl to feel compassion for a human being. So he resolved, for the present, to return to the vessel, and tell his companions what he had seen.

This appeared to satisfy the bird. As soon as Ulysses turned back, it ran up the trunk of a tree, and began to pick insects out of the bark with its long, sharp bill; for it was a kind of woodpecker, you must know, and had to get its living in the same manner as other birds of that species. But every little while, as it pecked at the bark of the tree, the purple bird bethought itself of some secret sorrow, and repeated its plaintive note of "Peep, peep, pe—weep!"

On his way to the shore, Ulysses had the good luck to kill a large stag by thrusting his spear into its back. Taking it on his shoulders (for he was a remarkably strong man), he lugged it along with him, and flung it down before his hungry companions. I have already hinted to you what gormandizers some of the comrades of King Ulysses were. From what is related of them, I reckon that their favorite diet was pork, and that they had lived upon it until a good part of their physical substance was swine's flesh, and their tempers and dispositions were very much akin to the hog. A dish of venison, however, was no unacceptable meal to them, especially after feeding so long on oysters and clams. So, beholding the dead stag, they felt of its ribs in a knowing way, and lost no time in kindling a fire, of driftwood, to cook it. The rest of the day was spent in feasting; and if these enormous eaters got up from table at sunset, it was only because they could not scrape another morsel off the poor animal's bones.

The next morning their appetites were as sharp as ever. They looked at Ulysses, as if they expected him to clamber up the cliff again and come back with another fat deer upon his shoulders. Instead of setting out, however, he summoned the whole crew together, and told them it was in vain to hope that he could kill a stag every day for their dinner, and therefore it was advisable to think of some other mode of satisfying their hunger.

"Now," said he, "when I was on the cliff yesterday, I discovered that this island is inhabited. At a considerable distance from the shore stood a marble palace, which appeared to be very spacious, and had a great deal of smoke curling out of one of its chimneys."

"Aha!" muttered some of his companions, smacking their lips. "That smoke must have come from the kitchen fire. There was a good dinner on the spit; and no doubt there will be as good a one to-day."

"But," continued the wise Ulysses, "you must remember, my good friends, our misadventure in the cavern of one-eyed Polyphemus, the Cyclops! Instead of his ordinary milk diet, did he not eat up two of our comrades for his supper, and a couple more for breakfast, and two at his supper again? Methinks I see him yet, the hideous monster, scanning us with that great red eye, in the middle of his forehead, to single out the fattest. And then again only a few days ago, did we not

fall into the hands of the king of the Læstrygons, and those other horrible giants, his subjects, who devoured a great many more of us than are now left? To tell you the truth, if we go to yonder palace, there can be no question that we shall make our appearance at the dinner table; but whether seated as guests, or served up as food, is a point to be seriously considered."

"Either way," murmured some of the hungriest of the crew, "it will be better than starvation; particularly if one could be sure of being well fattened beforehand, and daintily cooked afterwards."

"That is a matter of taste," said King Ulysses, "and, for my own part, neither the most careful fattening nor the daintiest of cookery would reconcile me to being dished at last. My proposal is, therefore, that we divide ourselves into two equal parties, and ascertain, by drawing lots, which of the two shall go to the palace, and beg for food and assistance. If these can be obtained, all is well. If not, and if the inhabitants prove as inhospitable as Polyphemus, or the Læstrygons, then there will but half of us perish, and the remainder may set sail and escape."

As nobody objected to this scheme, Ulysses proceeded to count the whole band, and found that there were forty-six men including himself. He then numbered off twenty-two of them, and put Eurylochus (who was one of his chief officers, and second only to himself in sagacity) at their head. Ulysses took command of the remaining twenty-two men, in person. Then, taking off his helmet, he put two shells into it, on one of which was written, "Go," and on the other, "Stay." Another person now held the helmet, while Ulysses and Eurylochus drew out each a shell, and the word "Go" was found written on that which Eurylochus had drawn. In this manner, it was decided that Ulysses and his twenty-two men were to remain at the seaside until the other party should have found out what sort of treatment they might expect at the mysterious palace. As there was no help for it, Eurylochus immediately set forth at the head of his twenty-two followers, who went off in a very melancholy state of mind, leaving their friends in hardly better spirits than themselves.

No sooner had they clambered up the cliff, than they discerned the tall marble towers of the palace, ascending, as white as snow, out of the lovely green shadow of the trees which surrounded it. A gush of smoke came from a chimney in the rear

of the edifice. This vapor rose high in the air, and, meeting with a breeze, was wafted seaward, and made to pass over the heads of the hungry mariners. When people's appetites are keen, they have a very quick scent for anything savory in the wind.

"That smoke comes from the kitchen!" cried one of them, turning up his nose as high as he could, and snuffing eagerly. "And, as sure as I'm a half-starved vagabond, I smell roast meat in it."

"Pig, roast pig!" said another. "Ah, the dainty little porker! My mouth waters for him."

"Let us make haste," cried the others, "or we shall be too late for the good cheer!"

But scarcely had they made half a dozen steps from the edge of the cliff, when a bird came fluttering to meet them. It was the same pretty little bird, with the purple wings and body, the yellow legs, the golden collar round its neck, and the crownlike tuft upon its head, whose behavior had so much surprised Ulysses. It hovered about Eurylochus, and almost brushed his face with its wings.

"Peep, peep, pe—weep!" chirped the bird.

So plaintively intelligent was the sound, that it seemed as if the little creature were going to break its heart with some mighty secret that it had to tell, and only this one poor note to tell it with.

"My pretty bird," said Eurylochus,—for he was a wary person, and let no token of harm escape his notice,—"my pretty bird, who sent you hither? And what is the message which you bring?"

"Peep, peep, pe—weep!" replied the bird, very sorrowfully.

Then it flew towards the edge of the cliff, and looked round at them, as if exceedingly anxious that they should return whence they came. Eurylochus and a few of the others were inclined to turn back. They could not help suspecting that the purple bird must be aware of something mischievous that would befall them at the palace, and the knowledge of which affected its airy spirit with a human sympathy and sorrow. But the rest of the voyagers, snuffing up the smoke from the palace kitchen, ridiculed the idea of returning to the vessel. One of them (more brutal than his fellows, and the most notorious gormandizer in the whole crew) said such a cruel and

wicked thing, that I wonder the mere thought did not turn him into a wild beast in shape, as he already was in his nature.

"This troublesome and impertinent little fowl," said he, "would make a delicate tidbit to begin dinner with. Just one plump morsel, melting away between the teeth. If he comes within my reach, I'll catch him, and give him to the palace cook to be roasted on a skewer."

The words were hardly out of his mouth, before the purple bird flew away, crying "Peep, peep, pe—weep," more dolorously than ever.

"That bird," remarked Eurylochus, "knows more than we do about what awaits us at the palace."

"Come on, then," cried his comrades, "and we'll soon know as much as he does"

The party, accordingly, went onward through the green and pleasant wood. Every little while they caught new glimpses of the marble palace, which looked more and more beautiful the nearer they approached it. They soon entered a broad pathway, which seemed to be very neatly kept, and which went winding along with streaks of sunshine falling across it, and specks of light quivering among the deepest shadows that fell from the lofty trees. It was bordered, too, with a great many sweet-smelling flowers, such as the mariners had never seen before. So rich and beautiful they were, that, if the shrubs grew wild here, and were native in the soil, then this island was surely the flower garden of the whole earth; or, if transplanted from some other clime, it must have been from the Happy Islands that lay towards the golden sunset.

"There has been a great deal of pains foolishly wasted on these flowers," observed one of the company; and I tell you what he said, that you may keep in mind what gormandizers they were. "For my part, if I were the owner of the palace, I would bid my gardener cultivate nothing but savory pot herbs to make a stuffing for roast meat, or to flavor a stew with."

"Well said!" cried the others. "But I'll warrant you there's a kitchen garden in the rear of the palace."

At one place they came to a crystal spring, and paused to drink at it for want of liquor which they liked better. Looking into its bosom, they beheld their own faces dimly reflected, but so extravagantly distorted by the gush and motion of the water, that each one of them appeared to be laughing at himself and all his companions. So ridiculous were these images of

themselves, indeed, that they did really laugh aloud, and could hardly be grave again as soon as they wished. And after they had drunk, they grew still merrier than before.

"It has a twang of the wine cask in it," said one, smacking his lips.

"Make haste!" cried his fellows; "we'll find the wine cask itself at the palace; and that will be better than a hundred crystal fountains."

Then they quickened their pace, and capered for joy at the thought of the savory banquet at which they hoped to be guests. But Eurylochus told them that he felt as if he were walking in a dream.

"If I am really awake," continued he, "then, in my opinion, we are on the point of meeting with some stranger adventure than any that befell us in the cave of Polyphemus, or among the gigantic man-eating Læstrygons, or in the windy palace of King Æolus, which stands on a brazen-walled island. This kind of dreamy feeling always comes over me before any wonderful occurrence. If you take my advice, you will turn back."

"No, no," answered his comrades, snuffing the air, in which the scent from the palace kitchen was now very perceptible. "We would not turn back, though we were certain that the king of the Læstrygons, as big as a mountain, would sit at the head of the table, and huge Polyphemus, the one-eyed Cyclops, at its foot."

At length they came within full sight of the palace, which proved to be very large and lofty, with a great number of airy pinnacles upon its roof. Though it was now midday, and the sun shone brightly over the marble front, yet its snowy whiteness, and its fantastic style of architecture, made it look unreal, like the frostwork on a window pane, or like the shapes of castles which one sees among the clouds by moonlight. But, just then, a puff of wind brought down the smoke of the kitchen chimney among them, and caused each man to smell the odor of the dish that he liked best; and, after scenting it, they thought everything else moonshine, and nothing real save this palace, and save the banquet that was evidently ready to be served up in it.

So they hastened their steps towards the portal, but had not got halfway across the wide lawn, when a pack of lions, tigers, and wolves came bounding to meet them. The terrified mariners

started back, expecting no better fate than to be torn to pieces and devoured. To their surprise and joy, however, these wild beasts merely capered around them, wagging their tails, offering their heads to be stroked and patted, and behaving just like so many well-bred house dogs, when they wish to express their delight at meeting their master, or their master's friends. The biggest lion licked the feet of Eurylochus, and every other lion, and every wolf and tiger, singled out one of his two and twenty followers, whom the beast fondled as if he loved him better than a beef bone.

But, for all that, Eurylochus imagined that he saw something fierce and savage in their eyes; nor would he have been surprised, at any moment, to feel the big lion's terrible claws, or to see each of the tigers make a deadly spring, or each wolf leap at the throat of the man whom he had fondled. Their mildness seemed unreal, and a mere freak; but their savage nature was as true as their teeth and claws.

Nevertheless, the men went safely across the lawn, with the wild beasts frisking about them and doing no manner of harm; although, as they mounted the steps of the palace, you might possibly have heard a low growl, particularly from the wolves; as if they thought it a pity, after all, to let the strangers pass without so much as tasting what they were made of.

Eurylochus and his followers now passed under a lofty portal, and looked through the open doorway into the interior of the palace. The first thing that they saw was a spacious hall, and a fountain in the middle of it, gushing up towards the ceiling out of a marble basin, and falling back into it with a continual plash. The water of this fountain, as it spouted upward, was constantly taking new shapes, not very distinctly, but plainly enough for a nimble fancy to recognize what they were. Now it was the shape of a man in a long robe, the fleecy whiteness of which was made out of the fountain's spray; now it was a lion, or a tiger, or a wolf, or an ass, or, as often as anything else, a hog, wallowing in the marble basin as if it were his sty. It was either magic or some very curious machinery that caused the gushing waterspout to assume all these forms. But, before the strangers had time to look closely at this wonderful sight, their attention was drawn off by a very sweet and agreeable sound. A woman's voice was singing melodiously in another room of the palace, and with her voice was mingled the noise of a loom, at which she was probably seated, weaving a rich

texture of cloth, and intertwining the high and low sweetness of her voice into a rich tissue of harmony.

By and by, the song came to an end; and then, all at once, there were several feminine voices, talking airily and cheerfully, with now and then a merry burst of laughter, such as you may always hear when three or four young women sit at work together.

"What a sweet song that was!" exclaimed one of the voyagers.

"Too sweet, indeed," answered Eurylochus, shaking his head. "Yet it was not so sweet as the song of the Sirens, those birdlike damsels who wanted to tempt us on the rocks, so that our vessel might be wrecked, and our bones left whitening along the shore."

"But just listen to the pleasant voices of those maidens, and that buzz of the loom, as the shuttle passes to and fro," said another comrade. "What a domestic, household, homelike sound it is! Ah, before that weary siege of Troy, I used to hear the buzzing loom and the women's voices under my own roof. Shall I never hear them again? nor taste those nice little savory dishes which my dearest wife knew how to serve up?"

"Tush! we shall fare better here," said another. "But how innocently those women are babbling together, without guessing that we overhear them! And mark that richest voice of all, so pleasant and familiar, but which yet seems to have the authority of a mistress among them. Let us show ourselves at once. What harm can the lady of the palace and her maidens do to mariners and warriors like us?"

"Remember," said Eurylochus, "that it was a young maiden who beguiled three of our friends into the palace of the king of the Læstrygons, who ate up one of them in the twinkling of an eye."

No warning or persuasion, however, had any effect on his companions. They went up to a pair of folding doors at the farther end of the hall, and, throwing them wide open, passed into the next room. Eurylochus, meanwhile, had stepped behind a pillar. In the short moment while the folding doors opened and closed again, he caught a glimpse of a very beautiful woman rising from the loom, and coming to meet the poor weather-beaten wanderers, with a hospitable smile, and her hand stretched out in welcome. There were four other young women, who joined their hands and danced merrily forward, making gestures of

obeisance to the strangers. They were only less beautiful than the lady who seemed to be their mistress. Yet Eurylochus fancied that one of them had sea-green hair, and that the close-fitting bodice of a second looked like the bark of a tree, and that both the others had something odd in their aspect, although he could not quite determine what it was, in the little while that he had to examine them.

The folding doors swung quickly back, and left him standing behind the pillar, in the solitude of the outer hall. There Eurylochus waited until he was quite weary, and listened eagerly to every sound, but without hearing anything that could help him to guess what had become of his friends. Footsteps, it is true, seemed to be passing and repassing in other parts of the palace. Then there was a clatter of silver dishes, or golden ones, which made him imagine a rich feast in a splendid banqueting hall. But by and by he heard a tremendous grunting and squealing, and then a sudden scampering, like that of small, hard hoofs over a marble floor, while the voices of the mistress and her four handmaidens were screaming all together, in tones of anger and derision. Eurylochus could not conceive what had happened, unless a drove of swine had broken into the palace, attracted by the smell of the feast. Chancing to cast his eyes at the fountain, he saw that it did not shift its shape, as formerly, nor looked either like a long-robed man, or a lion, a tiger, a wolf, or an ass. It looked like nothing but a hog, which lay wallowing in the marble basin, and filled it from brim to brim.

But we must leave the prudent Eurylochus waiting in the outer hall, and follow his friends into the inner secrecy of the palace. As soon as the beautiful woman saw them, she arose from the loom, as I have told you, and came forward, smiling, and stretching out her hand. She took the hand of the foremost among them, and bade him and the whole party welcome.

"You have been long expected, my good friends," said she. "I and my maidens are well acquainted with you, although you do not appear to recognize us. Look at this piece of tapestry, and judge if your faces must not have been familiar to us."

So the voyagers examined the web of cloth which the beautiful woman had been weaving in her loom; and, to their vast astonishment, they saw their own figures perfectly represented in different colored threads. It was a lifelike picture of their recent adventures, showing them in the cave of Polyphemus, and how they had put out his one great moony eye; while in

another part of the tapestry they were untying the leathern bags, puffed out with contrary winds; and farther on, they beheld themselves scampering away from the gigantic king of the Læstrygons, who had caught one of them by the leg. Lastly, there they were, sitting on the desolate shore of this very island, hungry and downcast, and looking ruefully at the bare bones of the stag which they devoured yesterday. This was as far as the work had yet proceeded; but when the beautiful woman should again sit down at her loom, she would probably make a picture of what had since happened to the strangers. and of what was now going to happen.

"You see," she said, "that I know all about your troubles; and you cannot doubt that I desire to make you happy for as long a time as you may remain with me. For this purpose, my honored guests, I have ordered a banquet to be prepared. Fish, fowl, and flesh, roasted, and in luscious stews, and seasoned, I trust, to all your tastes, are ready to be served up. If your appetites tell you it is dinner time, then come with me to the festal saloon."

At this kind invitation, the hungry mariners were quite overjoyed; and one of them, taking upon himself to be spokesman, assured their hospitable hostess that any hour of the day was dinner time with them, whenever they could get flesh to put in the pot, and fire to boil it with. So the beautiful woman led the way; and the four maidens (one of them had sea-green hair, another a bodice of oak bark, a third sprinkled a shower of water drops from her fingers' ends, and the fourth had some other oddity, which I have forgotten), all these followed behind, and hurried the guests along, until they entered a magnificent saloon. It was built in a perfect oval, and lighted from a crystal dome above. Around the walls were ranged two and twenty thrones, overhung by canopies of crimson and gold, and provided with the softest of cushions, which were tasseled and fringed with gold cord. Each of the strangers was invited to sit down; and there they were, two and twenty storm-beaten mariners, in worn and tattered garb, sitting on two and twenty cushioned and canopied thrones, so rich and gorgeous that the proudest monarch had nothing more splendid in his stateliest hall.

Then you might have seen the guests nodding, winking with one eye, and leaning from one throne to another, to communicate their satisfaction in hoarse whispers.

"Our good hostess has made kings of us all," said one. "Ha! do you smell the feast? I'll engage it will be fit to set before two and twenty kings."

"I hope," said another, "it will be, mainly, good substantial joints, sirloins, spareribs, and hinder quarters, without two many kickshaws If I thought the good lady would not take it amiss, I should call for a fat slice of fried bacon to begin with."

Ah, the gluttons and gormandizers! You see how it was with them. In the loftiest seats of dignity, on royal thrones, they could think of nothing but their greedy appetite, which was the portion of their nature that they shared with wolves and swine; so that they resembled those vilest of animals far more than they did kings,—if, indeed, kings were what they ought to be.

But the beautiful woman now clapped her hands, and immediately there entered a train of two and twenty serving men, bringing dishes of the richest food, all hot from the kitchen fire, and sending up such a steam that it hung like a cloud below the crystal dome of the saloon. An equal number of attendants brought great flagons of wine, of various kinds, some of which sparkled as it was poured out, and went bubbling down the throat; while, of other sorts, the purple liquor was so clear that you could see the wrought figures at the bottom of the goblet. While the servants supplied the two and twenty guests with food and drink, the hostess and her four maidens went from one throne to another, exhorting them to eat their fill, and to quaff wine abundantly, and thus to recompense themselves, at this one banquet, for the many days when they had gone without a dinner. But, whenever the mariners were not looking at them (which was pretty often, as they looked chiefly into the basins and platters), the beautiful woman and her damsels turned aside and laughed. Even the servants, as they knelt down to present the dishes, might be seen to grin and sneer, while the guests were helping themselves to the offered dainties.

And, once in a while, the strangers seemed to taste something that they did not like.

"Here is an odd kind of a spice in this dish," said one. "I can't say it quite suits my palate. Down it goes, however."

"Send a good draught of wine down your throat," said his comrade on the next throne. "That is the stuff to make this

sort of cookery relish well. Though I must needs say, the wine has a queer taste too. But the more I drink of it, the better I like the flavor."

Whatever little fault they might find with the dishes, they sat at dinner a prodigiously long while; and it would really have made you ashamed to see how they swilled down the liquor and gobbled up the food. They sat on golden thrones, to be sure; but they behaved like pigs in a sty; and, if they had had their wits about them, they might have guessed that this was the opinion of their beautiful hostess and her maidens. It brings a blush into my face to reckon up, in my own mind, what mountains of meat and pudding, and what gallons of wine, these two and twenty guzzlers and gormandizers ate and drank. They forgot all about their homes, and their wives and children, and all about Ulysses, and everything else, except this banquet, at which they wanted to keep feasting forever. But at length they began to give over, from mere incapacity to hold any more.

"That last bit of fat is too much for me," said one.

"And I have not room for another morsel," said his next neighbor, heaving a sigh. "What a pity! My appetite is as sharp as ever."

In short, they all left off eating, and leaned back on their thrones, with such a stupid and helpless aspect as made them ridiculous to behold. When their hostess saw this, she laughed aloud; so did her four damsels; so did the two and twenty serving men that bore the dishes, and their two and twenty fellows that poured out the wine. And the louder they all laughed, the more stupid and helpless did the two and twenty gormandizers look. Then the beautiful woman took her stand in the middle of the saloon, and stretching out a slender rod (it had been all the while in her hand, although they never noticed it till this moment), she turned it from one guest to another, until each had felt it pointed at himself. Beautiful as her face was, and though there was a smile on it, it looked just as wicked and mischievous as the ugliest serpent that ever was seen; and fat-witted as the voyagers had made themselves, they began to suspect that they had fallen into the power of an evil-minded enchantress.

"Wretches," cried she, "you have abused a lady's hospitality; and in this princely saloon your behavior has been suited to a hogpen. You are already swine in everything but

the human form, which you disgrace, and which I myself should be ashamed to keep a moment longer, were you to share it with me. But it will require only the slightest exercise of magic to make the exterior conform to the hoggish disposition. Assume your proper shapes, gormandizers, and begone to the sty!"

Uttering these last words, she waved her wand; and stamping her foot imperiously, each of the guests was struck aghast at beholding, instead of his comrades in human shape, one and twenty hogs sitting on the same number of golden thrones. Each man (as he still supposed himself to be) essayed to give a cry of surprise, but found that he could merely grunt, and that, in a word, he was just such another beast as his companions. It looked so intolerably absurd to see hogs on cushioned thrones, that they made haste to wallow down upon all fours, like other swine. They tried to groan and beg for mercy, but forthwith emitted the most awful grunting and squealing that ever came out of swinish throats. They would have wrung their hands in despair, but, attempting to do so, grew all the more desperate for seeing themselves squatted on their hams, and pawing the air with their fore trotters. Dear me! what pendulous ears they had! what little red eyes, half buried in fat! and what long snouts, instead of Grecian noses!

But brutes as they certainly were, they yet had enough of human nature in them to be shocked at their own hideousness; and, still intending to groan, they uttered a viler grunt and squeal than before. So harsh and ear-piercing it was, that you would have fancied a butcher was sticking his knife into each of their throats, or, at the very least, that somebody was pulling every hog by his funny little twist of a tail.

"Begone to your sty!" cried the enchantress, giving them some smart strokes with her wand; and then she turned to the serving men, "Drive out these swine, and throw down some acorns for them to eat."

The door of the saloon being flung open, the drove of hogs ran in all directions save the right one, in accordance with their hoggish perversity, but were finally driven into the back yard of the palace. It was a sight to bring tears into one's eyes (and I hope none of you will be cruel enough to laugh at it), to see the poor creatures go snuffing along, picking up here a cabbage leaf and there a turnip top, and rooting their noses in the earth for whatever they could find. In their sty, moreover, they behaved more piggishly than the pigs that had been

born so; for they bit and snorted at one another, put their feet in the trough, and gobbled up their victuals in a ridiculous hurry; and, when there was nothing more to be had, they made a great pile of themselves among some unclean straw, and fell fast asleep. If they had any human reason left, it was just enough to keep them wondering when they should be slaughtered, and what quality of bacon they should make.

Meantime, as I told you before, Eurylochus had waited, and waited, and waited, in the entrance hall of the palace, without being able to comprehend what had befallen his friends. At last, when the swinish uproar resounded through the palace, and when he saw the image of a hog in the marble basin, he thought it best to hasten back to the vessel, and inform the wise Ulysses of these marvelous occurrences. So he ran as fast as he could down the steps, and never stopped to draw breath till he reached the shore.

"Why do you come alone?" asked King Ulysses, as soon as he saw him. "Where are your two and twenty comrades?"

At these questions, Eurylochus burst into tears.

"Alas!" cried he, "I greatly fear that we shall never see one of their faces again."

Then he told Ulysses all that had happened, as far as he knew it, and added that he suspected the beautiful woman to be a vile enchantress, and the marble palace, magnificent as it looked, to be only a dismal cavern in reality. As for his companions, he could not imagine what had become of them, unless they had been given to the swine to be devoured alive. At this intelligence all the voyagers were greatly affrighted. But Ulysses lost no time in girding on his sword, and hanging his bow and quiver over his shoulders, and taking a spear in his right hand. When his followers saw their wise leader making these preparations, they inquired whither he was going, and earnestly besought him not to leave them.

"You are our king," cried they; "and what is more, you are the wisest man in the whole world, and nothing but your wisdom and courage can get us out of this danger. If you desert us, and go to the enchanted palace, you will suffer the same fate as our poor companions, and not a soul of us will ever see our dear Ithaca again."

"As I am your king," answered Ulysses, "and wiser than any of you, it is therefore the more my duty to see what has befallen our comrades, and whether anything can yet be done

asked Quicksilver. "Do you not know that this island is enchanted? The wicked enchantress (whose name is Circe, the sister of King Æetes) dwells in the marble palace which you see yonder among the trees. By her magic arts, she changes every human being into the brute, beast, or fowl whom he happens most to resemble."

"That little bird, which met me at the edge of the cliff," exclaimed Ulysses; "was he a human being once?"

"Yes," answered Quicksilver. "He was once a king, named Picus, and a pretty good sort of a king too, only rather too proud of his purple robe, and his crown, and the golden chain about his neck; so he was forced to take the shape of a gaudy-feathered bird. The lions, and wolves, and tigers, who will come running to meet you, in front of the palace, were formerly fierce and cruel men, resembling in their dispositions the wild beasts whose forms they now rightfully wear."

"And my poor companions," said Ulysses. "Have they undergone a similar change, through the arts of this wicked Circe?"

"You well know what gormandizers they were," replied Quicksilver; and, rogue that he was, he could not help laughing at the joke. "So you will not be surprised to hear that they have all taken the shapes of swine! If Circe had never done anything worse, I really should not think her so very much to blame."

"But can I do nothing to help them?" inquired Ulysses.

"It will require all your wisdom," said Quicksilver, "and a little of my own into the bargain, to keep your royal and sagacious self from being transformed into a fox. But do as I bid you; and the matter may end better than it has begun."

While he was speaking, Quicksilver seemed to be in search of something; he went stooping along the ground, and soon laid his hand on a little plant with a snow-white flower, which he plucked and smelt of. Ulysses had been looking at that very spot only just before; and it appeared to him that the plant had burst into full flower the instant when Quicksilver touched it with his fingers.

"Take this flower, King Ulysses," said he. "Guard it as you do your eyesight; for I can assure you it is exceedingly rare and precious, and you might seek the whole earth over without ever finding another like it. Keep it in your hand, and smell of it frequently after you enter the palace, and while

you are talking with the enchantress. Especially when she offers you food, or a draught of wine out of her goblet, be careful to fill your nostrils with the flower's fragrance. Follow these directions, and you may defy her magic arts to change you into a fox "

Quicksilver then gave him some further advice how to behave, and, bidding him be bold and prudent, again assured him that, powerful as Circe was, he would have a fair prospect of coming safely out of her enchanted palace. After listening attentively, Ulysses thanked his good friend, and resumed his way. But he had taken only a few steps, when, recollecting some other questions which he wished to ask, he turned round again, and beheld nobody on the spot where Quicksilver had stood; for that winged cap of his, and those winged shoes, with the help of the winged staff, had carried him quickly out of sight.

When Ulysses reached the lawn, in front of the palace, the lions and other savage animals came bounding to meet him, and would have fawned upon him and licked his feet. But the wise king struck at them with his long spear, and sternly bade them begone out of his path; for he knew that they had once been bloodthirsty men, and would now tear him limb from limb, instead of fawning upon him, could they do the mischief that was in their hearts The wild beasts yelped and glared at him, and stood at a distance while he ascended the palace steps.

On entering the hall, Ulysses saw the magic fountain in the center of it. The upgushing water had now again taken the shape of a man in a long, white, fleecy robe, who appeared to be making gestures of welcome. The king likewise heard the noise of the shuttle in the loom, and the sweet melody of the beautiful woman's song, and then the pleasant voices of herself and the four maidens talking together, with peals of merry laughter intermixed. But Ulysses did not waste much time in listening to the laughter or the song. He leaned his spear against one of the pillars of the hall, and then, after loosening his sword in the scabbard, stepped boldly forward, and threw the folding doors wide open. The moment she beheld his stately figure standing in the doorway, the beautiful woman rose from the loom, and ran to meet him with a glad smile throwing its sunshine over her face, and both her hands extended.

"Welcome, brave stranger!" cried she. "We were expecting you."

And the nymph with the sea-green hair made a courtesy down to the ground, and likewise bade him welcome; so did her sister with the bodice of oaken bark, and she that sprinkled dewdrops from her fingers' ends, and the fourth one with some oddity which I cannot remember. And Circe, as the beautiful enchantress was called (who had deluded so many persons that she did not doubt of being able to delude Ulysses, not imagining how wise he was), again addressed him.

"Your companions," said she, "have already been received into my palace, and have enjoyed the hospitable treatment to which the propriety of their behavior so well entitles them. If such be your pleasure, you shall first take some refreshment, and then join them in the elegant apartment which they now occupy. See, I and my maidens have been weaving their figures into this piece of tapestry."

She pointed to the web of beautifully woven cloth in the loom. Circe and the four nymphs must have been very diligently at work since the arrival of the mariners; for a great many yards of tapestry had now been wrought, in addition to what I before described. In this new part, Ulysses saw his two and twenty friends represented as sitting on cushioned and canopied thrones, greedily devouring dainties and quaffing deep draughts of wine. The work had not yet gone any further. Oh no, indeed. The enchantress was far too cunning to let Ulysses see the mischief which her magic arts had since brought upon the gormandizers.

"As for yourself, valiant sir," said Circe, "judging by the dignity of your aspect, I take you to be nothing less than a king. Deign to follow me, and you shall be treated as befits your rank."

So Ulysses followed her into the oval saloon, where his two and twenty comrades had devoured the banquet, which ended so disastrously for themselves. But, all this while, he had held the snow-white flower in his hand, and had constantly smelt of it while Circe was speaking; and as he crossed the threshold of the saloon, he took good care to inhale several long and deep snuffs of its fragrance. Instead of two and twenty thrones, which had before been ranged around the wall, there was now wily a single throne, in the center of the apartment. But this ams surely the most magnificent seat that ever a king or an

emperor reposed himself upon, all made of chased gold, studded with precious stones, with a cushion that looked like a soft heap of living roses, and overhung by a canopy of sunlight which Circe knew how to weave into drapery. The enchantress took Ulysses by the hand, and made him sit down upon this dazzling throne. Then, clapping her hands, she summoned the chief butler.

"Bring hither," said she, "the goblet that is set apart for kings to drink out of. And fill it with the same delicious wine which my royal brother, King Æetes, praised so highly, when he last visited me with my fair daughter Medea. That good and amiable child! Were she here now, it would delight her to see me offering this wine to my honored guest."

But Ulysses, while the butler was gone for the wine, held the snow-white flower to his nose.

"Is it a wholesome wine?" he asked.

At this the four maidens tittered; whereupon the enchantress looked round at them, with an aspect of severity.

"It is the wholesomest juice that ever was squeezed out of the grape," said she; "for, instead of disguising a man, as other liquor is apt to do, it brings him to his true self, and shows him as he ought to be."

The chief butler liked nothing better than to see people turned into swine, or making any kind of a beast of themselves; so he made haste to bring the royal goblet, filled with a liquid as bright as gold, and which kept sparkling upward, and throwing a sunny spray over the brim. But, delightfully as the wine looked, it was mingled with the most potent enchantments that Circe knew how to concoct. For every drop of the pure grape juice there were two drops of the pure mischief; and the danger of the thing was, that the mischief made it taste all the better. The mere smell of the bubbles, which effervesced at the brim, was enough to turn a man's beard into pig's bristles, or make a lion's claws grow out of his fingers, or a fox's brush behind him.

"Drink, my noble guest," said Circe, smiling as she presented him with the goblet. "You will find in this draught a solace for all your troubles."

King Ulysses took the goblet with his right hand, while with his left he held the snow-white flower to his nostrils, and drew in so long a breath that his lungs were quite filled with its pure and simple fragrance. Then, drinking off all the wine, he looked the enchantress calmly in the face.

"Wretch," cried Circe, giving him a smart stroke with her wand, "how dare you keep your human shape a moment longer? Take the form of the brute whom you most resemble. If a hog, go join your fellow-swine in the sty; if a lion, a wolf, a tiger, go howl with the wild beasts on the lawn; if a fox, go exercise your craft in stealing poultry. Thou hast quaffed off my wine, and canst be man no longer."

But, such was the virtue of the snow-white flower, instead of wallowing down from his throne in swinish shape, or taking any other brutal form, Ulysses looked even more manly and kinglike than before. He gave the magic goblet a toss, and sent it clashing over the marble floor, to the farthest end of the saloon. Then, drawing his sword, he seized the enchantress by her beautiful ringlets, and made a gesture as if he meant to strike off her head at one blow.

"Wicked Circe," cried he, in a terrible voice, "this sword shall put an end to thy enchantments. Thou shalt die, vile wretch, and do no more mischief in the world, by tempting human beings into the vices which make beasts of them."

The tone and countenance of Ulysses were so awful, and his sword gleamed so brightly, and seemed to have so intolerably keen an edge, that Circe was almost killed by the mere fright, without waiting for a blow. The chief butler scrambled out of the saloon, picking up the golden goblet as he went; and the enchantress and the four maidens fell on their knees, wringing their hands, and screaming for mercy.

"Spare me!" cried Circe,—"spare me, royal and wise Ulysses. For now I know that thou art he of whom Quicksilver forewarned me, the most prudent of mortals, against whom no enchantments can prevail. Thou only couldst have conquered Circe. Spare me, wisest of men. I will show thee true hospitality, and even give myself to be thy slave, and this magnificent palace to be henceforth thy home."

The four nymphs, meanwhile, were making a most piteous ado; and especially the ocean nymph, with the sea-green hair, wept a great deal of salt water, and the fountain nymph, besides scattering dewdrops from her fingers' ends, nearly melted away into tears. But Ulysses would not be pacified until Circe had taken a solemn oath to change back his companions, and as many others as he should direct, from their present forms of beast or bird into their former shapes of men.

"On these conditions," said he, "I consent to spare your life. Otherwise you must die upon the spot."

With a drawn sword hanging over her, the enchantress would readily have consented to do as much good as she had hitherto done mischief, however little she might like such employment. She therefore led Ulysses out of the back entrance of the palace, and showed him the swine in their sty. There were about fifty of these unclean beasts in the whole herd; and though the greater part were hogs by birth and education, there was wonderfully little difference to be seen betwixt them and their new brethren who had so recently worn the human shape. To speak critically, indeed, the latter rather carried the thing to excess, and seemed to make it a point to wallow in the miriest part of the sty, and otherwise to outdo the original swine in their own natural vocation. When men once turn to brutes, the trifle of man's wit that remains in them adds tenfold to their brutality.

The comrades of Ulysses, however, had not quite lost the remembrance of having formerly stood erect. When he approached the sty, two and twenty enormous swine separated themselves from the herd, and scampered towards him, with such a chorus of horrible squealing as made him clap both hands to his ears. And yet they did not seem to know what they wanted, nor whether they were merely hungry, or miserable from some other cause. It was curious, in the midst of their distress, to observe them thrusting their noses into the mire, in quest of something to eat. The nymph with the bodice of oaken bark (she was the hamadryad of an oak) threw a handful of acorns among them; and the two and twenty hogs scrambled and fought for the prize, as if they had tasted not so much as a noggin of sour milk for a twelvemonth.

"These must certainly be my comrades," said Ulysses. "I recognize their dispositions. They are hardly worth the trouble of changing them into the human form again. Nevertheless, we will have it done, lest their bad example should corrupt the other hogs. Let them take their original shapes, therefore, Dame Circe, if your skill is equal to the task. It will require greater magic, I trow, than it did to make swine of them."

So Circe waved her wand again, and repeated a few magic words, at the sound of which the two and twenty hogs pricked up their pendulous ears. It was a wonder to behold how their snouts grew shorter and shorter, and their mouths (which they

seemed to be sorry for, because they could not gobble so expeditiously) smaller and smaller, and how one and another began to stand upon his hind legs, and scratch his nose with his fore trotters. At first the spectators hardly knew whether to call them hogs or men, but by and by came to the conclusion that they rather resembled the latter. Finally, there stood the twenty-two comrades of Ulysses, looking pretty much the same as when they left the vessel.

You must not imagine, however, that the swinish quality had entirely gone out of them. When once it fastens itself into a person's character, it is very difficult getting rid of it. This was proved by the hamadryad, who, being exceedingly fond of mischief, threw another handful of acorns before the twenty-two newly restored people; whereupon down they wallowed, in a moment, and gobbled them up in a very shameful way. Then, recollecting themselves, they scrambled to their feet, and looked more than commonly foolish.

"Thanks, noble Ulysses!" they cried. "From brute beasts you have restored us to the condition of men again."

"Do not put yourselves to the trouble of thanking me," said the wise king. "I fear I have done but little for you."

To say the truth, there was a suspicious kind of a grunt in their voices, and for a long time afterwards they spoke gruffly, and were apt to set up a squeal.

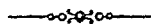
"It must depend on your own future behavior," added Ulysses, "whether you do not find your way back to the sty."

At this moment, the note of a bird sounded from the branch of a neighboring tree.

"Peep, peep, pe—wee—ep!"

It was the purple bird, who, all this while, had been sitting over their heads, watching what was going forward, and hoping that Ulysses would remember how he had done his utmost to keep him and his followers out of harm's way. Ulysses ordered Circe instantly to make a king of this good little fowl, and leave him exactly as she found him. Hardly were the words spoken, and before the bird had time to utter another "Pe—weep," King Picus leaped down from the bough of the tree, as majestic a sovereign as any in the world, dressed in a long purple robe and gorgeous yellow stockings, with a splendidly wrought collar about his neck, and a golden crown upon his head. He and King Ulysses exchanged with one another the courtesies which belong to their elevated rank. But from that

time forth, King Picus was no longer proud of his crown and his trappings of royalty, nor of the fact of his being a king; he felt himself merely the upper servant of his people, and that it must be his lifelong labor to make them better and happier.

As for the lions, tigers, and wolves (though Circe would have restored them to their former shapes at his slightest word), Ulysses thought it advisable that they should remain as they now were, and thus give warning of their cruel dispositions, instead of going about under the guise of men, and pretending to human sympathies, while their hearts had the bloodthirstiness of wild beasts. So he let them howl as much as they liked, but never troubled his head about them. And when everything was settled according to his pleasure, he sent to summon the remainder of his comrades, whom he had left at the seashore These being arrived, with the prudent Eurylochus at their head, they all made themselves comfortable in Circe's enchanted palace, until quite rested and refreshed from the toils and hardships of their voyage.

THE STRAYED REVELER.

By MATTHEW ARNOLD.

[For biographical sketch, see page 120.]

Scene: The Portico of Circe's Palace. Evening. Present: A YOUTH, CIRCE.

The Youth — Faster, faster,
O Circe, Goddess,
Let the wild, thronging train,
The bright procession
Of eddying forms,
Sweep through my soul!

Thou standest, smiling
Down on me! thy right arm,
Leaned up against the column there,
Props thy soft cheek,
Thy left holds, hanging loosely,
The deep cup, ivy-cinctured,
I held but now.

Is it then evening
So soon? I see, the night dews,
Clustered in thick beads, dim
The agate brooch stones
On thy white shoulder;
The cool night wind, too,
Blows through the portico,
Stirs thy hair, Goddess,
Waves thy white robe!

Circe— Whence art thou, sleeper?

The Youth— When the white dawn first
Through the rough fir planks
Of my hut, by the chestnuts,
Up at the valley head,
Came breaking, Goddess!
I sprang up, I threw round me
My dappled fawn skin;
Passing out, from the wet turf,
Where they lay, by the hut door,
I snatched up my vine crown, my fir staff,
All drenched in dew—
Came swift down to join
The rout early gathered
In the town, round the temple,
Iacchus' white fane
On yonder hill.

Quick I passed, following
The woodcutters' cart track
Down the dark valley;—I saw
On my left, through the beeches,
Thy palace, Goddess,
Smokeless, empty!
Trembling, I entered, beheld
The court all silent,
The lions sleeping,
On the altar this bowl.
I drank, Goddess!
And sank down here, sleeping,
On the steps of thy portico.

Circe— Foolish boy! Why tremblest thou?
Thou lovest it, then, my wine?
Wouldst more of it? See, how glows,

THE HOME OF MATTHEW ARNOLD, FOX HOW, AT RYDAL, IN THE LAKE COUNTRY

Through the delicate, flushed marble,
The red, creaming liquor,
Strown with dark seeds!
Drink, then! I chide thee not,
Deny thee not my bowl.
Come, stretch forth thy hand, then — so!
Drink — drink again!

The Youth — Thanks, gracious one! —
Ah, the sweet fumes again!
More soft, ah me,
More subtle-winding
Than Pan's flute music!
Faint — faint! Ah me,
Again the sweet sleep!

Circe — Hist! Thou — within there!
Come forth, Ulysses!
Art tired with hunting?
While we range the woodland,
See what the day brings.

Ulysses — Ever new magic!
Hast thou then lured hither,
Wonderful Goddess, by thy art,
The young, languid-eyed Ampelus,
Iacchus' darling —
Or some youth beloved of Pan,
Of Pan and the Nymphs?
That he sits, bending downward
His white, delicate neck
To the ivy-wreathed marge
Of thy cup, the bright, glancing vine leaves
That crown his hair,
Falling forward, mingling
With the dark ivy plants —
His fawn skin, half untied,
Smeared with red wine stains? Who is he,
That he sits, overweighed
By fumes of wine and sleep,
So late, in thy portico?
What youth, Goddess, — what guest
Of Gods or mortals?

Circe — Hist! he wakes!
I lured him not hither, Ulysses.
Nay, ask him!

The Youth — Who speaks! Ah, who comes forth
To thy side, Goddess, from within?
How shall I name him?
This spare, dark-featured,
Quick-eyed stranger?
Ah, and I see too
His sailor's bonnet,
His short coat, travel-tarnished,
With one arm bare! —
Art thou not he, whom fame
This long time rumors
The favored guest of Circe, brought by the waves
Art thou he, stranger?
The wise Ulysses,
Laertes' son?

Ulysses — I am Ulysses.
And thou, too, sleeper?
Thy voice is sweet.
It may be thou hast followed
Through the islands some divine bard,
By age taught many things,
Age and the Muses;
And heard him delighting
The chiefs and people
In the banquet, and learned his songs,
Of Gods and Heroes, -
Of war and arts,
And peopled cities,
Inland, or built
By the gray sea — If so, then hail!
I honor and welcome thee.

The Youth — The Gods are happy.
They turn on all sides
Their shining eyes,
And see below them
The earth and men.

They see Tiresi[illegible] hand,
Sitting, staff [illegible], grassy
On the war[illegible]k,
Asopus b[illegible] drawn over
His r[illegible]ld, sightless head,
His [illegible]olving inly
R[illegible]The doom of Thebes.

They see the Centaurs
In the upper glens
Of Pelion, in the streams,
Where red-berried ashes fringe
The clear-brown shallow pools,
With streaming flanks, and heads
Reared proudly, snuffing
The mountain wind

They see the Indian
Drifting, knife in hand,
His frail boat moored to
A floating isle thick-matted
With large-leaved, low-creeping melon plants,
And the dark cucumber.
He reaps, and stows them,
Drifting — drifting, — round him,
Round his green harvest plot,
Flow the cool lake waves,
The mountains ring them.

They see the Scythian
On the wide stepp, unharnessing
His wheeled house at noon
He tethers his beast down, and makes his meal —
Mares' milk, and bread
Baked on the embers; — all around
The boundless, waving grass plains stretch, thick-starred
With saffron and the yellow hollyhock
And flag-leaved iris flowers
Sitting in his cart
He makes his meal, before him, for long miles,
Alive with bright green lizards,
And the springing bustard fowl,
The track, a straight black line,
Furrows the rich soil, here and there
Clusters of lonely mounds
Topped with rough-hewn,
Gray, rain-bleared statues, overpeer
The sunny waste.

They see the ferry
On the broad, clay-laden
Lone Chorasmian stream, — thereon,
With snort and strain,
Two horses, strongly swimming, tow

The ferryboat, with woven ropes
To either bow
Firm-harnessed by the mane; a chief,
With shout and shaken spear,
Stands at the prow, and guides them, but astern
The cowering merchants in long robes
Sit pale beside their wealth
Of silk bales and of balsam drops,
Of gold and ivory,
Of turquoise earth and amethyst,
Jasper and chalcedony,
And milk-barred onyx stones.
The loaded boat swings groaning
In the yellow eddies;
The Gods behold them.

They see the Heroes
Sitting in the dark ship
On the foamless, long-heaving,
Violet sea,
At sunset nearing
The Happy Islands

These things, Ulysses,
The wise bards also
Behold and sing
But oh, what labor!
O prince, what pain!

They too can see
Tiresias;—but the Gods,
Who give them vision,
Added this law·
That they should bear too
His groping blindness,
His dark foreboding,
His scorned white hairs;
Bear Hera's anger
Through a life lengthened
To seven ages.

They see the Centaurs
On Pelion;—then they feel,
They too, the maddening wine
Swell their large veins to bursting; in wild pain
They feel the biting spears

Of the grim Lapithæ, and Theseus, drive,
Drive crashing through their bones; they feel
High on a jutting rock in the red stream
Alcmena's dreadful son
Ply his bow; — such a price
The Gods exact for song
To become what we sing.

They see the Indian
On his mountain lake, — but squalls
Make their skiff reel, and worms
In the unkind spring have gnawn
Their melon harvest to the heart — They see
The Scythian, — but long frosts
Parch them in winter time on the bare stepp,
Till they too fade like grass; they crawl
Like shadows forth in spring.

They see the merchants
On the Oxus stream; — but care
Must visit first them too, and make them pale.
Whether, through whirling sand,
A cloud of desert robber horse have burst
Upon their caravan, or greedy kings,
In the walled cities the way passes through,
Crushed them with tolls, or fever airs,
On some great river's marge,
Mown them down, far from home

They see the Heroes
Near harbor, — but they share
Their lives, and former violent toil in Thebes,
Seven-gated Thebes, or Troy,
Or where the echoing oars
Of Argo first
Startled the unknown sea

The old Silenus
Came, lolling in the sunshine,
From the dewy forest coverts,
This way, at noon
Sitting by me, while his Fauns
Down at the water side
Sprinkled and smoothed
His drooping garland,
He told me these things.

But I, Ulysses,
Sitting on the warm steps,
Looking over the valley,
All day long, have seen,
Without pain, without labor,
Sometimes a wild-haired Mænad —
Sometimes a Faun with torches —
And sometimes, for a moment,
Passing through the dark stems,
Flowing-robed, the beloved,
The desired, the divine,
Beloved Iacchus

Ah, cool night wind, tremulous stars!
Ah, glimmering water,
Fitful earth murmur,
Dreaming woods!
Ah, golden-haired, strangely smiling Goddess,
And thou, proved, much enduring,
Wave-tossed Wanderer!
Who can stand still?
Ye fade, ye swim, ye waver before me —
The cup again!

Faster, faster,
O Circe, Goddess,
Let the wild, thronging train,
The bright procession
Of eddying forms,
Sweep through my soul!

——∞✧∞——

THE PARTING OF ODYSSEUS AND CALYPSO.[1]

(From the Odyssey of Homer. translated by S H Butcher and Andr[illegible].)

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I.

Now the Dawn arose from her couch, from the side of the lordly Tithonus, to bear light to the immortals and to mortal

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men And lo, the gods were gathering to session, and among them Zeus, that thundeis on high, whose might is above all. And Athene told them the tale of the many woes of Odysseus, recalling them to mind; for near her heart was he that then abode in the dwelling of the nymph: —

"Father Zeus, and all ye other blessed gods that live forever, henceforth let not any sceptered king be kind and gentle with all his heart, nor minded to do righteously, but let him alway be a hard man and work unrighteousness, for behold, there is none that remembereth divine Odysseus of the people whose lord he was, and was gentle as a father. Howbeit, as for him he lieth in an island suffering strong pains, in the halls of the nymph Calypso, who holdeth him perforce; so he may not reach his own country, for he hath no ships by him with oars, and no companions to send him on his way over the broad back of the sea. And now, again, they are set on slaying his beloved son on his homeward way, for he is gone to fair Pylos and to goodly Lacedæmon, to seek tidings of his father."

And Zeus, gatherer of the clouds, answered and spake unto her: "My child, what word hath escaped the door of thy lips? Nay, didst thou not thyself plan this device, that Odysseus may assuredly take vengeance on those men at his coming? As for Telemachus, do thou guide him by thine art, as well thou mayest, that so he may come to his own country all unharmed, and the wooers may return in their ship with their labor all in vain."

Therewith he spake to Hermes, his dear son: "Hermes, forasmuch as even in all else thou art our herald, tell unto the nymph of the braided tresses my unerring counsel, even the return of the patient Odysseus, how he is to come to his home, with no furtherance of gods or of mortal men. Nay, he shall sail on a well-bound raft, in sore distress, and on the twentieth day arrive at fertile Scheria, even at the land of the Phæacians, who are near of kin to the gods And they shall give him all worship heartily as to a god, and send him on his way in a ship to his own dear country, with gifts of bronze and gold, and raiment in plenty, much store, such as never would Odysseus have won for himself out of Troy, yea, though he had returned unhurt with the share of the spoil that fell to him. On such wise is he fated to see his friends, and come to his high-roofed home and his own country."

So spake he, nor heedless was the messenger, the slayer of

Argos. Straightway he bound beneath his feet his lovely golden sandals, that wax not old, that bare him alike over the wet sea and over the limitless land, swift as the breath of the wind. And he took the wand wherewith he lulls the eyes of whomso he will, while others again he even wakes from out of sleep. With this rod in his hand flew the strong slayer of Argos. Above Pieria he passed and leapt from the upper air into the deep. Then he sped along the wave like the cormorant, that chaseth the fishes through the perilous gulfs of the unharvested sea, and wetteth his thick plumage in the brine. Such like did Hermes ride upon the press of the waves. But when he had now reached that far-off isle, he went forth from the sea of violet blue to get him up into the land, till he came to a great cave, wherein dwelt the nymph of the braided tresses: and he found her within. And on the hearth there was a great fire burning, and from afar through the isle was smelt the fragrance of cleft cedar blazing, and of sandalwood. And the nymph within was singing with a sweet voice as she fared to and fro before the loom, and wove with a shuttle of gold. And round about the cave there was a wood blossoming, alder and poplar and sweet-smelling cypress. And therein roosted birds long of wing, owls and falcons and chattering sea crows, which have their business in the waters. And lo, there about the hollow cave trailed a gadding garden vine, all rich with clusters. And fountains four set orderly were running with clear water, hard by one another, turned each to his own course. And all around soft meadows bloomed of violets and parsley, yea, even a deathless god who came thither might wonder at the sight and be glad at heart. There the messenger, the slayer of Argos, stood and wondered. Now when he had gazed at all with wonder, anon he went into the wide cave; nor did Calypso, that fair goddess, fail to know him, when she saw him face to face; for the gods use not to be strange one to another, the immortals, not though one have his habitation far away. But he found not Odysseus, the great-hearted, within the cave, who sat weeping on the shore even as aforetime, straining his soul with tears and groans and griefs, and as he wept he looked wistfully over the unharvested deep. And Calypso, that fair goddess, questioned Hermes, when she had made him sit on a bright shining seat:—

"Wherefore, I pray thee, Hermes, of the golden wand, hast thou come hither, worshipful and welcome, whereas as of old

"And lo, the gods were gathering to session, and among them Zeus, that thunders on high"

thou wert not wont to visit me? Tell me all thy thought; my heart is set on fulfilling it, if fulfill it I may, and if it hath been fulfilled in the counsel of fate. But now follow me further, that I may set before thee the entertainment of strangers."

Therewith the goddess spread a table with ambrosia and set it by him, and mixed the ruddy nectar. So the messenger, the slayer of Argos, did eat and drink. Now after he had supped and comforted his soul with food, at the last he answered, and spake to her on this wise: —

"Thou makest question of me on my coming, a goddess of a god, and I will tell thee this my saying truly, at thy command. 'Twas Zeus that bade me come hither, by no will of mine, nay, who of his free will would speed over such a wondrous space of brine, whereby is no city of mortals that do sacrifice to the gods, and offer choice hecatombs? But surely it is in no wise possible for another god to go beyond or to make void the purpose of Zeus, lord of the ægis. He saith that thou hast with thee a man most wretched beyond his fellows, beyond those men that round the burg of Priam for nine years fought, and in the tenth year sacked the city and departed homeward. Yet on the way they sinned against Athene, and she raised upon them an evil blast and long waves of the sea. Then all the rest of his good company was lost, but it came to pass that the wind bare and the wave brought him hither. And now Zeus biddeth thee send him hence with what speed thou mayest, for it is not ordained that he die away from his friends, but rather it is his fate to look on them even yet, and to come to his high-roofed home and his own country."

So spake he, and Calypso, that fair goddess, shuddered and uttered her voice, and spake unto him winged words. "Hard are ye gods and jealous exceeding, who ever grudge goddesses openly to mate with men, if any make a mortal her dear bedfellow. Even so when rosy-fingered Dawn took Orion for her lover, ye gods that live at ease were jealous thereof, till chaste Artemis, of the golden throne, slew him in Ortygia with the visitation of her gentle shafts. So too when fair-tressed Demeter yielded to her love, and lay with Iasion in the thrice-plowed fallow field, Zeus was not long without tidings thereof, and cast at him with his white bolt and slew him. So again ye gods now grudge that a mortal man should dwell with me. Him I saved as he went all alone bestriding the keel of a bark, for that Zeus had crushed and cleft his swift ship with a white

bolt in the midst of the wine-dark deep. There all the rest of his good company was lost, but it came to pass that the wind bare and the wave brought him hither. And him have I loved and cherished, and I said that I would make him to know not death and age forever. Yet forasmuch as it is in no wise possible for another god to go beyond, or make void the purpose of Zeus, lord of the ægis, let him away over the unharvested seas, if the summons and the bidding be of Zeus. But I will give him no dispatch, not I, for I have no ships by me with oars, nor company to bare him on his way over the broad back of the sea. Yet will I be forward to put this in his mind, and will hide naught, that all unharmed he may come to his own country."

Then the messenger, the slayer of Argos, answered her: "Yea, speed him now upon his path and have regard unto the wrath of Zeus, lest haply he be angered and bear hard on thee hereafter."

II.

Therewith the great slayer of Argos departed, but the lady nymph went on her way to the great-hearted Odysseus, when she had heard the message of Zeus. And there she found him sitting on the shore, and his eyes were never dry of tears, and his sweet life was ebbing away as he mourned for his return; for the nymph no more found favor in his sight. Howsoever by night he would sleep by her, as needs he must, in the hollow caves, unwilling lover by a willing lady. And in the daytime he would sit on the rocks and on the beach, straining his soul with tears, and groans, and griefs, and through his tears he would look wistfully over the unharvested deep. So standing near him that fair goddess spake to him: —

"Hapless man, sorrow no more I pray thee in this isle, nor let thy good life waste away, for even now will I send thee hence with all my heart. Nay, arise and cut long beams, and fashion a wide raft with the ax, and lay deckings high thereupon, that it may bear thee over the misty deep. And I will place therein bread and water, and red wine to thy heart's desire, to keep hunger far away. And I will put raiment upon thee, and send a fair gale in thy wake, that so thou mayest come all unharmed to thine own country, if indeed it be the good pleasure of the gods who hold wide heaven, who are stronger than I am both to will and to do."

So she spake, and the steadfast goodly Odysseus shuddered,

and uttering his voice spake to her winged words: "Herein, goddess, thou hast plainly some other thought, and in no wise my furtherance, for that thou biddest me to cross in a raft the great gulf of the sea so dread and difficult, which not even the swift gallant ships pass over rejoicing in the breeze of Zeus. Nor would I go aboard a raft to displeasure thee, unless thou wilt deign, O goddess, to swear a great oath not to plan any hidden guile to mine own hurt."

So spake he, and Calypso, the fair goddess, smiled and caressed him with her hand, and spake and hailed him: —

"Knavish thou art, and no weakling in wit, thou that hast conceived and spoken such a word. Let earth be now witness hereto, and the wide heaven above, and that water of the Styx that flows below, the greatest oath and the most terrible to the blessed gods, that I will not plan any hidden guile to thine own hurt. Nay, but my thoughts are such, and such will be my counsel, as I would devise for myself, if ever so sore a need came over me. For I too have a righteous mind, and my heart within me is not of iron, but pitiful even as thine."

Therewith the fair goddess led the way quickly, and he followed hard in the steps of the goddess. And they reached the hollow cave, the goddess and the man; so he sat him down upon the chair whence Hermes had arisen, and the nymph placed by him all manner of food to eat and drink, such as is meat for men. As for her she sat over against divine Odysseus, and the handmaids placed by her ambrosia and nectar. So they put forth their hands upon the good cheer set before them. But after they had taken their fill of meat and drink, Calypso, the fair goddess, spake first and said: —

"Son of Laertes, of the seed of Zeus, Odysseus of many devices, so it is indeed thy wish to get thee home to thine own dear country even in this hour? Good fortune go with thee even so! Yet didst thou know in thine heart what a measure of suffering thou art ordained to fulfill, or ever thou reach thine own country, here, even here, thou wouldst abide with me and keep this house, and wouldst never taste of death, though thou longest to see thy wife, for whom thou hast ever a desire day by day. Not in sooth that I avow me to be less noble than she in form or fashion, for it is in no wise meet that mortal women should match them with immortals, in shape and comeliness."

And Odysseus of many counsels answered, and spake unto

her: "Be not wroth with me hereat, goddess and queen. Myself I know it well, how wise Penelope is meaner to look upon than thou, in comeliness and stature. But she is mortal and thou knowest not age nor death. Yet even so, I wish and long day by day to fare homeward and see the day of my returning. Yea, and if some god shall wreck me in the wine-dark deep, even so I will endure, with a heart within me patient of affliction. For already have I suffered full much, and much have I toiled in perils of waves and war; let this be added to the tale of those."

So spake he, and the sun sank and darkness came on. Then they twain went into the chamber of the hollow rock, and had their delight of love, abiding each by other.

So soon as early Dawn shone forth, the rosy-fingered, anon Odysseus put on him a mantle and doublet, and the nymph clad her in a great shining robe, light of woof and gracious, and about her waist she cast a fair golden girdle, and a veil withal upon her head. Then she considered of the sending of Odysseus, the great-hearted. She gave him a great ax, fitted to his grasp, an ax of bronze double-edged, and with a goodly handle of olive wood fastened well. Next she gave him a polished adz, and she led the way to the border of the isle where tall trees grew, alder and poplar, and pine that reacheth unto heaven, seasoned long since and sere, that might lightly float for him. Now after she had shown him where the tall trees grew, Calypso, the fair goddess, departed homeward. And he set to cutting timber, and his work went busily. Twenty trees in all he felled, and then trimmed them with the ax of bronze, and deftly smoothed them, and over them made straight the line. Meanwhile Calypso, the fair goddess, brought him augers; so he bored each piece and jointed them together, and then made all fast with treenails and dowels. Wide as is the floor of a broad ship of burden, which some men well skilled in carpentry may trace him out, of such beam did Odysseus fashion his broad raft. And thereat he wrought, and set up the deckings, fitting them to the close-set uprights, and finished them off with long gunwales, and therein he set a mast, and a yardarm fitted thereto, and moreover he made him a rudder to guide the craft. And he fenced it with wattled osier withies from stem to stern, to be a bulwark against the wave, and piled up wood to back them. Meanwhile Calypso, the fair goddess, brought him web of cloth to make him sails; and these too

he fashioned very skillfully. And he made fast therein braces and halyards and sheets, and at last he pushed the raft with levers down to the fair salt sea.

III.

It was the fourth day when he had accomplished all. And, lo, on the fifth, the fair Calypso sent him on his way from the island, when she had bathed him and clad him in fragrant attire. Moreover, the goddess placed on board the ship two skins, one of dark wine, and another, a great one, of water, and corn too in a wallet, and she set therein a store of dainties to his heart's desire, and sent forth a warm and gentle wind to blow. And goodly Odysseus rejoiced as he set his sails to the breeze. So he sat and cunningly guided the craft with the helm, nor did sleep fall upon his eyelids, as he viewed the Pleiads and Bootes, that setteth late, and the Bear, which they likewise call the Wain, which turneth ever in one place, and keepeth watch upon Orion, and alone hath no part in the baths of Ocean. This star, Calypso, the fair goddess, bade him to keep ever on the left as he traversed the deep. Ten days and seven he sailed traversing the deep, and on the eighteenth day appeared the shadowy hills of the land of the Phæacians, at the point where it lay nearest to him; and it showed like a shield in the misty deep.

Now the lord, the shaker of the earth, on his way from the Ethiopians espied him afar off from the mountains of the Solymi: even thence he saw Odysseus as he sailed over the deep; and he was yet more angered in spirit, and wagging his head he communed with his own heart. "Lo now, it must be that the gods at the last have changed their purpose concerning Odysseus, while I was away among the Ethiopians. And now he is nigh to the Phæacian land, where it is ordained that he escape the great issues of the woe which hath come upon him. But, methinks, that even yet I will drive him far enough in the path of suffering."

With that he gathered the clouds and troubled the waters of the deep, grasping his trident in his hands; and he roused all storms of all manner of winds, and shrouded in clouds the land and sea: and down sped night from heaven. The East Wind and the South Wind clashed, and the stormy West, and the North, that is born in the bright air, rolling onward a great

wave. Then were the knees of Odysseus loosened and his heart melted, and heavily he spake to his own great spirit: —

"Oh, wretched man that I am! what is to befall me at the last? I fear that indeed the goddess spake all things truly, who said that I should fill up the measure of sorrow on the deep, or ever I came to mine own country; and lo, all these things have an end. In such wise doth Zeus crown the wide heaven with clouds, and hath troubled the deep, and the blasts rush on of all the winds; yea, now is utter doom assured me. Thrice blessed those Danaans, yea, four times blessed, who perished on a time in wide Troy-land, doing a pleasure to the sons of Atreus! Would to God that I too had died, and met my fate on that day when the press of Trojans cast their bronze-shod spears upon me, fighting for the body of the son of Peleus! So should I have gotten my dues of burial, and the Achæans would have spread my fame; but now it is my fate to be overtaken by a pitiful death."

Even as he spake, the great wave smote down upon him, driving on in terrible wise, that the raft reeled again. And far therefrom he fell, and lost the helm from his hand; and the fierce blast of the jostling winds came and brake his mast in the midst, and sail and yardarm fell afar into the deep. Long time the water kept him under, nor could he speedily rise from beneath the rush of the mighty wave: for the garments hung heavy which fair Calypso gave him. But late and at length he came up, and spat forth from his mouth the bitter salt water, which ran down in streams from his head. Yet even so forgat he not his raft, for all his wretched plight, but made a spring after it in the waves, and clutched it to him, and sat in the midst thereof, avoiding the issues of death; and the great wave swept it hither and thither along the stream. And as the North Wind in the harvest tide sweeps the thistle down along the plain, and close the tufts cling each to other, even so the winds bare the raft hither and thither along the main. Now the South would toss it to the North to carry, and now again the East would yield it to the West to chase.

But the daughter of Cadmus marked him, Ino of the fair ankles, Leucothea, who in time past was a maiden of mortal speech, but now in the depths of the salt sea she had gotten her share of worship from the gods. She took pity on Odysseus in his wandering and travail, and she rose, like a sea gull

on the wing, from the depth of the mere, and sat upon the well-bound raft and spake, saying: —

"Hapless one, wherefore was Poseidon, shaker of the earth, so wondrous wroth with thee, seeing that he soweth for thee the seeds of many evils? Yet shall he not make a full end of thee, for all his desire. But do even as I tell thee, and methinks thou art not witless. Cast off these garments, and leave the raft to drift before the winds, but do thou swim with thine hands and strive to win a footing on the coast of the Phæacians, where it is decreed that thou escape. Here, take this veil immortal and wind it about thy breast; so is there no fear that thou suffer aught or perish. But when thou hast laid hold of the mainland with thy hands, loose it from off thee and cast it into the wine-dark deep far from the land, and thyself turn away."

With that the goddess gave the veil, and for her part dived back into the heaving deep, like a sea gull: and the dark wave closed over her. But the steadfast goodly Odysseus pondered, and heavily he spake to his own brave spirit: —

"Ah, woe is me! Can it be that some one of the immortals is weaving a new snare for me, that she bids me quit my raft? Nay verily, I will not yet obey, for I had sight of the shore yet a long way off, where she told me that I might escape. I am resolved what I will do; — and methinks on this wise it is best. So long as the timbers abide in the dowels, so long will I endure steadfast in affliction, but so soon as the wave hath shattered my raft asunder, I will swim, for meanwhile no better counsel may be."

While yet he pondered these things in his heart and soul, Poseidon, shaker of the earth, stirred against him a great wave, terrible and grievous, and vaulted from the crest, and therewith smote him. And as when a great tempestuous wind tosseth a heap of parched husks, and scatters them this way and that, even so did the wave scatter the long beams of the raft. But Odysseus bestrode a single beam, as one rideth on a courser, and stript him of the garments which fair Calypso gave him. And presently he wound the veil beneath his breast, and fell prone into the sea, outstretching his hands as one eager to swim And the lord, the shaker of the earth, saw him and wagged his head, and communed with his own soul. "Even so, after all thy sufferings, go wandering over the deep, till thou shalt come among a people, the fosterlings

of Zeus. Yet for all that I deem not that thou shalt think thyself too lightly afflicted." Therewith he lashed his steeds of the flowing manes, and came to Ægæ, where is his lordly home.

But Athene, daughter of Zeus, turned to new thoughts. Behold, she bound up the courses of the other winds, and charged them all to cease and be still; but she roused the swift North and brake the waves before him, that so Odysseus, of the seed of Zeus, might mingle with the Phæacians, lovers of the oar, avoiding death and the fates.

So for two nights and two days he was wandering in the swell of the sea, and much his heart boded of death. But when at last the fair-tressed Dawn brought the full light of the third day, thereafter the breeze fell, and lo, there was a breathless calm, and with a quick glance ahead (he being upborne on a great wave), he saw the land very near. And even as when most welcome to his children is the sight of a father's life, who lies in sickness and strong pains long wasting away, some angry god assailing him; and to their delight the gods have loosed him from his trouble; so welcome to Odysseus showed land and wood; and he swam onward, being eager to set foot on the strand. But when he was within earshot of the shore, and heard now the thunder of the sea against the reefs—for the great wave crashed against the dry land belching in terrible wise, and all was covered with foam of the sea,—for there were no harbors for ships nor shelters, but jutting headlands and reefs and cliffs; then at last the knees of Odysseus were loosened and his heart melted, and in heaviness he spake to his own brave spirit:—

"Ah me! now that beyond all hope Zeus hath given me sight of land, and withal I have cloven my way through this gulf of the sea, here there is no place to land on from out of the gray water. For without are sharp crags, and round them the wave roars surging, and sheer the smooth rock rises, and the sea is deep thereby, so that in no wise may I find firm foothold and escape my bane, for as I fain would go ashore, the great wave may haply snatch and dash me on the jagged rock—and a wretched endeavor that would be. But if I swim yet further along the coast to find, if I may, spits that take the waves aslant and havens of the sea, I fear lest the stormwinds catch me again and bear me over the teeming deep, making heavy moan; or else some god may even send

forth against me a monster from out of the shore water, and many such pastureth the renowned Amphitrite For I know how wroth against me hath been the great Shaker of the Earth"

Whilst yet he pondered these things in his heart and mind, a great wave bore him to the rugged shore. There would he have been stript of his skin and all his bones been broken, but that the goddess, gray-eyed Athene, put a thought into his heart. He rushed in, and with both his hands clutched the rock, whereto he clung till the great wave went by. So he escaped that peril, but again with backward wash it leapt on him and smote him and cast him forth into the deep. And as when the cuttlefish is dragged forth from his chamber, the many pebbles clinging to his suckers, even so was the skin stript from his strong hand against the rocks, and the great wave closed over him. There of a truth would luckless Odysseus have perished beyond that which was ordained, had not gray-eyed Athene given him sure counsel. He rose from the line of the breakers that belch upon the shore, and swam outside, ever looking landwards, to find, if he might, spits that take the waves aslant, and havens of the sea. But when he came in his swimming over against the mouth of a fair-flowing river, whereby the place seemed best in his eyes, smooth of rocks, and withal there was a covert from the wind, Odysseus felt the river running, and prayed to him in his heart:—

"Hear me, O king, whosoever thou art; unto thee am I come, as to one to whom prayer is made, while I flee the rebukes of Poseidon from the deep. Yea, reverend even to the deathless gods is that man who comes as a wanderer, even as I now have come to thy stream and to thy knees after much travail. Nay pity me, O king; for I avow myself thy suppliant."

So spake he, and the god straightway stayed his stream and withheld his waves, and made the water smooth before him, and brought him safely to the mouths of the river. And his knees bowed and his stout hands fell, for his heart was broken by the brine. And his flesh was all swollen and a great stream of sea water gushed up through his mouth and nostrils. So he lay without breath or speech, swooning, such terrible weariness came upon him But when now his breath returned and his spirit came to him again, he loosed from off him the veil of the goddess, and let it fall into the salt

flowing river. And the great wave bare it back down the stream, and lightly Ino caught it in her hands. Then Odysseus turned from the river, and fell back in the reeds, and kissed earth, the grain giver, and heavily he spake unto his own brave spirit: —

"Ah, woe is me! what is to betide me? what shall happen unto me at the last? If I watch in the river bed all through the careful night, I fear that the bitter frost and fresh dew may overcome me, and I breathe forth my life for faintness, for the river breeze blows cold betimes in the morning. But if I climb the hillside up to the shady wood, and there take rest in the thickets, though perchance the cold and weariness leave hold of me, and sweet sleep may come over me, I fear lest of wild beasts I become the spoil and prey."

So as he thought thereon this seemed to him the better way. He went up to the wood, and found it nigh the water in a place of wide prospect. So he crept beneath twin bushes that grew from one stem, both olive trees, one of them wild olive. Through these the force of the wet winds blew never, neither did the bright sun light on it with his rays, nor could the rain pierce through, so close were they twined either to other; and thereunder crept Odysseus, and anon he heaped together with his hands a broad couch; for of fallen leaves there was great plenty, enough to cover two or three men in winter time, however hard the weather. And the steadfast goodly Odysseus beheld it and rejoiced, and he laid him in the midst thereof and flung over him the fallen leaves. And as when a man hath hidden away a brand in the black embers at an upland farm, one that hath no neighbors nigh, and so saveth the seed of fire, that he may not have to seek a light otherwhere, even so did Odysseus cover him with the leaves. And Athene shed sleep upon his eyes, that so it might soon release him from his weary travail, overshadowing his eyelids.

THE SONG OF PHÆACIA.[1]

BY ANDREW LANG

THE languid sunset, mother of roses,
Lingers a light on the magic seas,
The wide fire flames, as a flower uncloses,
Heavy with odor, and loose to the breeze.

The red rose clouds, without law or leader,
Gather and float in the airy plain;
The nightingale sings to the dewy cedar,
The cedar scatters his scent to the main.

The strange flowers' perfume turns to singing,
Heard afar over moonlit seas:
The Siren's song, grown faint in winging,
Falls in scent on the cedar trees

As waifs, blown out of the sunset, flying,
Purple and rosy and gray, the birds
Brighten the air with their wings; their crying
Wakens a moment the weary herds

Butterflies flit from the fairy garden,
Living blossoms of flying flowers;
Never the nights with winter harden,
Nor moons wax keen in this land of ours

Great fruits, fragrant, green and golden,
Gleam in the green, and droop and fall,
Blossom and bud and flower unfolden
Swing and cling to the garden wall

Deep in the woods as twilight darkens,
Glades are red with the scented fire,
Far in the dells the white maid hearkens
Song and sigh of the heart's desire.

ODYSSEUS AND THE PRINCESS NAUSICAA.[2]

(From the Odyssey of Homer. translated by S H Butcher and Andrew Lang)

I.

So there he lay asleep, the steadfast goodly Odysseus, fordone with toil and drowsiness. Meanwhile Athene went to

[1] By permission of the author

[2] By permission of the publishers, Macmillan & Co, Ltd

the land and the city of the Phæacians, who of old, upon a time, dwelt in spacious Hypereia; near the Cyclopes they dwelt, men exceeding proud, who harried them continually, being mightier than they. Thence the godlike Nausithous made them depart, and he carried them away, and planted them in Scheria, far off from men that live by bread. And he drew a wall around the town, and builded houses and made temples for the gods and meted out the fields. Howbeit ere this had he been stricken by fate, and had gone down to the house of Hades, and now Alcinous was reigning, with wisdom granted by the gods. To his house went the goddess, gray-eyed Athene, devising a return for the great-hearted Odysseus. She betook her to the rich-wrought bower, wherein was sleeping a maiden like to the gods in form and comeliness, Nausicaa, the daughter of Alcinous, high of heart. Beside her on either hand of the pillars of the door were two handmaids, dowered with beauty from the Graces, and the shining doors were shut.

But the goddess, fleet as the breath of the wind, swept towards the couch of the maiden, and stood above her head, and spake to her in the semblance of the daughter of a famous seafarer, Dymas, a girl of like age with Nausicaa, who had found grace in her sight. In her shape the gray-eyed Athene spake to the princess, saying: —

"Nausicaa, how hath thy mother so heedless a maiden to her daughter? Lo, thou hast shining raiment that lies by thee uncared for, and thy marriage day is near at hand, when thou thyself must needs go beautifully clad, and have garments to give to them who shall lead thee to the house of the bridegroom! And, behold, these are the things whence a good report goes abroad among men, wherein a father and lady mother take delight. But come, let us arise and go a washing with the breaking of the day, and I will follow with thee to be thy mate in the toil, that without delay thou mayst get thee ready, since truly thou art not long to be a maiden. Lo, already they are wooing thee, the noblest youths of all the Phæacians, among that people whence thou thyself dost draw thy lineage. So come, beseech thy noble father betimes in the morning to furnish thee with mules and a wain to carry the men's raiment, and the robes, and the shining coverlets. Yea and for thyself it is seemlier far to go thus than on foot, for the places where we must wash are a great way off the town."

So spake the gray-eyed Athene, and departed to Olympus,

where, as they say, is the seat of the gods that standeth fast forever. Not by winds is it shaken, nor ever wet with rain, nor doth the snow come nigh thereto, but most clear air is spread about it cloudless, and the white light floats over it. Therein the blessed gods are glad for all their days, and thither Athene went when she had shown forth all to the maiden.

II.

Anon came the throned Dawn, and awakened Nausicaa of the fair robes, who straightway marveled on the dream, and went through the halls to tell her parents, her father dear and her mother. And she found them within, her mother sitting by the hearth with the women her handmaids, spinning yarn of sea-purple stain, but her father she met as he was going forth to the renowned kings in their council, whither the noble Phæacians called him. Standing close by her dear father she spake, saying: "Father, dear, couldst thou not lend me a high wagon with strong wheels, that I may take the goodly raiment to the river to wash, so much as I have lying soiled? Yea and it is seemly that thou thyself, when thou art with the princes in council, should have fresh raiment to wear. Also, there are five dear sons of thine in the halls, two married, but three are lusty bachelors, and these are always eager for new-washen garments wherein to go to the dances; for all these things have I taken thought."

This she said, because she was ashamed to speak of glad marriage to her father; but he saw all and answered, saying: —

"Neither the mules nor aught else do I grudge thee, my child. Go thy ways, and the thralls shall get thee ready a high wagon with good wheels, and fitted with an upper frame."

Therewith he called to his men, and they gave ear, and without the palace they made ready the smooth-running mule wain, and led the mules beneath the yoke, and harnessed them under the car, while the maiden brought forth from her bower the shining raiment. This she stored in the polished car, and her mother filled a basket with all manner of food to the heart's desire, dainties too she set therein, and she poured wine into a goat-skin bottle, while Nausicaa climbed into the wain. And her mother gave her soft olive oil also in a golden cruse, that she and her maidens might anoint themselves after the bath.

Then Nausicaa took the whip and the shining reins, and touched the mules to start them; then there was a clatter of hoofs, and on they strained without flagging, with their load of the raiment and the maiden. Not alone did she go, for her attendants followed with her.

Now when they were come to the beautiful stream of the river, where truly were the unfailing cisterns, and bright water welled up free from beneath, and flowed past, enough to wash the foulest garments clean, there the girls unharnessed the mules from under the chariot, and turning them loose they drove them along the banks of the eddying river to graze on the honey-sweet clover. Then they took the garments from the wain, in their hands, and bore them to the black water, and briskly trod them down in the trenches, in busy rivalry. Now when they had washed and cleansed all the stains, they spread all out in order along the shore of the deep, even where the sea, in beating on the coast, washed the pebbles clean. Then having bathed and anointed them well with olive oil, they took their midday meal on the river's banks, waiting till the clothes should dry in the brightness of the sun. Anon, when they were satisfied with food, the maidens and the princess, they fell to playing at ball, casting away their tires, and among them Nausicaa of the white arms began the song. And even as Artemis, the archer, moveth down the mountain, either along the ridges of lofty Taygetus or Erymanthus, taking her pastime in the chase of boars and swift deer, and with her the wild wood nymphs disport them, the daughters of Zeus, lord of the ægis, and Leto is glad at heart, while high over all she rears her head and brows, and easily may she be known, — but all are fair; even so the girl unwed outshone her maiden company.

III.

But when now she was about going homewards, after yoking the mules and folding up the goodly raiment, then gray-eyed Athene turned to other thoughts, that so Odysseus might awake, and see the lovely maiden, who should be his guide to the city of the Phæacian men. So then the princess threw the ball at one of her company; she missed the girl, and cast the ball into the deep eddying current, whereat they all raised a piercing cry. Then the goodly Odysseus awoke and sat up, pondering in his heart and spirit: —

"Woe is me! to what men's land am I come now? say, are they froward, and wild, and unjust, or are they hospitable, and of God-fearing mind? How shrill a cry of maidens rings round me, of the nymphs that hold the steep hilltops, and the river springs, and the grassy water meadows! It must be, methinks, that I am near men of human speech. Go to, I myself will make trial and see."

Therewith the goodly Odysseus crept out from under the coppice, having broken with his strong hand a leafy bough from the thick wood, to hold athwart his body, that it might hide his nakedness withal. And forth he sallied like a lion mountain-bred, trusting in his strength, who fares out blown and rained upon, with flaming eyes; amid the kine he goes or amid the sheep or in the track of the wild deer; yea, his belly bids him to make assay upon the flocks, even within a close-penned fold. Even so Odysseus was fain to draw nigh to the fair-tressed maidens, all naked as he was, such need had come upon him. But he was terrible in their eyes, being marred with the salt sea foam, and they fled cowering here and there about the jutting spits of shore. And the daughter of Alcinous alone stood firm, for Athene gave her courage of heart, and took all trembling from her limbs. So she halted and stood over against him, and Odysseus considered whether he should clasp the knees of the lovely maiden, and so make his prayer, or should stand as he was, apart, and beseech her with smooth words, if haply she might show him the town, and give him raiment And as he thought within himself, it seemed better to stand apart, and beseech her with smooth words, lest the maiden should be angered with him if he touched her knees: so straightway he spake a sweet and cunning word:—

"I supplicate thee, O queen, whether thou art a goddess or a mortal! If indeed thou art a goddess of them that keep the wide heaven; to Artemis, then, the daughter of great Zeus, I mainly liken thee, for beauty and stature and shapeliness. But if thou art one of the daughters of men who dwell on earth, thrice blessed are thy father and thy lady mother, and thrice blessed thy brethren. Surely their souls ever glow with gladness for thy sake, each time they see thee entering the dance, so fair a flower of maidens. But he is of heart the most blessed beyond all other who shall prevail with gifts of wooing, and lead thee to his home. Never have mine eyes beheld such an one among mortals, neither man nor woman; great awe comes

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upon me as I look on thee. Yet in Delos once I saw as goodly a thing: a young sapling of a palm tree springing by the altar of Apollo. For thither too I went, and much people with me, on that path where my sore troubles were to be. Yea, and when I looked thereupon, long time I marveled in spirit,—for never grew there yet so goodly a shoot from ground,—even in such wise as I wonder at thee, lady, and am astonied and do greatly fear to touch thy knees, though grievous sorrow is upon me. Yesterday, on the twentieth day, I escaped from the wine-dark deep, but all that time continually the wave bare me, and the vehement winds drave, from the isle Ogygia. And now some god has cast me on this shore, that here too, methinks, some evil may betide me; for I trow not that trouble will cease; the gods ere that time will yet bring many a thing to pass. But, queen, have pity on me, for after many trials and sore to thee first of all am I come, and of the other folk, who hold this city and land, I know no man. Nay show me the town, give me an old garment to cast about me, if thou hadst, when thou camest here, any wrap for the linen. And may the gods grant thee all thy heart's desire: a husband and a home, and a mind at one with his may they give—a good gift, for there is nothing mightier and nobler than when man and wife are of one heart and mind in a house, a grief to their foes, and to their friends great joy, but their own hearts know it best."

Then Nausicaa of the white arms answered him, and said: "Stranger, forasmuch as thou seemest no evil man nor foolish—and it is Olympian Zeus himself that giveth weal to men, to the good and to the evil, to each one as he will, and this thy lot doubtless is of him, and so thou must in any wise endure it:—and now, since thou hast come to our city and our land, thou shalt not lack raiment, nor aught else that is the due of a hapless suppliant, when he has met them who can befriend him. And I will show thee the town, and name the name of the people. The Phæacians hold this city and land, and I am the daughter of Alcinous, great of heart, on whom all the might and force of the Phæacians depend."

Thus she spake, and called to her maidens of the fair tresses: "Halt, my maidens; whither flee ye at the sight of a man? Ye surely do not take him for an enemy? That mortal breathes not, and never will be born, who shall come with war to the land of the Phæacians. for they are very dear to the gods. Far apart we live in the wash of the waves, the outermost of

men, and no other mortals are conversant with us. Nay, but this man is some helpless one come hither in his wanderings, whom now we must kindly entreat, for all strangers and beggars are from Zeus, and a little gift is dear. So, my maidens, give the stranger meat and drink, and bathe him in the river, where withal is a shelter from the winds."

So she spake, but they had halted and called each to the other, and they brought Odysseus to the sheltered place, and made him sit down, as Nausicaa bade them, the daughter of Alcinous, high of heart. Beside him they laid a mantle, and a doublet for raiment, and gave him soft olive oil in the golden cruse, and bade him wash in the streams of the river. Then goodly Odysseus spake among the maidens, saying: "I pray you stand thus apart, while I myself wash the brine from my shoulders, and anoint me with olive oil, for truly oil is long a stranger to my skin. But in your sight I will not bathe, for I am ashamed to make me naked in the company of fair-tressed maidens."

Then they went apart and told all to their lady. But with the river water the goodly Odysseus washed from his skin the salt scurf that covered his back and broad shoulders, and from his head he wiped the crusted brine of the barren sea. But when he had washed his whole body, and anointed him with olive oil, and had clad himself in the raiment that the unwedded maiden gave him, then Athene, the daughter of Zeus, made him greater and more mighty to behold, and from his head caused deep curling locks to flow, like the hyacinth flower. And as when some skillful man overlays gold upon silver — one that Hephæstus and Pallas Athene have taught all manner of craft, and full of grace is his handiwork — even so did Athene shed grace about his head and shoulders.

Then to the shore of the sea went Odysseus apart, and sat down, glowing in beauty and grace, and the princess marveled at him, and spake among her fair-tressed maidens, saying: —

"Listen, my white-armed maidens, and I will say somewhat. Not without the will of all the gods who hold Olympus hath this man come among the godlike Phæacians Erewhile he seemed to me uncomely, but now he is like the gods that keep the wide heaven. Would that such an one might be called my husband, dwelling here, and that it might please him here to abide! But come, my maidens, give the stranger meat and drink"

Thus she spake, and they gave ready ear and hearkened, and set beside Odysseus meat and drink, and the steadfast goodly Odysseus did eat and drink eagerly, for it was long since he had tasted food.

IV.

Now Nausicaa of the white arms had another thought. She folded the raiment and stored it in the goodly wain, and yoked the mules strong of hoof, and herself climbed into the car. Then she called on Odysseus, and spake and hailed him: "Up now, stranger, and rouse thee to go to the city, that I may convey thee to the house of my wise father, where, I promise thee, thou shalt get knowledge of all the noblest of the Phæacians. But do thou even as I tell thee, and thou seemest a discreet man enough So long as we are passing along the fields and farms of men, do thou fare quickly with the maidens behind the mules and the chariot, and I will lead the way. But when we set foot within the city,—whereby goes a high wall with towers, and there is a fair haven on either side of the town, and narrow is the entrance, and curved ships are drawn up on either hand of the mole, for all the folk have stations for their vessels, each man one for himself. And there is the place of assembly about the goodly temple of Poseidon, furnished with heavy stones. deep bedded in the earth. There men look to the gear of the black ships, hawsers and sails, and there they fine down the oars. For the Phæacians care not for bow nor quiver, but for masts, and oars of ships, and gallant barks, wherein rejoicing they cross the gray sea. Their ungracious speech it is that I would avoid, lest some man afterward rebuke me, and there are but too many insolent folk among the people. And some one of the baser sort might meet me and say: 'Who is this that goes with Nausicaa, this tall and goodly stranger? Where found she him? Her husband he will be, her very own. Either she has taken in some shipwrecked wanderer of strange men,—for no men dwell near us; or some god has come in answer to her instant prayer; from heaven has he descended, and will have her to wife for evermore. Better so, if herself she has ranged abroad and found a lord from a strange land, for verily she holds in no regard the Phæacians here in this country, the many men and noble who are her wooers.' So will they speak, and this would turn to my reproach. Yea, and I myself would think it blame of another maiden who did such things in despite

of her friends, her father and mother being still alive, and was conversant with men before the day of open wedlock. But, stranger, heed well what I say, that as soon as may be thou mayest gain at my father's hands an escort and a safe return. Thou shalt find a fair grove of Athene, a poplar grove near the road, and a spring wells forth therein, and a meadow lies all around. There is my father's demesne, and his fruitful close, within the sound of a man's shout from the city. Sit thee down there and wait until such time as we may have come into the city, and reached the house of my father. But when thou deemest that we are got to the palace, then go up to the city of the Phæacians, and ask for the house of my father Alcinous, high of heart. It is easily known, and a young child could be thy guide, for nowise like it are builded the houses of the Phæacians, so goodly is the palace of the hero Alcinous. But when thou art within the shadow of the halls and the court, pass quickly through the great chamber, till thou comest to my mother, who sits at the hearth in the light of the fire, weaving yarn of sea-purple stain, a wonder to behold. Her chair is leaned against a pillar, and her maidens sit behind her And there my father's throne leans close to hers, wherein he sits and drinks his wine, like an immortal. Pass thou by him, and cast thy hands about my mother's knees, that thou mayest see quickly and with joy the day of thy returning, even if thou art from a very far country. If but her heart be kindly disposed toward thee, then is there hope that thou shalt see thy friends, and come to thy well-builded house, and to thine own country."

She spake, and smote the mules with the shining whip, and quickly they left behind them the streams of the river. And well they trotted and well they paced, and she took heed to drive in such wise that the maidens and Odysseus might follow on foot, and cunningly she plied the lash. Then the sun set, and they came to the famous grove, the sacred place of Athene; so there the goodly Odysseus sat him down. Then straightway he prayed to the daughter of mighty Zeus: "Listen to me, child of Zeus, lord of the ægis, unwearied maiden; hear me even now, since before thou heardest not when I was smitten on the sea, when the renowned Earth Shaker smote me. Grant me to come to the Phæacians as one dear, and worthy of pity."

So he spake in prayer, and Pallas Athene heard him; but she did not yet appear to him face to face, for she had regard

unto her father's brother, who furiously raged against the god-like Odysseus, till he should come to his own country.

V.

So he prayed there, the steadfast goodly Odysseus, while the two strong mules bare the princess to the town. And when she had now come to the famous palace of her father, she halted at the gateway, and round her gathered her brothers, men like to the immortals, and they loosed the mules from under the car, and carried the raiment within. But the maiden betook her to her chamber; and an aged dame from Aperæa kindled the fire for her, Eurymedusa, the handmaid of the chamber, whom the curved ships upon a time had brought from Aperæa; and men chose her as a prize for Alcinous, seeing that he bare rule over all the Phæacians, and the people hearkened to him as to a god. She waited on the white-armed Nausicaa in the palace halls; she was wont to kindle the fire and prepare the supper in the inner chamber.

At that same hour Odysseus roused him to go to the city, and Athene shed a deep mist about Odysseus for the favor that she bare him, lest any of the Phæacians, high of heart, should meet him and mock him in sharp speech, and ask him who he was. But when he was now about to enter the pleasant city, then the goddess, gray-eyed Athene, met him, in the fashion of a young maiden carrying a pitcher, and she stood over against him. and goodly Odysseus inquired of her: —

"My child, couldst thou not lead me to the palace of the lord Alcinous, who bears sway among this people? Lo, I am come here, a stranger travel worn from afar, from a distant land; wherefore of the folk who possess this city and country I know not any man."

Then the goddess, gray-eyed Athene, answered him, saying: "Yea now, father and stranger, I will show thee the house that thou bidst me declare, for it lies near the palace of my noble father; behold, be silent as thou goest, and I will lead the way. And look on no man, nor question any. For these men do not gladly suffer strangers, nor lovingly entreat whoso cometh from a strange land. They trust to the speed of their swift ships, wherewith they cross the great gulf, for the Earth Shaker hath vouchsafed them this power. Their ships are swift as the flight of a bird, or as a thought."

Therewith Pallas Athene led the way swiftly, and he followed hard in the footsteps of the goddess. And it came to pass that the Phæacians, mariners renowned, marked him not as he went down the city through their midst, for the fair-tressed Athene suffered it not, that awful goddess, who shed a wondrous mist about him, for the favor that she bare him in her heart. And Odysseus marveled at the havens and the gallant ships, yea and the places of assembly of the heroes, and the long high walls crowned with palisades, a marvel to behold. But when they had now come to the famous palace of the king, the goddess, gray-eyed Athene, spake first and said:—

"Lo, here, father and stranger, is the house that thou wouldst have me show thee: and thou shalt find kings at the feast, the fosterlings of Zeus; enter then, and fear not in thine heart. for the dauntless man is the best in every adventure, even though he come from a strange land. Thou shalt find the queen first in the halls: Arete is the name whereby men call her, and she came even of those that begat the king Alcinous. First Nausithous was son of Poseidon, the Earth Shaker, and of Peribœa, the comeliest of women, youngest daughter of great-hearted Eurymedon, who once was king among the haughty Giants. Howbeit, he destroyed his infatuate people, and was himself destroyed; but Poseidon lay with Peribœa and begat a son, proud Nausithous, who sometime was prince among the Phæacians; and Nausithous begat Rhexenor and Alcinous. While Rhexenor had as yet no son, Apollo of the silver bow smote him, a groom new wed, leaving in his halls one only child Arete; and Alcinous took her to wife, and honored her as no other woman in the world is honored, of all that nowadays keep house under the hand of their lords. Thus she hath, and hath ever had, all worship heartily from her dear children and from her lord Alcinous and from all the folk, who look on her as on a goddess, and greet her with reverend speech, when she goes about the town. Yea, for she too hath no lack of understanding To whomso she shows favor, even if they be men, she ends their feuds. If but her heart be kindly disposed to thee, then is there good hope that thou mayest see thy friends, and come to thy high-roofed home and thine own country."

VI.

Therewith gray-eyed Athene departed over the unharvested seas, and left pleasant Scheria, and came to Marathon and wide-wayed Athens, and entered the good house of Erechtheus. Meanwhile Odysseus went to the famous palace of Alcinous, and his heart was full of many thoughts as he stood there or ever he had reached the threshold of bronze. For there was a gleam as it were of sun or moon through the high-roofed hall of great-hearted Alcinous. Brazen were the walls which ran this way and that from the threshold to the inmost chamber, and round them was a frieze of blue, and golden were the doors that closed in the good house. Silver were the doorposts that were set on the brazen threshold, and silver the lintel thereupon, and the hook of the door was of gold. And on either side stood golden hounds and silver, which Hephæstus wrought by his cunning, to guard the palace of great-hearted Alcinous, being free from death and age all their days. And within were seats arrayed against the wall this way and that, from the threshold even to the inmost chamber, and thereon were spread light coverings finely woven, the handiwork of women. There the Phæacian chieftains were wont to sit eating and drinking, for they had continual store. Yea, and there were youths fashioned in gold, standing on firm-set bases, with flaming torches in their hands, giving light through the night to the feasters in the palace. And he had fifty handmaids in the house, and some grind the yellow grain on the millstone, and others weave webs and turn the yarn as they sit, restless as the leaves of the tall poplar tree: and the soft olive oil drops off that linen, so closely is it woven. For as the Phæacian men are skilled beyond all others in driving a swift ship upon the deep, even so are the women the most cunning at the loom, for Athene hath given them notable wisdom in all fair handiwork and cunning wit. And without the courtyard hard by the door is a great garden, of four plowgates, and a hedge runs round on either side. And there grow tall trees blossoming, pear trees and pomegranates, and apple trees with bright fruit, and sweet figs, and olives in their bloom. The fruit of these trees never perisheth, neither faileth, winter or summer, enduring through all the year. Evermore the West Wind blowing brings some fruits to birth and ripens others. Pear upon pear waxes old, and apple on apple, yea and cluster ripens upon

cluster of the grape, and fig upon fig. There too hath he a fruitful vineyard planted, whereof the one part is being dried by the heat, a sunny plot on level ground, while other grapes men are gathering, and yet others they are treading in the wine press. In the foremost row are unripe grapes that cast the blossom, and others there be that are growing black to vintaging. There too, skirting the furthest line, are all manner of garden beds, planted trimly, that are perpetually fresh, and therein are two fountains of water, whereof one scatters his streams all about the garden, and the other runs over against it beneath the threshold of the courtyard, and issues by the lofty house, and thence did the townsfolk draw water. These were the splendid gifts of the gods in the palace of Alcinous.

VII.

There the steadfast goodly Odysseus stood and gazed. But when he had gazed at all and wondered, he passed quickly over the threshold within the house. And he found the captains and the counselors of the Phæacians pouring forth wine to the keen-sighted god, the slayer of Argos ; for to him they poured the last cup when they were minded to take rest. Now the steadfast goodly Odysseus went through the house, clad in a thick mist, which Athene shed around him, till he came to Arete and the king Alcinous. And Odysseus cast his hands about the knees of Arete, and then it was that the wondrous mist melted from off him, and a silence fell on them that were within the house at the sight of him, and they marveled as they beheld him. Then Odysseus began his prayer: —

"Arete, daughter of godlike Rhexenor, after many toils am I come to thy husband and to thy knees and to these guests, and may the gods vouchsafe them a happy life, and may each one leave to his children after him his substance in his halls and whatever dues of honor the people have rendered unto him. But speed, I pray you, my parting right quickly, that I may come to mine own country, for already too long do I suffer affliction far from my friends."

Therewith he sat him down by the hearth in the ashes at the fire, and behold, a dead silence fell on all. And at the last the ancient lord Echeneus spake among them, an elder of the Phæacians, excellent in speech and skilled in much wisdom of

old time. With good will he made harangue and spake among them: —

"Alcinous, this truly is not the more seemly way, nor is it fitting that the stranger should sit upon the ground in the ashes by the hearth, while these men refrain them, waiting thy word. Nay come, bid the stranger arise, and set him on a chair inlaid with silver, and command the henchmen to mix the wine, that we may pour forth likewise before Zeus, whose joy is in the thunder, who attendeth upon reverend suppliants. And let the housewife give supper to the stranger out of such stores as be within."

Now when the mighty king Alcinous heard this saying, he took Odysseus, the wise and crafty, by the hand, and raised him from the hearth, and set him on a shining chair, whence he bade his son give place, valiant Laodamas, who sat next him and was his dearest. And a handmaid bare water for the hands in a goodly golden ewer, and poured it forth over a silver basin to wash withal, and drew to his side a polished table. And a grave dame bare wheaten bread and set it by him and laid upon the board many dainties, giving freely of such things as she had by her. So the steadfast goodly Odysseus did eat and drink; and then the mighty king Alcinous spake unto the henchman: —

"Pontonous, mix the bowl and serve out the wine to all in the hall, that we may pour forth likewise before Zeus, whose joy is in the thunder, who attendeth upon reverend suppliants."

So spake he, and Pontonous mixed the honey-hearted wine, and served it out to all, when he had poured for libation into each cup in turn.

VIII.

Thus they spake one to the other. And white-armed Arete bade her handmaids set out bedsteads beneath the corridor, and cast fair purple blankets over them, and spread coverlets above, and thereon lay thick mantles to be a clothing over all. So they went from the hall with torch in hand. But when they had busied them and spread the good bedstead, they stood by Odysseus and called unto him, saying: —

"Up now, stranger, and get thee to sleep, thy bed is made."

So spake they, and it seemed to him that rest was wondrous good. So he slept there, the steadfast goodly Odysseus, on the jointed bedstead, beneath the echoing corridor. But Alcinous

laid him down in the innermost chamber of the high house, and by him the lady his wife arrayed bedstead and bedding.

Now when early Dawn shone forth, the rosy-fingered, then the mighty king Alcinous gat him up from his bed; and Odysseus, of the seed of Zeus, likewise uprose, the waster of cities. And the mighty king Alcinous led the way to the assembly place of the Phæacians, which they had stablished hard by the ships. So when they had come thither, and sat them down on the polished stones close by each other, Pallas Athene went on her way through the town, in the semblance of the herald of wise Alcinous, devising a return for the great-hearted Odysseus. Then standing by each man she spake, saying: —

"Hither now get ye to the assembly, ye captains and counselors of the Phæacians, that ye may learn concerning the stranger, who hath lately come to the palace of wise Alcinous, in his wanderings over the deep, and his form is like the deathless gods."

Therewith she aroused the spirit and desire of each one, and speedily the meeting places and seats were filled with men that came to the gathering: yea, and many an one marveled at the sight of the wise son of Laertes, for wondrous was the grace Athene poured upon his head and shoulders, and she made him greater and more mighty to behold, that he might win love and worship and honor among all the Phæacians, and that he might accomplish many feats, wherein the Phæacians made trial of Odysseus. Now when they were gathered and come together, Alcinous made harangue and spake among them: —

"Hearken, ye captains and counselors of the Phæacians, and I will say that which my spirit within me bids me utter. This stranger, I know not who he is, hath come to my house in his wandering, whether from the men of the dawning or the westward, and he presses for a convoy, and prays that it be assured to him. So let us, as in time past, speed on the convoy. For never, nay never, doth any man who cometh to my house, abide here long in sorrow for want of help upon his way. Nay, come let us draw down a black ship to the fair salt sea, for her first voyage, and let them choose fifty and two noble youths throughout the township, who have been proved heretofore the best. And when ye have made fast the oars upon the benches, step all ashore, and thereafter come to our house, and quickly fall to feasting; and I will make good provision for all. To the noble youths I give this commandment;

forward swiftly, raising the dust along the plain. And noble Clytoneus was far the swiftest of them all in running, and by the length of the furrow that mules cleave in a fallow field, so far did he shoot to the front, and came to the crowd by the lists, while those other were left behind. Then they made trial of strong wrestling, and here in turn Euryalus excelled all the best. And in leaping Amphialus was far the foremost, and Elatreus in weight throwing, and in boxing Laodamas, the good son of Alcinous. Now when they had all taken their pleasure in the games, Laodamas, son of Alcinous, spake among them: —

"Come, my friends, let us ask the stranger whether he is skilled or practiced in any sport. Ill fashioned, at least, he is not in his thighs and sinewy legs and hands withal, and his stalwart neck and mighty strength: yea and he lacks not youth, but is crushed by many troubles. For I tell thee there is naught else worse than the sea to confound a man, how hardy soever he may be."

And Euryalus in turn made answer, and said: "Laodamas, verily thou hast spoken this word in season. Go now thyself and challenge him, and declare thy saying."

Now when the good son of Alcinous heard this, he went and stood in the midst, and spake unto Odysseus: "Come, do thou too, father and stranger, try thy skill in the sports, if haply thou art practiced in any; and thou art like to have knowledge of games, for there is no greater glory for a man while yet he lives, than that which he achieves by hand and foot. Come, then, make essay, and cast away care from thy soul: thy journey shall not now be long delayed; lo, thy ship is even now drawn down to the sea, and the men of thy company are ready."

And Odysseus of many counsels answered him, saying: "Laodamas, wherefore do ye mock me, requiring this thing of me? Sorrow is far nearer my heart than sports, for much have I endured and labored sorely in time past, and now I sit in this your gathering, craving my return, and making my prayer to the king and all the people."

And Euryalus answered, and rebuked him to his face: "No, truly, stranger, nor do I think thee at all like one that is skilled in games, whereof there are many among men; rather art thou such an one as comes and goes in a benched ship, a master of sailors that are merchantmen, one with a memory for his freight,

or that hath the charge of a cargo homeward bound, and of greedily gotten gains; thou seemest not a man of thy hands."

Then Odysseus of many counsels looked askance and spake unto him: "Stranger, thou hast not spoken well; thou art like a man presumptuous. So true it is that the gods do not give every gracious gift to all, neither shapeliness, nor wisdom, nor skilled speech. For one man is feebler than another in presence, yet the god crowns his words with beauty, and men behold him and rejoice, and his speech runs surely on his way with a sweet modesty, and he shines forth among the gathering of his people, and as he passes through the town men gaze on him as a god. Another again is like the deathless gods for beauty, but his words have no crown of grace about them; even as thou art in comeliness preeminent, nor could a god himself fashion thee for the better, but in wit thou art a weakling. Yea, thou hast stirred my spirit in my breast by speaking thus amiss. I am not all unversed in sports, as thy words go, but methinks I was among the foremost while as yet I trusted in my youth and my hands, but now am I holden in misery and pains: for I have endured much in passing through the wars of men and the grievous waves of the sea. Yet even so, for all my affliction, I will essay the games, for thy word hath bitten to the quick, and thou hast roused me with thy saying."

He spake, and clad even as he was in his mantle leaped to his feet, and caught up a weight larger than the rest, a huge weight heavier far than those wherewith the Phæacians contended in casting. With one whirl he sent it from his stout hand, and the stone flew hurtling: and the Phæacians, of the long oars, those mariners renowned, crouched to earth beneath the rushing of the stone. Beyond all the marks it flew, so lightly it sped from his hand, and Athene in the fashion of a man marked the place, and spake and hailed him.—

"Yea, even a blind man, stranger, might discern that token if he groped for it, for it is in no wise lost among the throng of the others, but is far the first; for this bout then take heart: not one of the Phæacians shall attain thereunto or overpass it."

So spake she; and the steadfast goodly Odysseus rejoiced and was glad, for that he saw a true friend in the lists

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X.

Then Alcinous bade Halius and Laodamas dance alone, for none ever contended with them. So when they had taken in their hands the goodly ball of purple hue, that cunning Polybus had wrought for them, the one would bend backwards, and throw it towards the shadowy clouds; and the other would leap upward from the earth, and catch it lightly in his turn, before his feet touched the ground. Now after they had made trial of throwing the ball straight up, the twain set to dance upon the bounteous earth, tossing the ball from hand to hand, and the other youths stood by the lists and beat time, and a great din uprose.

Then it was that goodly Odysseus spake unto Alcinous: "My lord Alcinous, most notable among all the people, thou didst boast thy dancers to be the best in the world, and lo, thy words are fulfilled; I wonder as I look on them."

So spake he, and the mighty king Alcinous rejoiced and spake at once among the Phæacians, masters of the oar: —

"Hearken ye, captains and counselors of the Phæacians, this stranger seems to me a wise man enough. Come then, let us give him a stranger's gift, as is meet. Behold, there are twelve glorious princes who rule among this people and bear sway, and I myself am the thirteenth. Now each man among you bring a fresh robe and a doublet, and a talent of fine gold, and let us speedily carry all these gifts together, that the stranger may take them in his hands, and go to supper with a glad heart. As for Euryalus let him yield amends to the man himself with soft speech and with a gift, for his was no gentle saying."

So spake he, and they all assented thereto, and would have it so. And each one sent forth his henchman to fetch his gift, and Euryalus answered the king and spake, saying: —

"My lord Alcinous, most notable among all the people, I will make atonement to thy guest according to thy word. I will give him a hanger all of bronze, with a silver hilt thereto, and a sheath of fresh-sawn ivory covers it about, and it shall be to him a thing of price."

Therewith he puts into his hands the hanger dight with silver, and uttering his voice spake to him winged words: "Hail, stranger and father; and if aught grievous hath been spoken, may the stormwinds soon snatch and bear it away.

But may the gods grant thee to see thy wife and to come to thine own country, for all too long hast thou endured affliction away from thy friends."

And Odysseus of many counsels answered him saying: "Thou too, my friend, all hail; and may the gods vouchsafe thee happiness, and mayst thou never miss this sword which thou hast given me, thou that with soft speech hast yielded me amends."

He spake and hung about his shoulders the silver-studded sword. And the sun sank, and the noble gifts were brought him. Then the proud henchmen bare them to the palace of Alcinous, and the sons of noble Alcinous took the fair gifts, and set them by their reverend mother. And the mighty king Alcinous led the way, and they came in and sat them down on the high seats. And the mighty Alcinous spake unto Arete:

"Bring me hither, my lady, a choice coffer, the best thou hast, and thyself place therein a fresh robe and a doublet, and heat for our guest a caldron on the fire, and warm water, that after the bath the stranger may see all the gifts duly arrayed which the noble Phæacians bare hither, and that he may have joy in the feast, and in hearing the song of the minstrelsy. Also I will give him a beautiful golden chalice of mine own, that he may be mindful of me all the days of his life when he poureth the drink offering to Zeus and to the other gods"

So spake he, and Arete bade her handmaids to set a great caldron on the fire with what speed they might. And they set the caldron for the filling of the bath on the blazing fire, and poured water therein, and took fagots and kindled them beneath. So the fire began to circle round the belly of the caldron, and the water waxed hot. Meanwhile Arete brought forth for her guest the beautiful coffer from the treasure chamber, and bestowed fair gifts therein, raiment and gold, which the Phæacians gave him. And with her own hands she placed therein a robe and goodly doublet, and uttering her voice spake to him winged words: —

"Do thou now look to the lid, and quickly tie the knot, lest any man spoil thy goods by the way, when presently thou fallest on sweet sleep traveling in thy black ship."

Now when the steadfast goodly Odysseus heard this saying, forthwith he fixed on the lid, and quickly tied the curious knot, which the lady Circe on a time had taught him. Then straightway the housewife bade him go to the bath and bathe him; and he saw the warm water and was glad, for he was not wont

to be so cared for, from the day that he left the house of fair-tressed Calypso, but all that while he had comfort continually as a god.

Now after the maids had bathed him and anointed him with olive oil, and had cast a fair mantle and a doublet upon him, he stept forth from the bath, and went to be with the chiefs at their wine. And Nausicaa, dowered with beauty by the gods, stood by the doorpost of the well-builded hall, and marveled at Odysseus, beholding him before her eyes, and she uttered her voice and spake to him winged words: —

"Farewell, stranger, and even in thine own country bethink thee of me upon a time, for that to me first thou owest the ransom of life."

And Odysseus of many counsels answered her, saying: "Nausicaa, daughter of great-hearted Alcinous, yea, may Zeus, the thunderer, the lord of Here, grant me to reach my home and see the day of my returning; so would I, even there, do thee worship as to a god, all my days for evermore, for thou, lady, hast given me my life."

He spake and sat him in the high seat by king Alcinous. And now they were serving out the portions and mixing the wine. Then the henchman drew nigh leading the sweet minstrel, Demodocus, that was had in honor of the people. So he set him in the midst of the feasters, and made him lean against a tall column. Then to the henchman spake Odysseus of many counsels, for he had cut off a portion of the chine of a white-toothed boar, whereon yet more was left, with rich fat on either side: —

"Lo, henchman, take this mess, and hand it to Demodocus, that he may eat, and I will bid him hail, despite my sorrow. For minstrels of all men on earth get their meed of honor and worship; inasmuch as the muse teacheth them the paths of song, and loveth the tribe of minstrels."

XI.

So spake he, and dead silence fell on all, and they were spell-bound throughout the shadowy halls. Thereupon Alcinous answered him, and spake, saying: —

"Odysseus, now that thou hast come to my high house with floor of bronze, never, methinks, shalt thou be driven from thy way ere thou returnest, though thou hast been sore afflicted. And for each man among you, that in these halls of mine drink

evermore the dark wine of the elders, and hearken to the minstrel, this is my word and command. Garments for the stranger are already laid up in a polished coffer, with gold curiously wrought, and all other such gifts as the counselors of the Phæacians bare hither. Come now, let us each of us give him a great tripod and a caldron, and we in turn will gather goods among the people and get us recompense; for it were hard that one man should give without return."

So spake Alcinous, and the saying pleased them well. Then they went each one to his house to lay him down to rest; but so soon as early Dawn shone forth, the rosy-fingered, they hasted to the ship and bare the bronze, the joy of men. And the mighty king Alcinous himself went about the ship and diligently bestowed the gifts beneath the benches, that they might not hinder any of the crew in their rowing, when they labored at their oars. Then they betook them to the house of Alcinous and fell to feasting. And the mighty king Alcinous sacrificed before them an ox to Zeus, the son of Cronos, that dwells in the dark clouds, who is lord of all. And when they had burnt the pieces of the thighs, they shared the glorious feast and made merry, and among them harped the divine minstrel Demodocus, whom the people honored. But Odysseus would ever turn his head toward the splendor of the sun, being fain to hasten his setting: for verily he was most eager to return. And as when a man longs for his supper, for whom all day long two dark oxen drag through the fallow field the jointed plow, yea and welcome to such an one the sunlight sinketh, that so he may get him to supper, for his knees wax faint by the way, even so welcome was the sinking of the sunlight to Odysseus. Then straight he spake among the Phæacians, masters of the oar, and to Alcinous in chief he made known his word, saying.—

"My lord Alcinous, most notable of all the people, pour ye the drink offering, and send me safe upon my way, and as for you, fare ye well. For now have I all that my heart desired, an escort and loving gifts. May the gods of heaven give me good fortune with them, and may I find my noble wife in my home with my friends unharmed, while ye, for your part, abide here and make glad your gentle wives and children; and may the gods vouchsafe all manner of good, and may no evil come nigh the people!"

So spake he, and they all consented thereto and bade send the stranger on his way, in that he had spoken aright. Then

their transgressions. Wherefore each thing showed strange to the lord of the land, the long paths and the sheltering havens and the steep rocks and the trees in their bloom. So he started up, and stood and looked upon his native land, and then he made moan withal, and smote on both his thighs with the down stroke of his hands, and making lament, he spake, saying: —

"Oh, woe is me, unto what mortals' land am I now come? Say, are they froward, and wild, and unjust, or hospitable and of a god-fearing mind? Whither shall I bear all this wealth? Yea where shall I myself go wandering? Oh! that it had abided with the Phæacians where it was, and that I had gone to some other of the mighty princes, who would have entreated me kindly and sent me on my way. But now I know not where to bestow my treasure, and yet I will not leave it here behind, lest haply other men make spoil of it. Lo now, they were not wholly wise or just, the princes and counselors of the Phæacians, who carried me to a strange land. Verily they promised to bring me to clear-seen Ithaca, but they performed it not. May Zeus requite them, the god of suppliants, seeing that he watches over all men and punishes the transgressor! But come, I will reckon up these goods and look to them, lest the men be gone, and have taken back of their gifts upon their hollow ship."

Therewith he set to number the fair tripods and the caldrons and the gold and the goodly woven raiment; and of all these he lacked not aught, but he bewailed him for his own country, as he walked downcast by the shore of the sounding sea, and made sore lament. Then Athene came nigh him in the guise of a young man, the herdsman of a flock, a young man most delicate, such as are the sons of kings. And she had a well-wrought mantle that fell in two folds about her shoulders, and beneath her smooth feet she had sandals bound, and a javelin in her hands. And Odysseus rejoiced as he saw her, and came over against her, and uttering his voice spake to her winged words: —

"Friend, since thou art the first that I have chanced on in this land, hail to thee, and with no ill will mayest thou meet me! Nay, save this my substance and save me too, for to thee as to a god I make prayer, and to thy dear knees have I come. And herein tell me true, that I may surely know. What land, what people is this? what men dwell herein? Is it, perchance,

ZEUS

some clear-seen isle, or a shore of the rich mainland that lies and leans upon the deep?"

Then the goddess, gray-eyed Athene, spake to him again: "Thou art witless, stranger, or thou art come from afar, if indeed thou askest of this land; nay, it is not so very nameless but that many men know it, both all those who dwell toward the dawning and the sun, and they that abide over against the light toward the shadowy west. Verily it is rough and not fit for the driving of horses, yet is it not a very sorry isle, though narrow withal. For herein is corn past telling, and herein too wine is found, and the rain is on it evermore, and the fresh dew. And it is good for feeding goats and feeding kine; all manner of wood is here, and watering places unfailing are herein. Wherefore, stranger, the name of Ithaca hath reached even unto Troy-land, which men say is far from this Achæan shore."

So spake she, and the steadfast goodly Odysseus was glad, and had joy in his own country, according to the word of Pallas Athene, daughter of Zeus, lord of the ægis. And he uttered his voice and spake unto her winged words; yet he did not speak the truth, but wrested the word into guile, for he had a gainful and a nimble wit within his breast: —

"Of Ithaca have I heard tell, even in broad Crete, far over the seas; and now have I come hither myself with these my goods. And I left as much again to my children, when I turned outlaw for the slaying of the dear son of Idomeneus, Orsilochus, swift of foot, who in wide Crete was the swiftest of all men that live by bread. Now he would have despoiled me of all that booty of Troy, for the which I had endured pain of heart, in passing through the wars of men, and the grievous waves of the sea, for this cause that I would not do a favor to his father, and make me his squire in the land of the Trojans, but commanded other fellowship of mine own. So I smote him with a bronze-shod spear as he came home from the field, lying in ambush for him by the wayside, with one of my companions. And dark midnight held the heavens, and no man marked us, but privily I took his life away. Now after I had slain him with the sharp spear, straightway I went to a ship and besought the lordly Phœnicians, and gave them spoil to their hearts' desire. I charged them to take me on board, and land me at Pylos or at goodly Elis where the Epeans bear rule. Howbeit of a truth, the might of the wind drave them out of

their course, sore against their will, nor did they willfully play me false. Thence we were driven wandering, and came hither by night. And with much ado we rowed onward into harbor, nor took we any thought of supper, though we stood sore in need thereof, but even as we were we stept ashore and all lay down. Then over me there came sweet slumber in my weariness, but they took forth my goods from the hollow ship, and set them by me where I myself lay upon the sands. Then they went on board, and departed for the fair-lying land of Sidon; while as for me I was left stricken at heart."

So spake he, and the goddess, gray-eyed Athene, smiled, and caressed him with her hand; and straightway she changed to the semblance of a woman, fair and tall, and skilled in splendid handiwork. And uttering her voice she spake unto him winged words: —

"Crafty must he be and knavish, who would outdo thee in all manner of guile, even if it were a god encountered thee. Hardy man, subtle of wit, of guile insatiate, so thou wast not even in thine own country to cease from thy sleights and knavish words, which thou lovest from the bottom of thine heart! But come, no more let us tell of these things, being both of us practiced in deceits, for that thou art of all men far the first in counsel and in discourse, and I in the company of all the gods win renown for my wit and wile. Yet thou knewest not me, Pallas Athene, daughter of Zeus, who am always by thee and guard thee in all adventures. Yea, and I made thee to be beloved of all the Phæacians. And now am I come hither to contrive a plot with thee and to hide away the goods, that by my counsel and design the noble Phæacians gave thee on thy homeward way. And I would tell thee how great a measure of trouble thou art ordained to fulfill within thy well-builded house. But do thou harden thy heart, for so it must be, and tell none neither man nor woman of all the folk, that thou hast indeed returned from wandering, but in silence endure much sorrow, submitting thee to the despite of men."

And Odysseus of many counsels answered her, saying: "Hard is it, goddess, for a mortal man that meets thee to discern thee, howsoever wise he be; for thou takest upon thee every shape. But this I know well, that of old thou wast kindly to me, so long as we sons of the Achæans made war in Troy. But so soon as we had sacked the steep city of

Priam and had gone on board our ships, and the god had scattered the Achæans, thereafter I have never beheld thee, daughter of Zeus, nor seen thee coming on board my ship, to ward off sorrow from me. But I wandered evermore with a stricken heart, till the gods delivered me from my evil case, even till the day when, within the fat land of the men of Phæacia, thou didst comfort me with thy words, and thyself didst lead me to their city. And now I beseech thee in thy father's name to tell me: for I deem not that I am come to clear-seen Ithaca, but I roam over some other land, and methinks that thou speakest thus to mock me and beguile my mind. Tell me whether in very deed I am come to mine own dear country."

Then the goddess, gray-eyed Athene, answered him: "Yea, such a thought as this is ever in thy breast. Wherefore I may in no wise leave thee in all thy grief, so wary art thou, so ready of wit and so prudent. Right gladly would any other man on his return from wandering have hasted to behold his children and his wife in his halls; but thou hast no will to learn or to hear aught, till thou hast furthermore made trial of thy wife, who sits as ever in her halls, and wearily for her the nights wane always and the days, in shedding of tears. But of this I never doubted, but ever knew it in my heart that thou wouldest come home with the loss of all thy company. Yet, I tell thee, I had no mind to be at strife with Poseidon, my own father's brother, who laid up wrath in his heart against thee, being angered at the blinding of his dear son. But come, and I will show thee the place of the dwelling of Ithaca, that thou mayst be assured. Lo, here is the haven of Phorcys, the ancient one of the sea, and here at the haven's head is the olive tree with spreading leaves, and hard by it is the pleasant cave and shadowy, sacred to the nymphs that are called the Naiads. Yonder, behold, is the roofed cavern, where thou offeredst many an acceptable sacrifice of hecatombs to the nymphs; and lo, this hill is Neriton, all clothed in forest."

Therewith the goddess scattered the mist, and the land appeared. Then the steadfast goodly Odysseus was glad, rejoicing in his own land, and he kissed the earth, the grain giver. And anon he prayed to the nymphs, and lifted up his hands, saying: —

"Ye Naiad nymphs, daughters of Zeus, never did I think to look on you again, but now be ye greeted in my loving

prayers: yea and gifts as aforetime I will give, if the daughter of Zeus, driver of the spoil, suffer me of her grace myself to live, and bring my dear son to manhood."

Then the goddess, gray-eyed Athene, spake to him again: "Be of good courage, and let not thy heart be careful about these things. But come, let us straightway set thy goods in the secret place of the wondrous cave, that there they may abide for thee safe. And let us for ourselves advise us how all may be for the very best."

Therewith the goddess plunged into the shadowy cave, searching out the chambers of the cavern. Meanwhile Odysseus brought up his treasure, the gold and the unyielding bronze and fair woven raiment, which the Phæacians gave him. And these things he laid by with care, and Pallas Athene, daughter of Zeus, lord of the ægis, set a stone against the door of the cave. Then they twain sat down by the trunk of the sacred olive tree, and devised death for the froward wooers.

ULYSSES.[1]

BY ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

[ALFRED TENNYSON, BARON TENNYSON. English poet, born at Somersby, England, August 6, 1809; died at Aldworth, October 6, 1892 His first poems were published with his brother Charles' in a small volume entitled "Poems of Two Brothers," in 1827. Two years later he won the chancellor's gold medal for his prize poem, "Timbuctoo." The following year came his "Poems, Chiefly Lyrical" In 1832 a new volume of miscellaneous poems was published, and was attacked savagely by the *Quarterly Review* Ten years afterward another volume of miscellaneous verse was collected. In 1847 he published "The Princess," which was warmly received In 1850 came "In Memoriam," and he was appointed poet laureate to succeed Wordsworth. Among his other works may be mentioned. "Idylls of the King," 1859, "Enoch Arden" and "The Holy Grail," 1869; "Queen Mary," 1875; "Harold," 1876, "The Cup," 1884; "Tiresias," 1885; "Locksley Hall Sixty Years After," 1886; "The Foresters" and "The Death of Œnone," 1892.]

IT little profits that an idle king,
By this still hearth, among these barren crags,
Matched with an aged wife, I mete and dole
Unequal laws unto a savage race,
That hoard, and sleep, and feed, and know not me.
I cannot rest from travel: I will drink

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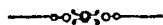
Life to the lees. all times I have enjoyed
Greatly, have suffered greatly, both with those
That loved me, and alone; on shore, and when
Thro' scudding drifts the rainy Hyades
Vext the dim sea· I am become a name;
For always roaming with a hungry heart
Much have I seen and known; cities of men
And manners, climates, councils, governments,
Myself not least, but honored of them all;
And drunk delight of battle with my peers,
Far on the ringing plains of windy Troy.
I am a part of all that I have met;
Yet all experience is an arch wherethro'
Gleams that untraveled world, whose margin fades
Forever and forever when I move
How dull it is to pause, to make an end,
To rust unburnished, not to shine in use!
As tho' to breathe were life. Life piled on life
Were all too little, and of one to me
Little remains but every hour is saved
From that eternal silence, something more,
A bringer of new things; and vile it were
For some three suns to store and hoard myself,
And this gray spirit yearning in desire
To follow knowledge like a sinking star,
Beyond the utmost bound of human thought.
   This is my son, mine own Telemachus,
To whom I leave the scepter and the isle—
Well-loved of me, discerning to fulfill
This labor, by slow prudence to make mild
A rugged people, and thro' soft degrees
Subdue them to the useful and the good
Most blameless is he, centered in the sphere
Of common duties, decent not to fail
In offices of tenderness, and pay
Meet adoration to my household gods,
When I am gone. He works his work, I mine.
   There lies the port, the vessel puffs her sail.
There gloom the dark broad seas My mariners,
Souls that have toiled, and wrought, and thought with me—
That ever with a frolic welcome took
The thunder and the sunshine, and opposed
Free hearts, free foreheads—you and I are old,
Old age hath yet his honor and his toil,
Death closes all: but something ere the end,

Some work of noble note, may yet be done,
Not unbecoming men that strove with Gods.
The lights begin to twinkle from the rocks:
The long day wanes: the slow moon climbs: the deep
Moans round with many voices. Come, my friends,
'Tis not too late to seek a newer world.
Push off, and sitting well in order smite
The sounding furrows; for my purpose holds
To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths
Of all the western stars, until I die.
It may be that the gulfs will wash us down:
It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles,
And see the great Achilles, whom we knew.
Tho' much is taken, much abides; and tho'
We are not now that strength which in old days
Moved earth and heaven; that which we are, we are;
One equal temper of heroic hearts,
Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will
To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield.

GREEK WIT.

AGESILAUS was told that there was a man who could imitate the nightingale to perfection. "Why," he said, "I have heard the nightingale herself."

Diogenes, begging money (after the fashion of many old philosophers, who took no means of earning any), begged harder of a notedly free-handed man than of any one else. Some one said to him, "You are mean to abuse the generosity of a liberal man." "No," said Diogenes, "but I intend to beg of the rest another time."

Themistocles, when the representative of a slender estate put on a lofty tone, said, "Friend, your words would require a whole state to back them up."

Demosthenes was taunted by Æschines that his speeches smelt of the lamp. "Yes," he answered, "there is a vast difference between what you and I do by lamplight."

Alexander the Great had great offers made him by Darius of Persia after the battle of Issus, if he would retire from

Persia. One of his generals, Parmenio, said, "I would accept them if I were Alexander." Alexander replied, "So would I if I were Parmenio."

His father Philip wished him to compete in the foot race at the Olympian Games. He said he would if he could have kings for competitors.

Philip of Macedon was advised to banish a nobleman for speaking ill of him. He replied, "Better have him speak where we are both known than where we are both unknown."

During the trial of a certain prisoner Philip was drowsy with drink, and at the end sentenced the accused to death. The prisoner said, "I appeal." Philip, rousing up, asked, "To whom?" The prisoner answered, "From Philip drunk to Philip sober."

After the battle of Chæronea, he sent triumphant letters to Archidamus, king of Sparta. Archidamus wrote back that if he measured his shadow he would find it no longer than before.

He was once peremptorily disputing some technical point with a musician. The latter said, "Sire, God forbid you should have had such hard fortunes as to learn these things better than I."

He refused to hear an old woman's petition because he had no time. She replied, "Then quit being king."

When Crœsus, the Lydian king, showed Solon his vast treasures, Solon said, "If some one attacks you that has better iron than you, he will have all this gold himself." Crœsus was in fact conquered by Cyrus.

At a banquet to which the "Seven Wise Men of Greece" had been invited by a barbarian king's ambassador, he told them his master was menaced with destruction by a neighboring king, who made impossible demands under threat of war. The last order was that he should drink up the sea. One of the wise men said, "Let him agree to do it." "How?" said the ambassador. "Why," said the Greek sage, "let him tell the other king to first shut off all the rivers which run into the sea, as being no part of the bargain, and then he will fulfill his part."

TRANSLATIONS OF HOMER.[1]

BY BUTCHER AND LANG.

THERE would have been less controversy about the proper method of Homeric translation, if critics had recognized that the question is a purely relative one, that of Homer there can be no final translation. The taste and the literary habits of each age demand different qualities in poetry, and therefore a different sort of rendering of Homer. To the men of the time of Elizabeth, Homer would have appeared bald, it seems, and lacking in ingenuity, if he had been presented in his antique simplicity. For the Elizabethan age, Chapman supplied what was then necessary, and the mannerisms that were then deemed of the essence of poetry,—namely, daring and luxurious conceits. Thus in Chapman's verse Troy must "shed her towers for tears of overthrow"; and when the winds toss Odysseus about, their sport must be called "the horrid tennis."

In the age of Anne, "dignity" and "correctness" had to be given to Homer, and Pope gave them by aid of his dazzling rhetoric, his antitheses, his *netteté*, his command of every conventional and favorite artifice. Without Chapman's conceits, Homer's poems would hardly have been what the Elizabethans took for poetry; without Pope's smoothness, and Pope's points, the Iliad and Odyssey would have seemed tame, rude, and harsh in the age of Anne. These great translations must always live as English poems. As transcripts of Homer they are like pictures drawn from a lost point of view. Again, when Europe woke to a sense, an almost exaggerated and certainly uncritical sense, of the value of her songs of the people, of all the ballads that Herder, Scott, Lönnrot, and the rest collected, it was commonly said that Homer was a ballad minstrel; that the translator must imitate the simplicity, and even adopt the formulæ, of the ballad. Hence came the renderings of Maginn, the experiments of Mr. Gladstone, and others. There was some excuse for the error of critics who asked for a Homer in ballad rhyme. The epic poet, the poet of gods and heroes, did indeed inherit some of the *formulæ* of the earlier *Volks-lied*. Homer, like the author of "The Song of Roland," like the singers of the "Kalevala," uses constantly recurring epithets, and

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repeats, word for word, certain emphatic passages, messages, and so on. That custom is essential in the ballad; it is an accident, not the essence, of the epic. The epic is a poem of consummate and supreme art; but it still bears some birth-marks, some signs of the early popular chant, out of which it sprung, as the garden rose springs from the wild stock. When this is recognized, the demand for balladlike simplicity and "ballad slang" ceases to exist, and then all Homeric translations in the ballad manner cease to represent our conception of Homer. After the belief in the ballad manner follows the recognition of the romantic vein in Homer; and as a result came Mr. Worsley's admirable Odyssey. This masterly translation does all that can be done for the Odyssey in the romantic style. The liquid lapses of the verse, the wonderful closeness to the original, reproduce all of Homer, in music and in meaning, that can be rendered in English verse. There still, however, seems an aspect of the Homeric poems, and a demand in connection with Homer, to be recognized and to be satisfied.

Sainte-Beuve says, with reference probably to M. Leconte de Lisle's prose version of the epics, that some people treat the epics too much as if they were sagas. Now the Homeric epics are sagas; but then they are the sagas of the divine heroic age of Greece, and thus are told with an art which is not the art of the Northern poets. The epics are stories about the adventures of men living in most respects like the men of our own race who dwelt in Iceland, Norway, Denmark, and Sweden. The epics are, in a way, and as far as manners and institutions are concerned, historical documents. Whoever regards them in this way must wish to read them exactly as they have reached us, without modern ornament, with nothing added or omitted. He must recognize, with Mr. Matthew Arnold, that what he now wants—namely, the simple truth about the matter of the poem—can only be given in prose, "for in a verse translation no original work is any longer recognizable." It is for this reason that we have attempted to tell once more, in simple prose, the story of Odysseus. We have tried to transfer, not all the truth about the poem, but the historical truth, into English. In this process Homer must lose at least half his charm: his bright and equable speed, the musical current of that narrative, which, like the river of Egypt, flows from an indiscoverable source, and mirrors the temples and the palaces of unforgotten gods and kings. Without this music of verse, only a half truth about

Homer can be told; but then it is that half of the truth which at this moment it seems most necessary to tell. This is the half of the truth that the translators who use verse cannot easily tell. They *must* be adding to Homer, talking with Pope about "tracing the mazy lev'ret o'er the lawn," or with Mr. Worsley about the islands that are "stars of the blue Ægæan," or with Dr. Hawtrey about "the earth's soft arms," when Homer says nothing at all about the "mazy lev'ret," or the "stars of the blue Ægæan," or the "soft arms" of earth. It would be impertinent indeed to blame any of these translations in their place. They give that which the romantic reader of poetry, or the student of the age of Anne, looks for in verse; and without tags of this sort, a translation of Homer in verse cannot well be made to hold together.

There can be then, it appears, no final English translation of Homer. In each there must be, in addition to what is Greek and eternal, the element of what is modern, personal, and fleeting. Thus we trust that there may be room for "the pale and far-off shadow of a prose translation," of which the aim is limited and humble. A prose translation cannot give the movement and the fire of a successful translation in verse; it only gathers, as it were, the crumbs which fall from the richer table, only tells the story without the song. Yet to a prose translation is permitted, perhaps, that close adherence to the archaisms of the epic, which in verse become mere oddities. The double epithets, the recurring epithets of Homer, if rendered into verse, delay and puzzle the reader, as the Greek does not delay nor puzzle him. In prose he may endure them, or even care to study them as the survivals of a stage of taste which is found in its prime in the sagas. These double and recurring epithets of Homer are a softer form of the quaint Northern periphrases, which make the sea the "swan's bath," gold the "dragon's hoard," men the "ring givers," and so on. We do not know whether it is necessary to defend our choice of a somewhat antiquated prose. Homer has no ideas which cannot be expressed in words that are "old and plain"; and to words that are old and plain, and as a rule, to such terms as, being used by the translators of the Bible, are still not unfamiliar, we have tried to restrict ourselves. It may be objected, that the employment of language which does not come spontaneously to the lips is an affectation out of place in a version of the Odyssey. To this we may answer that the Greek Epic dialect, like the English of

our Bible, was a thing of slow growth and composite nature; that it was never a spoken language, nor, except for certain poetical purposes, a written language. Thus the Biblical English seems as nearly analogous to the Epic Greek, as anything that our tongue has to offer.

THE ODYSSEY.[1]

BY ANDREW LANG.

As one that for a weary space has lain
Lulled by the song of Circe and her wine
In gardens near the pale of Proserpine,
Where that Ææan isle forgets the main,
And only the low lutes of love complain,
And only shadows of wan lovers pine,
As such an one were glad to know the brine
Salt on his lips, and the large air again,
So gladly, from the songs of modern speech
Men turn, and see the stars, and feel the free
Shrill wind beyond the close of heavy flowers;
And through the music of the languid hours,
They hear like ocean on a western beach
The surge and thunder of the Odyssey.

ODYSSEUS DESCRIBES HIS ADVENTURE WITH THE CYCLOPS.[2]

(Translated from the Odyssey by S. H. Butcher and Andrew Lang.)

"AND we came to the land of the Cyclopes, a froward and a lawless folk, who trusting to the deathless gods plant not aught with their hands, neither plow: but, behold, all these things spring for them in plenty, unsown and untilled, wheat, and barley, and vines, which bear great clusters of the juice of the grape, and the rain of Zeus gives them increase. These have neither gatherings for council nor oracles of law, but they dwell in hollow caves on the crests of the high hills, and each

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one utters the law to his children and his wives, and they reck not one of another.

"Now there is a waste isle stretching without the harbor of the land of the Cyclopes, neither nigh at hand nor yet afar off, a woodland isle, wherein are wild goats unnumbered, for no path of men scares them, nor do hunters resort thither who suffer hardships in the wood, as they range the mountain crests. Moreover it is possessed neither by flocks nor by plowed lands, but the soil lies unsown evermore and untilled, desolate of men, and feeds the bleating goats. For the Cyclopes have by them no ships with vermilion cheek, not yet are there shipwrights in the island, who might fashion decked barks, which should accomplish all their desire, voyaging to the towns of men (as ofttimes men cross the sea to one another in ships), who might likewise have made of their isle a goodly settlement. Yea, it is in no wise a sorry land, but would bear all things in their season; for therein are soft water meadows by the shores of the gray salt sea, and there the vines know no decay, and the land is level to plow; thence might they reap a crop exceeding deep in due season, for verily there is fatness beneath the soil. Also there is a fair haven, where is no need of moorings, either to cast anchor or to fasten hawsers, but men may run the ship on the beach, and tarry until such time as the sailors are minded to be gone, and favorable breezes blow. Now at the head of the harbor is a well of bright water issuing from a cave, and round it are poplars growing. Thither we sailed, and some god guided us through the night, for it was dark and there was no light to see, a mist lying deep about the ships, nor did the moon show her light from heaven, but was shut in with clouds. No man then beheld that island, neither saw we the long waves rolling to the beach, till we had run our decked ships ashore. And when our ships were beached, we took down all their sails, and ourselves too stept forth upon the strand of the sea, and there we fell into sound sleep and waited for the bright Dawn.

"So soon as early Dawn shone forth, the rosy-fingered, in wonder at the island we roamed over the length thereof: and the Nymphs, the daughters of Zeus, lord of the ægis, started the wild goats of the hills, that my company might have wherewith to sup. Anon we took to us our curved bows from out the ships and long spears, and arrayed in three bands we began shooting at the goats; and the god soon gave us game in

plenty. Now twelve ships bare me company, and to each ship fell nine goats for a portion, but for me alone they set ten apart.

"Thus we sat there the livelong day until the going down of the sun, feasting on abundant flesh and on sweet wine. For the red wine was not yet spent from out the ships, but somewhat was yet therein, for we had each one drawn off large store thereof in jars, when we took the sacred citadel of the Cicones. And we looked across to the land of the Cyclopes who dwell nigh, and to the smoke, and to the voice of the men, and of the sheep and of the goats. And when the sun had sunk and darkness had come on, then we laid us to rest upon the seabeach. So soon as early Dawn shone forth, the rosy-fingered, then I called a gathering of my men, and spake among them all: —

"'Abide here all the rest of you, my dear companions; but I will go with mine own ship and my ship's company, and make proof of these men, what manner of folk they are, whether froward, and wild, and unjust, or hospitable and of god-fearing mind.'

"So I spake, and I climbed the ship's side, and bade my company themselves to mount, and to loose the hawsers. So they soon embarked and sat upon the benches, and sitting orderly smote the gray sea water with their oars. Now when we had come to the land that lies hard by, we saw a cave on the border near the sea, lofty and roofed over with laurels, and there many flocks of sheep and goats were used to rest. And about it a high outer court was built with stones, deep bedded, and with tall pines and oaks with their high crown of leaves. And a man was wont to sleep therein, of monstrous size, who shepherded his flocks alone and afar, and was not conversant with others, but dwelt apart in lawlessness of mind. Yea, for he was a monstrous thing and fashioned marvelously, nor was he like to any man that lives by bread, but like a wooded peak of the towering hills, which stands out apart and alone from others.

"Then I commanded the rest of my well-loved company to tarry there by the ship, and to guard the ship, but I chose out twelve men, the best of my company, and sallied forth. Now I had with me a goatskin of the dark wine and sweet, which Maron, son of Euanthes, had given me, the priest of Apollo, the god that watched over Ismarus. And he gave it, for that we had protected him with his wife and child reverently;

for he dwelt in a thick grove of Phœbus Apollo. And he made me splendid gifts; he gave me seven talents of gold well wrought, and he gave me a mixing bowl of pure silver, and furthermore wine which he drew off in twelve jars in all, sweet wine unmingled, a draught divine; nor did any of his servants or of his handmaids in the house know thereof, but himself and his dear wife and one house dame only. And as often as they drank that red wine honey sweet, he would fill one cup and pour it into twenty measures of water, and a marvelous sweet smell went up from the mixing bowl: then truly it was no pleasure to refrain.

"With this wine I filled a great skin, and bare it with me, and corn too I put in a wallet, for my lordly spirit straightway had a boding that a man would come to me, a strange man, clothed in mighty strength, one that knew not judgment and justice.

"Soon we came to the cave, but we found him not within; he was shepherding his fat flocks in the pastures. So we went into the cave, and gazed on all that was therein. The baskets were well laden with cheeses, and the folds were thronged with lambs and kids; each kind was penned by itself, the firstlings apart, and the summer lambs apart, apart too the younglings of the flock. Now all the vessels swam with whey, the milk pails and the bowls, the well-wrought vessels whereinto he milked. My company then spake and besought me first of all to take of the cheeses and to return, and afterwards to make haste and drive off the kids and lambs to the swift ships from out of the pens, and to sail over the salt sea water. Howbeit I hearkened not (and far better would it have been), but waited to see the giant himself, and whether he would give me gifts as a stranger's due. Yet was not his coming to be with joy to my company.

"Then we kindled a fire, and made burnt offering, and ourselves likewise took of the cheeses, and did eat, and sat waiting for him within till he came back, shepherding his flocks. And he bore a grievous weight of dry wood, against supper time. This log he cast down with a din inside the cave, and in fear we fled to the secret place of the rock. As for him, he drave his fat flocks into the wide cavern, even all that he was wont to milk; but the males both of the sheep and of the goats he left without in the deep yard. Thereafter he lifted a huge doorstone and weighty, and set it in the mouth of the cave, such an one as two and twenty good four-wheeled wains could not raise

from the ground, so mighty a sheer rock did he set against the doorway. Then he sat down and milked the ewes and bleating goats all orderly, and beneath each ewe he placed her young. And anon he curdled one half of the white milk, and massed it together, and stored it in wicker baskets, and the other half he let stand in pails, that he might have it to take and drink against supper time. Now when he had done all his work busily, then he kindled the fire anew, and espied us, and made question: —

"'Strangers, who are ye? Whence sail ye over the wet ways? On some trading enterprise or at adventure do ye rove, even as sea robbers over the brine, for at hazard of their own lives they wander, bringing bale to alien men.'

"So spake he, but as for us our heart within us was broken for terror of the deep voice and his own monstrous shape; yet despite all I answered and spake unto him, saying: —

"'Lo, we are Achæans, driven wandering from Troy, by all manner of winds over the great gulf of the sea; seeking our homes we fare, but another path have we come, by other ways: even such, methinks, was the will and the counsel of Zeus. And we avow us to be the men of Agamemnon, son of Atreus, whose fame is even now the mightiest under heaven, so great a city did he sack, and destroyed many people; but as for us we have lighted here, and come to these thy knees, if perchance thou wilt give us a stranger's gift, or make any present, as is the due of strangers. Nay, lord, have regard to the gods, for we are thy suppliants; and Zeus is the avenger of suppliants and sojourners, Zeus, the god of the stranger, who fareth in the company of reverend strangers.'

"So I spake, and anon he answered out of his pitiless heart: 'Thou art witless, my stranger, or thou hast come from afar, who biddest me either to fear or shun the gods. For the Cyclopes pay no heed to Zeus, lord of the ægis, nor to the blessed gods, for verily we are better men than they. Nor would I, to shun the enmity of Zeus, spare either thee or thy company, unless my spirit bade me. But tell me where thou didst stay thy well-wrought ship on thy coming? Was it perchance at the far end of the island, or hard by, that I may know?'

"So he spake tempting me, but he cheated me not, who knew full much, and I answered him again with words of guile:

"'As for my ship, Poseidon, shaker of the earth, brake it to pieces, for he cast it upon the rocks at the border of your

country, and brought it nigh the headland, and a wind bare it thither from the sea. But I with these my men escaped from utter doom.'

"So I spake, and out of his pitiless heart he answered me not a word, but sprang up, and laid his hands upon my fellows, and clutching two together dashed them, as they had been whelps, to the earth, and the brain flowed forth upon the ground, and the earth was wet. Then cut he them up piecemeal, and made ready his supper. So he ate even as a mountain-bred lion, and ceased not, devouring entrails and flesh and bones with their marrow. And we wept and raised our hands to Zeus, beholding the cruel deeds; and we were at our wits' end. And after the Cyclops had filled his huge maw with human flesh and the milk he drank thereafter, he lay within the cave, stretched out among his sheep.

"So I took counsel in my great heart, whether I should draw near, and pluck my sharp sword from my thigh, and stab him in the breast, where the midriff holds the liver, feeling for the place with my hand. But my second thought withheld me, for so should we too have perished even there with utter doom. For we should not have prevailed to roll away with our hands from the lofty door the heavy stone which he set there. So for that time we made moan, awaiting the bright Dawn.

"Now when early Dawn shone forth, the rosy-fingered, again he kindled the fire and milked his goodly flocks all orderly, and beneath each ewe set her lamb. Anon when he had done all his work busily, again he seized yet other two men and made ready his midday meal. And after the meal, lightly he moved away the great doorstone, and drave his fat flocks forth from the cave, and afterwards he set it in his place again, as one might set the lid on a quiver. Then with a loud whoop, the Cyclops turned his fat flocks towards the hills; but I was left devising evil in the deep of my heart, if in any wise I might avenge me, and Athene grant me renown

"And this was the counsel that showed best in my sight. There lay by a sheepfold a great club of the Cyclops, a club of olive wood, yet green, which he had cut to carry with him when it should be seasoned. Now when we saw it we likened it in size to the mast of a black ship of twenty oars, a wide merchant vessel that traverses the great sea gulf, so huge it was to view in bulk and length. I stood thereby and cut off from it a portion as it were a fathom's length, and set it by my

fellows, and bade them fine it down, and they made it even, while I stood by and sharpened it to a point, and straightway I took it and hardened it in the bright fire. Then I laid it well away, and hid it beneath the dung, which was scattered in great heaps in the depths of the cave. And I bade my company cast lots among them, which of them should risk the adventure with me, and lift the bar and turn it about in his eye, when sweet sleep came upon him. And the lot fell upon those four whom I myself would have been fain to choose, and I appointed myself to be the fifth among them. In the evening he came shepherding his flocks of goodly fleece, and presently he drave his fat flocks into the cave each and all, nor left he any without in the deep courtyard, whether through some foreboding, or perchance that the god so bade him do. Thereafter he lifted the huge doorstone and set it in the mouth of the cave, and sitting down he milked the ewes and bleating goats, all orderly, and beneath each ewe he placed her young. Now when he had done all his work busily, again he seized yet other two and made ready his supper. Then I stood by the Cyclops and spake to him, holding in my hands an ivy bowl of the dark wine.—

"'Cyclops, take and drink wine after thy feast of man's meat, that thou mayest know what manner of drink this was that our ship held. And lo, I was bringing it thee as a drink offering, if haply thou mayest take pity and send me on my way home, but thy mad rage is past all sufferance. O hard of heart, how may another of the many men there be come ever to thee again, seeing that thy deeds have been lawless?'

"So I spake, and he took the cup and drank it off, and found great delight in drinking the sweet draught, and asked me for it yet a second time:—

"'Give it me again of thy grace, and tell me thy name straightway, that I may give thee a stranger's gift, wherein thou mayest be glad. Yea for the earth, the grain giver, bears for the Cyclopes the mighty clusters of the juice of the grape, and the rain of Zeus gives them increase, but this is a rill of very nectar and ambrosia.'

"So he spake, and again I handed him the dark wine. Thrice I bare and gave it him, and thrice in his folly he drank it to the lees. Now when the wine had got about the wits of the Cyclops, then did I speak to him with soft words:—

"'Cyclops, thou askest me my renowned name, and I will declare it unto thee, and do thou grant me a stranger's gift, as

thou didst promise. Noman is my name, and Noman they call me, my father and my mother and all my fellows.'

"So I spake, and straightway he answered me out of his pitiless heart: —

"'Noman will I eat last in the number of his fellows, and the others before him: that shall be thy gift.'

"Therewith he sank backwards and fell with face upturned, and there he lay with his great neck bent round, and sleep, that conquers all men, overcame him. And the wine and the fragments of men's flesh issued forth from his mouth, and he vomited, being heavy with wine. Then I thrust in that stake under the deep ashes, until it should grow hot, and I spake to my companions comfortable words, lest any should hang back from me in fear. But when that bar of olive wood was just about to catch fire in the flame, green though it was, and began to glow terribly, even then I came nigh, and drew it from the coals, and my fellows gathered about me, and some god breathed great courage into us. For their part they seized the bar of olive wood, that was sharpened at the point, and thrust it into his eye, while I from my place aloft turned it about, as when a man bores a ship's beam with a drill while his fellows below spin it with a strap, which they hold at either end, and the auger runs round continually. Even so did we seize the fiery-pointed brand and whirled it round in his eye, and the blood flowed about the heated bar. And the breath of the flame singed his eyelids and brows all about, as the ball of the eye burnt away, and the roots thereof crackled in the flame. And as when a smith dips an ax or an adz in chill water with a great hissing, when he would temper it — for hereby anon comes the strength of iron — even so did his eye hiss round the stake of olive. And he raised a great and terrible cry, that the rock rang around, and we fled away in fear, while he plucked forth from his eye the brand bedabbled in much blood. Then maddened with pain he cast it from him with his hands, and called with a loud voice on the Cyclopes, who dwelt about him in the caves along the windy heights. And they heard the cry and flocked together from every side, and gathering round the cave asked him what ailed him: —

"'What hath so distressed thee, Polyphemus, that thou criest thus aloud through the immortal night, and makest us sleepless? Surely no mortal driveth off thy flocks against thy will: surely none slayeth thyself by force or craft?'

"And the strong Polyphemus spake to them again from out the cave: 'My friends, Noman is slaying me by guile, nor at all by force.'

"And they answered and spake winged words: 'If then no man is violently handling thee in thy solitude, it can in no wise be that thou shouldest escape the sickness sent by mighty Zeus. Nay, pray thou to thy father, the lord Poseidon.'

"On this wise they spake and departed; and my heart within me laughed to see how my name and cunning counsel had beguiled them. But the Cyclops, groaning and travailing in pain, groped with his hands, and lifted away the stone from the door of the cave. and himself sat in the entry, with arms outstretched to catch, if he might, any one that was going forth with his sheep, so witless, methinks, did he hope to find me. But I advised me how all might be for the very best, if perchance I might find a way of escape from death for my companions and myself, and I wove all manner of craft and counsel, as a man will for his life, seeing that great mischief was nigh. And this was the counsel that showed best in my sight. The rams of the flock were well nurtured and thick of fleece. great and goodly, with wool dark as the violet. Quietly I lashed them together with twisted withies, whereon the Cyclops slept, that lawless monster. Three together I took: now the middle one of the three would bear each a man, but the other twain went on either side, saving my fellows. Thus every three sheep bare their man. But as for me I laid hold of the back of a young ram who was far the best and the goodliest of all the flock. and curled beneath his shaggy belly there I lay, and so clung face upward, grasping the wondrous fleece with a steadfast heart. So for that time making moan we awaited the bright Dawn.

"So soon as early Dawn shone forth, the rosy-fingered, then did the rams of the flock hasten forth to pasture, but the ewes bleated unmilked about the pens, for their udders were swollen to bursting. Then their lord, sore stricken with pain, felt along the backs of all the sheep as they stood up before him, and guessed not in his folly how that my men were bound beneath the breasts of his thick-fleeced flocks. Last of all the sheep came forth the ram, cumbered with his wool, and the weight of me and my cunning. And the strong Polyphemus laid his hands on him and spake to him, saying: —

"'Dear ram, wherefore, I pray thee, art thou the last of all the flocks to go forth from the cave, who of old wast not wont

to lag behind the sheep, but wert ever the foremost to pluck the tender blossom of the pasture, faring with long strides, and wert still the first to come to the streams of the rivers, and first didst long to return to the homestead in the evening. But now art thou the very last. Surely thou art sorrowing for the eye of thy lord, which an evil man blinded, with his accursed fellows, when he had subdued my wits with wine, even Noman, whom I say hath not yet escaped destruction. Ah, if thou couldst feel as I, and be endued with speech, to tell me where he shifts about to shun my wrath; then should he be smitten, and his brains be dashed against the floor here and there about the cave, and my heart be lightened of the sorrows which Noman, nothing worth, hath brought me!'

"Therewith he sent the ram forth from him, and when we had gone but a little way from the cave and from the yard, first I loosed myself from under the ram and then I set my fellows free. And swiftly we drave on those stiff-shanked sheep, so rich in fat, and often turned to look about, till we came to the ship. And a glad sight to our fellows were we that had fled from death, but the others they would have bemoaned with tears; howbeit I suffered it not, but with frowning brows forbade each man to weep. Rather I bade them to cast on board the many sheep with goodly fleece, and to sail over the salt sea water. So they embarked forthwith, and sat upon the benches, and sitting orderly smote the gray sea water with their oars. But when I had not gone so far, but that a man's shout might be heard, then I spoke unto the Cyclops taunting him: —

"'Cyclops, so thou wert not to eat the company of a weakling by main might in thy hollow cave! Thine evil deeds were very sure to find thee out, thou cruel man, who hadst no shame to eat thy guests within thy gates, wherefore Zeus hath requited thee, and the other gods.'

"So I spake, and he was yet the more angered at heart, and he brake off the peak of a great hill and threw it at us, and it fell in front of the dark-prowed ship. And the sea heaved beneath the fall of the rock, and the backward flow of the wave bare the ship quickly to the dry land, with the wash from the deep sea, and drave it to the shore. Then I caught up a long pole in my hands, and thrust the ship from off the land, and roused my company, and with a motion of the head bade them dash in with their oars, that so we might

escape our evil plight. So they bent to their oars and rowed on. But when we had now made twice the distance over the brine, I would fain have spoken to the Cyclops, but my company stayed me on every side with soft words, saying:—

"'Foolhardy that thou art, why wouldst thou rouse a wild man to wrath, who even now hath cast so mighty a throw towards the deep and brought our ship back to land, yea and we thought that we had perished even there? If he had heard any of us utter sound or speech, he would have crushed our heads and our ship timbers with a cast of a rugged stone, so mightily he hurls.'

"So spake they, but they prevailed not on my lordly spirit, and I answered him again from out an angry heart:—

"'Cyclops, if any one of mortal men shall ask thee of the unsightly blinding of thine eye, say that it was Odysseus that blinded it, the waster of cities, son of Laertes, whose dwelling is in Ithaca.'

"So I spake, and with a moan he answered me, saying:—

"'Lo now, in very truth the ancient oracles have come upon me. There lived here a soothsayer, a noble man and a mighty, Telemus, son of Eurymus, who surpassed all men in soothsaying, and waxed old as a seer among the Cyclopes. He told me that all these things should come to pass in the aftertime, even that I should lose my eyesight at the hand of Odysseus. But I ever looked for some tall and goodly man to come hither, clad in great might, but behold now one that is a dwarf, a man of no worth and a weakling, hath blinded me of my eye after subduing me with wine. Nay, come hither, Odysseus, that I may set by thee a stranger's cheer, and speed thy parting hence, that so the Earth Shaker may vouchsafe it thee, for his son am I, and he avows him for my father. And he himself will heal me, if it be his will; and none other of the blessed gods or of mortal men.'

"Even so he spake, but I answered him, and said: 'Would god that I were as sure to rob thee of soul and life, and send thee within the house of Hades, as I am that not even the Earth Shaker will heal thine eye!'

"So I spake, and then he prayed to the lord Poseidon stretching forth his hands to the starry heaven: 'Hear me, Poseidon, girdler of the earth, god of the dark hair, if indeed I be thine, and thou avowest thee my sire,—grant that he may never come to his home, even Odysseus, waster of cities, the son of

Laertes, whose dwelling is in Ithaca; yet if he is ordained to see his friends and come unto his well-builded house, and his own country, late may he come in evil case, with the loss of all his company, in the ship of strangers and find sorrows in his house.'

"So he spake in prayer, and the god of the dark locks heard him. And once again he lifted a stone, far greater than the first, and with one swing he hurled it, and he put forth a measureless strength, and cast it but a little space behind the dark-prowed ship, and all but struck the end of the rudder. And the sea heaved beneath the fall of the rock, but the wave bare on the ship and drave it to the further shore.

"But when we had now reached that island, where all our other decked ships abode together, and our company were gathered sorrowing, expecting us evermore, on our coming thither we ran our ship ashore upon the sand, and ourselves too stept forth upon the seabeach. Next we took forth the sheep of the Cyclops from out the hollow ship, and divided them, that none through me might go lacking his proper share. But the ram for me alone my goodly-greaved company chose out, in the dividing of the sheep, and on the shore I offered him up to Zeus, even to the son of Cronos, who dwells in the dark clouds, and is lord of all, and I burnt the slices of the thighs. But he heeded not the sacrifice, but was devising how my decked ships and my dear company might perish utterly. Thus for that time we sat the livelong day, until the going down of the sun, feasting on abundant flesh and sweet wine. And when the sun had sunk and darkness had come on, then we laid us to rest upon the seabeach. So soon as early Dawn shone forth, the rosy-fingered, I called to my company, and commanded them that they should themselves climb the ship and loose the hawsers. So they soon embarked and sat upon the benches, and sitting orderly smote the gray sea water with their oars.

"Thence we sailed onward stricken at heart, yet glad as men saved from death, albeit we had lost our dear companions."

THE CYCLOPS DESCRIBED BY VIRGIL.

(From John Conington's version.)

Then distant darkening on the sky
Trinacrian Ætna meets the eye:
We hear the sea's stupendous roar
And broken voices on the shore·
The waters from the deep upboil,
And surf and sand the depth turmoil.
"Charybdis!" cries my sire, "behold
The rocks that Helenus foretold!
Haste, haste, my friends, together ply
Your oars, and from destruction fly."
So said, so done: each heeds and hears:
First Palinure to southward steers,
And southward, southward all the rest
With sail and oar their flight addressed.
Now to the sky mounts up the ship,
Now to the very shades we dip.
Thrice in the depth we feel the shock
Of billows thundering on the rock,
Thrice see the spray upheaved in mist,
And dewy stars by foam drops kissed.
At last, bereft of wind and sun,
Upon the Cyclops' shore we run

The port is sheltered from the blast,
Its compass unconfined and vast·
But Ætna with her voice of fear
In weltering chaos thunders near.
Now pitchy clouds she belches forth
Of cinders red and vapor swarth,
And from her caverns lifts on high
Live balls of flame that lick the sky·
Now with more dire convulsion flings
Disploded rocks, her heart's rent strings,
And lava torrents hurls to day,
A burning gulf of fiery spray.
'Tis said Enceladus' huge frame,
Heart-stricken by the avenging flame,
Is prisoned here, and underneath
Gasps through each vent his sulphurous breath:
And still as his tired side shifts round
Trinacria echoes to the sound

Through all its length, while clouds of smoke
The living soul of ether choke.
All night, by forest branches screened,
We writhe as 'neath some torturing fiend,
Nor know the horror's cause.
For stars were none, nor welkin bright
With heavenly fires, but blank black night
The stormy noon withdraws.

And now the day-star, tricked anew,
Had drawn from heaven the veil of dew:
When from the wood, all ghastly wan,
A stranger form, resembling man,
Comes running forth, and takes its way
With suppliant gesture to the bay.
We turn, and look on limbs besmeared
With direst filth, a length of beard,
A dress with thorns held tight:
In all beside, a Greek his style,
Who in his country's arms erewhile
Had sailed at Troy to fight.
Soon as our Dardan arms he saw,
Brief space he stood in wildering awe
And checked his speed: then toward the shore
With cries and weeping onward bore:
"By heaven and heaven's blest powers, I pray,
And life's pure breath, this light of day,
Receive me, Trojans: o'er the seas
Transport me wheresoe'er you please.
I ask no further. Ay, 'tis true,
I once was of the Danaan crew,
And levied war on Troy:
If all too deep that crime's red stain,
Then fling me piecemeal to the main
And 'mid the waves destroy.
If death is certain, let me die
By hands that share humanity."
He ended, and before us flung
About our knees in suppliance clung.
His name, his race we bid him show,
And what the story of his woe:
Anchises' self his hand extends
And bids the trembler count us friends.
Then by degrees he laid aside
His fear, and presently replied;

"From Ithaca, my home, I came,
And Achemenides my name,
The comrade of Ulysses' woes:
For Troy I left my father's door,
Poor Adamastus, both were poor;
Ah! would these fates had been as those!
Me, in their eager haste to fly
The scene of hideous butchery,
My unreflecting countrymen
Left in the Cyclops' savage den.
All foul with gore that banquet room
Immense and dreadful in its gloom.
He, lofty towering, strikes the skies
(Snatch him, ye Gods, from mortal eyes!):
No kindly look e'er crossed his face,
Ne'er oped his lips in courteous grace
The limbs of wretches are his food·
He champs their flesh, and quaffs their blood.
I saw, when his enormous hand
Plucked forth two victims from our band,
Swung round, and on the threshold dashed,
While all the floor with blood was splashed:
I saw him grind them, bleeding fresh,
And close his teeth on quivering flesh.
Not unrequited· such a wrong
My wily chieftain brooked not long
E'en in that dire extreme of ill
Ulysses was Ulysses still.
For when o'ercome with sleep and wine
Along the cave he lay supine,
Ejecting from his monstrous maw
Wine mixed with gore and gobbets raw,
We pray to Heaven, our parts dispose,
And in a circle round him close.
With sharpened point that eyeball pierce
Which 'neath his brow glared lone and fierce,
Like Argive shield or sun's broad light,
And thus our comrades' death requite.
But fly, unhappy, fly, and tear
Your anchors from the shore·
For vast as Polyphemus there
Guards, feeds, and milks his fleecy care,
On the sea's margin make their home
And o'er the lofty mountains roam
A hundred Cyclops more

Three moons their circuit nigh have made,
Since in wild den or woodland shade
My wretched life I trail,
See Cyclops stalk from rock to rock,
And tremble at their footsteps' shock,
And at their voices quail.
Hard cornel fruits that life sustain,
And grasses gathered from the plain.
Long looking round, at last I scanned
Your vessels bearing to the strand.
Whate'er you proved, I vowed me yours:
Enough, to 'scape these bloody shores.
Become yourselves my slayers, and kill
This destined wretch which way you will."

E'en as he spoke, or e'er we deem,
Down from the lofty rock
We see the monster Polypheme
Advancing 'mid his flock,
In quest the well-known shore to find,
Huge, awful, hideous, ghastly, blind.
A pine tree, plucked from earth, makes strong
His tread, and guides his steps along.
His sheep upon their master wait,
Sole joy, sole solace of his fate.
Soon as he touched the ocean waves
And reached the level flood,
Groaning and gnashing fierce, he laves
His socket from the blood,
And through the deepening water strides,
While scarce the billows bathe his sides.
With wildered haste we speed our flight,
Admit the suppliant, as of right,
And noiseless loose the ropes;
Our quick oars sweep the blue profound:
The giant hears, and towards the sound
With outstretched hands he gropes.
But when he grasps and grasps in vain,
Still headed by the Ionian main,
To heaven he lifts a monstrous roar,
Which sends a shudder through the waves,
Shakes to its base the Italian shore,
And echoing runs through Ætna's caves.
From rocks and woods the Cyclop host
Rush startled forth, and crowd the coast.

There glaring fierce we see them stand
In idle rage, a hideous band,
The sons of Ætna, carrying high
Their towering summits to the sky:
So on a height stand clustering trees,
Tall oaks, or cone-clad cypresses,
The stately forestry of Jove,
Or Dian's venerable grove.
Fierce panic bids us set our sail,
And stand to catch the first fair gale.
But stronger e'en than present fear
The thought of Helenus the seer,
Who counseled still those seas to fly
Where Scylla and Charybdis lie.
That path of double death we shun,
And think a backward course to run.
When lo! from out Pelorus' strait
    The northern breezes blow.
We pass Pantagia's rocky gate,
And Megara, where vessels wait,
    And Thapsus, pillowed low.
So, measuring back familiar seas,
    Land after land before us shows
The rescued Achemenides,
    The comrade of Ulysses' woes.

THE SPLENDOR OF GREEK.[1]

By F. W H Myers

(From "Essays Classical," 3d Ed , 1897)

[Frederick W H. Myers. English essayist and poet, born February 6, 1843 He was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, of which he became a Fellow. He published his charming poem "St Paul" in 1867, "Renewal of Youth and Other Poems" in 1882. His "Essays Modern and Classical" came out in 1885, his "Science and a Future Life" in 1893 He has been greatly interested in the speculations regarding spiritualism, and is one of the honorable secretaries of the Society of Psychical Research He is an inspector of schools, and resides in Cambridge]

No words that men can any more set side by side can ever affect the mind again like some of the great passages of Homer. For in them it seems as if all that makes life precious were in the act of being created at once and together — language itself,

[1] By permission of the publishers, Macmillan & Co, Ltd.

and the first emotions, and the inconceivable charm of song. When we hear one single sentence of Anticleia's answer, as she begins —

out' emeg' en megaroisin euskopos iocheaira —

what words can express the sense which we receive of an effortless and absolute sublimity, the feeling of morning freshness and elemental power, the delight which is to all other intellectual delights what youth is to all other joys? And what a language! which has written, as it were, of itself those last two words for the poet, which offers them as the fruit of its inmost structure and the bloom of its early day! Beside speech like this Virgil's seems elaborate, and Dante's crabbed, and Shakespeare's barbarous.

There never has been, there never will be, a language like the dead Greek. For Greek had all the merits of other tongues without their accompanying defects. It had the monumental weight and brevity of the Latin without its rigid unmanageability; the copiousness and flexibility of the German without its heavy commonness and guttural superfluity; the pellucidity of the French without its jejuneness; the force and reality of the English without its structureless comminution. But it was an instrument beyond the control of any but its creators. When the great days of Greece were past, it was the language which made speeches and wrote books, and not the men. Its French brilliancy taught Isocrates to polish platitude into epigram; its German profundity enabled Lycophron to pass off nonsense as oracles; its Italian flow encouraged Apollonius Rhodius to shroud in long-drawn sweetness the languor of his inventive soul. There was nothing except the language left. Like the golden brocade in a queen's sepulcher, its imperishable splendor was stretched stiffly across the skeleton of a life and thought which inhabited there no more.

The history of the Latin tongue was widely different. We do not meet it full-grown at the dawn of history; we see it take shape and strength beneath our eyes. We can watch, as it were, each stage in the forging of the thunderbolt; from the day when Ennius, Nævius, Pacuvius, inweave their "three shafts of twisted storm,"[1] till Lucretius adds "the

[1] Tris imbris torti radios, tris nubis aquosæ
Addiderant, rutili tris ignis et alitis Austri. Æneid viii. 429.

sound and terror," and Catullus "the west wind and the fire." It grows with the growth of the Roman people; it wins its words at the sword's point; and the "conquered nations in long array" pay tribute of their thought and speech as surely as of their blood and gold.

In the region of poetry this union of strenuous effort with eager receptivity is conspicuously seen. The barbarous Saturnian lines, hovering between an accentual and a quantitative system, which were the only indigenous poetical product of Latium, rudely indicated the natural tendency of the Latin tongue towards a trochaic rhythm. Contact with Greece introduced Greek meters, and gradually established a definite quantitative system. Quantity and accent are equally congenial to the Latin language, and the trochaic and iambic meters of Greece bore transplantation with little injury. The adaptations of these rhythms by early Roman authors, however uncouth, are at least quite easy and unconstrained, and so soon as the prestige of the Augustan era had passed away, we find both Pagans and Christians expressing in accentual iambic, and especially in accentual trochaic meters, the thoughts and feelings of the new age. Adam of S. Victor is metrically nearer to Livius Andronicus than to Virgil or Ovid; and the Litany of the Arval Brethren finds its true succession, not in the Secular Ode of Horace, but in the *Dies Iræ* or the *Veni Creator*.

For Latin poetry suffered a violent breach of continuity in the introduction from Greece of the hexameter and the elegiac couplet. The quantitative hexameter is in Latin a difficult and unnatural meter. Its prosodial structure excludes a very large proportion of Latin words from being employed at all. It narrowly limits the possible grammatical constructions, the modes of emphasis, the usages of curtailment, the forms of narration. On the other hand, when successfully managed its advantages are great. All the strength and pregnancy of Latin expression are brought out by the stately march of a meter perhaps the most compact and majestic which has ever been invented. The words take their place like the organs in a living structure—close packed but delicately adjusted and mutually supporting. And the very sense of difficulty overcome gives an additional charm to the sonorous beauty of the dactylic movement, its self-retarding pauses, its onward and overwhelming flow.

To the Greek the most elaborate poetical effects were as easy as the simplest. In his poetic, as in the glyptic art, he found all materials ready to his hand; he had but to choose between the marble and the sardonyx, between the ivory and the gold. The Roman hewed his conceptions out of the granite rock; oftenest its craggy forms were rudely piled together, yet dignified and strong; but there were hands which could give it finish too, which could commit to the centuries a work splendid as well as imperishable, polished into the basalt's shimmer and fervent with the porphyry's glow.

It must not, however, be supposed that even the Æneid has wholly overcome the difficulties inseparable from the Latin poetry of the classical age, that it is entirely free either from the frigidities of an imitation or from the constraints of a *tour de force*. In the first place, Virgil has not escaped the injury which has been done to subsequent poets by the example of the length and the subject-matter of Homer. An artificial dignity has been attached to poems in twelve or twenty-four books, and authors have been incited to tell needlessly long stories in order to take rank as epic poets. And because Homer is full of tales of personal combat—in his day an exciting and all-important thing—later poets have thought it necessary to introduce a large element of this kind of description, which, so soon as it loses reality, becomes not only frigid but disgusting. It is as if the first novel had been written by a schoolboy of genius, and all succeeding novelists had felt bound to construct their plots mainly of matches at football. It is the later books of the Æneid that are most marred by this mistake. In the earlier books there are, no doubt, some ill-judged adaptations of Homeric incident, some labored reproductions of Homeric formulæ, but for the most part the events are really noble and pathetic,—are such as possess permanent interest for civilized men. The three last books, on the other hand, which have come down to us in a crude and unpruned condition, contain large tracts immediately imitated from Homer, and almost devoid of independent value.

Besides these defects in matter, the latter part of the poem illustrates the metrical dangers to which Latin hexameters succumbed almost as soon as Virgil was gone. The types on which they could be composed were limited in number and were becoming exhausted. Many of the lines in the later books are modeled upon lines in the earlier ones. Many passages show

that peculiar form of bald artificiality into which this difficult meter so readily sinks; nay, some of the *tibicines*, or stop-gaps, suggest a grotesque resemblance to the well-known style of the fourth-form boy. Other more ambitious passages give the painful impression of just missing the effect at which they aim.

THE CYCLOPS IN LOVE.[1]

(From Theocritus, Idyl XI. translated by Andrew Lang.)

[For biographical sketch, see page 264.]

There is none other medicine, Nicias, against Love, neither unguent, methinks, nor salve to sprinkle,—none, save the Muses of Pieria! Now a delicate thing is their minstrelsy in man's life, and a sweet, but hard to procure. Methinks thou knowst this well, who art thyself a leech, and beyond all men art plainly dear to the Muses nine.

'Twas surely thus the Cyclops fleeted his life most easily, he that dwelt among us,—Polyphemus of old time,—when the beard was yet young on his cheek and chin; and he loved Galatea. He loved, not with apples, not roses, nor locks of hair, but with fatal frenzy, and all things else he held but trifles by the way. Many a time from the green pastures would his ewes stray back, self-shepherded, to the fold. But he was singing of Galatea, and pining in his place he sat by the seaweed of the beach, from the dawn of day, with the direst hurt beneath his breast of mighty Cypris' sending,—the wound of her arrow in his heart!

Yet this remedy he found, and sitting on the crest of the tall cliff, and looking to the deep, 'twas thus he would sing:—

Song of the Cyclops.

O milk-white Galatea, why cast off him that loves thee? More white than is pressed milk to look upon, more delicate than the lamb art thou, than the young calf wantoner, more sleek than the unripened grape! Here dost thou resort, even so, when sweet sleep possesses me, and home straightway dost

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thou depart when sweet sleep lets me go, fleeing me like an ewe that has seen the gray wolf.

I fell in love with thee, maiden, I, on the day when first thou camest, with my mother, and didst wish to pluck the hyacinths from the hill, and I was thy guide on the way. But to leave loving thee, when once I had seen thee, neither afterward, nor now at all, have I the strength, even from that hour. But to thee all this is as nothing, by Zeus, nay, nothing at all!

I know, thou gracious maiden, why it is that thou dost shun me. It is all for the shaggy brow that spans all my forehead, from this to the other ear, one long unbroken eyebrow. And but one eye is on my forehead, and broad is the nose that overhangs my lip. Yet I (even such as thou seest me) feed a thousand cattle, and from these I draw and drink the best milk in the world. And cheese I never lack, in summer time or autumn, nay, nor in the dead of winter, but my baskets are always overladen.

Also I am skilled in piping, as none other of the Cyclopes here, and of thee, my love, my sweet apple, and of myself too I sing, many a time, deep in the night. And for thee I tend eleven fawns, all crescent-browed, and four young whelps of the bear.

Nay, come thou to me, and thou shalt lack nothing that now thou hast. Leave the gray sea to roll against the land; more sweetly, in this cavern, shalt thou fleet the night with me! Thereby the laurels grow, and there the slender cypresses, there is the ivy dun, and the sweet clustered grapes; there is chill water, that for me deep-wooded Ætna sends down from the white snow, a draught divine! Ah who, in place of these, would choose the sea to dwell in, or the waves of the sea?

But if thou dost refuse because my body seems shaggy and rough, well, I have fagots of oak wood, and beneath the ashes is fire unwearied, and I would endure to let thee burn my very soul, and this my one eye, the dearest thing that is mine.

Ah me, that my mother bore me not a finny thing, so would I have gone down to thee, and kissed thy hand, if thy lips thou would not suffer me to kiss! And I would have brought thee either white lilies, or the soft poppy with its scarlet petals. Nay, these are summer's flowers, and those are flowers of winter, so I could not have brought thee them all at one time.

Now, verily, maiden, now and here will I learn to swim, if perchance some stranger come hither, sailing with his ship, that I may see why it is so dear to thee, to have thy dwelling in the deep.

Come forth, Galatea, and forget as thou comest, even as I that sit here have forgotten, the homeward way! Nay, choose with me to go shepherding, with me to milk the flocks, and to pour the sharp rennet in, and to fix the cheeses.

There is none that wrongs me but that mother of mine, and her do I blame. Never, nay, never once has she spoken a kind word for me to thee, and that though day by day she beholds me wasting. I will tell her that my head and both my feet are throbbing, that she may somewhat suffer, since I too am suffering.

O Cyclops, Cyclops, whither are thy wits wandering? Ah that thou wouldst go, and weave thy wickerwork, and gather broken boughs to carry to thy lambs: in faith, if thou didst this, far wiser wouldst thou be!

Milk the ewe that thou hast; why pursue the thing that shuns thee? Thou wilt find, perchance, another and a fairer Galatea. Many be the girls that bid me play with them through the night, and softly they all laugh, if perchance I answer them. On land it is plain that I too seem to be somebody!

Lo, thus Polyphemus still shepherded his love with song, and lived lighter than if he had given gold for ease.

THE STORY OF ACIS, POLYPHEMUS, AND GALATEA.

(From the thirteenth book of Ovid's "Metamorphoses": translated by John Dryden.)

[JOHN DRYDEN: An English poet, born August 9, 1631, educated under Dr. Busby at Westminster School, and at Trinity College, Cambridge. The son of a Puritan, he wrote eulogistic stanzas on the death of Cromwell, but his versatile intellect could assume any phase of feeling, and he wrote equally glowing ones on the Restoration of 1660. His "Annus Mirabilis" appeared in 1667, and in 1668 he was made poet laureate. His "Essay on Dramatic Poesy" is excellent, but as a dramatist, though voluminous, he has left nothing which lives. His satire "Absalom and Achitophel" is famous; and his "Ode for St. Cecilia's Day" is considered the finest in the language.]

Acis, the lovely youth, whose loss I mourn,
From Faunus and the nymph Symethis born,
Was both his parents' pleasure; but to me
Was all that love could make a lover be.
The gods our minds in mutual bands did join:
I was his only joy, and he was mine.
Now sixteen summers the sweet youth had seen;
And doubtful down began to shade his chin:
When Polyphemus first disturbed our joy,
And loved me fiercely as I loved the boy.
Ask not which passion in my soul was higher,
My last aversion, or my first desire.
Nor this the greater was, nor that the less;
Both were alike, for both were in excess.
Thee, Venus, thee both heaven and earth obey;
Immense thy power, and boundless is thy sway.
The Cyclops, who defied th' ethereal throne,
And thought no thunder louder than his own,
The terror of the woods, and wilder far
Than wolves in plains, or bears in forests are,
Th' inhuman host, who made his bloody feasts
On mangled members of his butchered guests,
Yet felt the force of love, and fierce desire,
And burned for me with unrelenting fire:
Forgot his caverns, and his woolly care,
Assumed the softness of a lover's air:
And combed, with teeth of rakes, his rugged hair.
Now with a crooked scythe his beard he sleeks,
And mows the stubborn stubble of his cheeks:
Now in the crystal stream he looks, to try
His simagres, and rolls his glaring eye.
His cruelty and thirst of blood are lost,
And ships securely sail along the coast.
The prophet Telemus (arrived by chance
Where Ætna's summits to the seas advance,
Who marked the tracks of every bird that flew,
And sure presages from their flying drew)
Foretold the Cyclops, that Ulysses' hand
In his broad eye should thrust a flaming brand.
The giant, with a scornful grin, replied,
"Vain augur, thou hast falsely prophesied;
Already Love his flaming brand has tossed;
Looking on two fair eyes, my sight I lost."
Thus, warned in vain, with stalking pace he strode,
And stamped the margin of the briny flood

With heavy steps; and, weary, sought again
The cool retirement of his gloomy den.
A promontory, sharpening by degrees,
Ends in a wedge, and overlooks the seas
On either side, below, the water flows
This airy walk the giant lover chose,
Here on the midst he sat; his flocks, unled,
Their shepherd followed, and securely fed
A pine so burly, and of length so vast,
That sailing ships required it for a mast,
He wielded for a staff, his steps to guide·
But laid it by, his whistle while he tried
A hundred reeds, of a prodigious growth,
Scarce made a pipe proportioned to his mouth:
Which when he gave it wind, the rocks around,
And watery plains, the dreadful hiss resound.
I heard the ruffian shepherd rudely blow,
Where, in a hollow cave, I sat below,
On Acis' bosom I my head reclined:
And still preserve the poem in my mind.
"O lovely Galatea, whiter far
Than falling snows, and rising lilies are,
More flowery than the meads; as crystal bright:
Erect as alders, and of equal height·
More wanton than a kid, more sleek thy skin
Than orient shells, that on the shores are seen:
Than apples fairer, when the boughs they lade,
Pleasing as winter suns, or summer shade·
More grateful to the sight than goodly plains;
And softer to the touch than down of swans,
Or curds new turned, and sweeter to the taste
Than swelling grapes, that to the vintage haste·
More clear than ice, or running streams, that stray
Through garden plots, but, ah! more swift than they.
"Yet, Galatea, harder to be broke
Than bullocks, unreclaimed to bear the yoke
And far more stubborn than the knotted oak
Like sliding streams, impossible to hold,
Like them fallacious, like their fountains, cold:
More warping than the willow, to decline
My warm embrace; more brittle than the vine,
Immovable, and fixed in thy disdain;
Rough as these rocks, and of a harder grain:
More violent than is the rising flood;
And the praised peacock is not half so proud:

Fierce as the fire, and sharp as thistles are;
And more outrageous than a mother bear.
Deaf as the billows to the vows I make,
And more revengeful than a trodden snake:
In swiftness fleeter than the flying hind,
Or driven tempests, or the driving wind.
All other faults with patience I can bear;
But swiftness is the vice I only fear.
"Yet, if you knew me well, you would not shun
My love, but to my wished embraces run.
Would languish in your turn, and court my stay;
And much repent of your unwise delay.
"My palace, in the living rock, is made
By nature's hand, a spacious pleasing shade;
Which neither heat can pierce, nor cold invade.
My garden filled with fruits you may behold,
And grapes in clusters, imitating gold;
Some blushing bunches of a purple hue:
And these, and those, are all reserved for you.
Red strawberries in shades expecting stand
Proud to be gathered by so white a hand,
Autumnal cornels latter fruit provide,
And plums, to tempt you, turn their glossy side:
Not those of common kinds; but such alone,
As in Phæacian orchards might have grown.
Nor chestnuts shall be wanting to your food,
Nor garden fruits, nor wildings of the wood;
The laden boughs for you alone shall bear;
And yours shall be the product of the year.
"The flocks, you see, are all my own; beside
The rest that woods and winding valleys hide;
And those that folded in the caves abide.
Ask not the numbers of my growing store;
Who knows how many, knows he has no more.
Nor will I praise my cattle; trust not me,
But judge yourself, and pass your own decree:
Behold their swelling dugs; the sweepy weight
Of ewes, that sink beneath the milky freight;
In the warm folds their tender lambkins lie;
Apart from kids, that call with human cry.
New milk in nut-brown bowls is duly served
For daily drink; the rest for cheese reserved.
Nor are these household dainties all my store:
The fields and forests will afford us more;
The deer, the hare, the goat, the savage boar:

ACIS, POLYPHEMUS, AND GALATEA

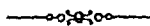
From a painting by Claude Lorraine

All sorts of venison, and of birds the best,
A pair of turtles taken from the nest
I walked the mountains, and two cubs I found,
Whose dam had left 'em on the naked ground,
So like, that no distinction could be seen,
So pretty, they were presents for a queen,
And so they shall; I took them both away,
And keep, to be companions of your play.
"Oh raise, fair nymph, your beauteous face above
The waves; nor scorn my presents, and my love.
Come, Galatea, come, and view my face;
I late beheld it in the watery glass,
And found it lovelier than I feared it was.
Survey my towering stature, and my size;
Not Jove, the Jove you dream, that rules the skies,
Bears such a bulk, or is so largely spread
My locks (the plenteous harvest of my head)
Hang o'er my manly face; and dangling down,
As with a shady grove, my shoulders crown.
Nor think, because my limbs and body bear
A thick-set underwood of bristling hair,
My shape deformed: what fouler sight can be
Than the bald branches of a leafless tree?
Foul is the steed without a flowing mane,
And birds, without their feathers, and their train.
Wool decks the sheep; and man receives a grace
From bushy limbs, and from a bearded face.
My forehead with a single eye is filled,
Round as a ball, and ample as a shield.
The glorious lamp of heaven, the radiant sun,
Is nature's eye; and she's content with one
Add, that my father sways your seas, and I,
Like you, am of the watery family.
I make you his, in making you my own,
You I adore, and kneel to you alone·
Jove, with his fabled thunder, I despise,
And only fear the lightning of your eyes
Frown not, fair nymph; yet I could bear to be
Disdained, if others were disdained with me.
But to repulse the Cyclops, and prefer
The love of Acis, heavens! I cannot bear.
But let the stripling please himself; nay more,
Please you, though that's the thing I most abhor;
The boy shall find, if e'er we cope in fight,
These giant limbs endued with giant might.

His living bowels from his belly torn,
And scattered limbs, shall on the flood be borne,
Thy flood, ungrateful nymph; and fate shall find
That way for thee and Acis to be joined,
For, oh! I burn with love, and thy disdain
Augments at once my passion and my pain.
Translated Ætna flames within my heart,
And thou, inhuman, wilt not ease my smart"

Lamenting thus in vain, he rose, and strode
With furious paces to the neighboring wood:
Restless his feet, distracted was his walk;
Mad were his motions, and confused his talk.
Mad as the vanquished bull, when forced to yield
His lovely mistress, and forsake the field.

Thus far unseen I saw. when, fatal chance
His looks directing, with a sudden glance,
Acis and I were to his sight betrayed;
Where, naught suspecting, we securely played.
From his wide mouth a bellowing cry he cast;
"I see, I see! but this shall be your last."
A roar so loud made Ætna to rebound;
And all the Cyclops labored in the sound.
Affrighted with his monstrous voice, I fled,
And in the neighboring ocean plunged my head.
Poor Acis turned his back, and, "Help," he said,
"Help, Galatea! help, my parent gods,
And take me dying to your deep abodes!"
The Cyclops followed, but he sent before
A rib, which from the living rock he tore:
Though but an angle reached him of the stone,
The mighty fragment was enough alone
To crush all Acis; 'twas too late to save,
But what the Fates allowed to give, I gave:
That Acis to his lineage should return,
And roll, among the river gods, his urn.
Straight issued from the stone a stream of blood;
Which lost the purple, mingling with the flood.
Then like a troubled torrent it appeared;
The torrent too, in little space, was cleared.
The stone was cleft, and through the yawning chink
New reeds arose, on the new river's brink.
The rock, from out its hollow womb, disclosed
A sound like water in its course opposed:
When (wondrous to behold) full in the flood
Up starts a youth, and navel-high he stood.

Horns from his temples rise; and either horn
Thick wreaths of reeds (his native growth) adorn.
Were not his stature taller than before,
His bulk augmented, and his beauty more,
His color blue, for Acis he might pass:
And Acis changed into a stream he was
But mine no more, he rolls along the plains
With rapid motion, and his name retains.

THE LOVE OF ACHILLES.[1]

(Translation from Bion by Andrew Lang.)

[For biographical sketch, see page 264]

Lycidas sings to Myrson a fragment about the loves of Achilles and Deidamia.

Myrson—Wilt thou be pleased now, Lycidas, to sing me sweetly some sweet Sicilian song, some wistful strain delectable, some lay of love, such as the Cyclops Polyphemus sang on the sea banks to Galatea?

Lycidas—Yes, Myrson, and I too fain would pipe, but what shall I sing?

Myrson—A song of Scyra, Lycidas, is my desire,—a sweet love story,—the stolen kisses of the son of Peleus, the stolen bed of love; how he, that was a boy, did on the weeds of women, and how he belied his form, and how among the heedless daughters of Lycomedes, Deidamia cherished Achilles in her bower.

Lycidas—The herdsman bore off Helen, upon a time, and carried her to Ida, sore sorrow to Œnone. And Lacedæmon waxed wroth, and gathered together all the Achæan folk; there was never a Hellene, not one of the Mycenæans, nor any man of Elis, nor of the Laconians, that tarried in his house, and shunned the cruel Ares.

But Achilles alone lay hid among the daughters of Lycomedes, and was trained to work in wools, in place of arms, and in his white hand held the bough of maidenhood, in semblance a maiden. For he put on women's ways, like them, and a bloom like theirs blushed on his cheek of snow, and he walked with maiden gait, and covered his locks with the snood. But

[1] By permission of the publishers, Macmillan & Co, Ltd

the heart of a man had he, and the love of a man. From dawn to dark he would sit by Deidamia, and anon would kiss her hand, and oft would lift the beautiful warp of her loom and praise the sweet threads, having no such joy in any other girl of her company.

DIDO IN LOVE.

(From the Æneid. translated by John Conington.)

But the queen, pierced long since by love's cruel shaft, is feeding the wound with her lifeblood, and wasting under a hidden fire. Many times the hero's own worth comes back to her mind, many times the glory of his race; his every look remains imprinted on her breast, and his every word, nor will trouble let soothing sleep have access to her frame.

The dawn goddess of the morrow was surveying the earth with Phœbus' torch in her hand, and had already withdrawn the dewy shadow from the sky, when she, sick of soul, thus bespoke the sister whose heart was one with hers:—"Anna, my sister, what dreams are these that confound and appall me? Who is this new guest that has entered our door? What a face and carriage! What strength of breast and shoulders! I do believe—it is no mere fancy—that he has the blood of gods in his veins. An ignoble soul is known by the coward's brand. Ah! by what fates he has been tossed! What wars he was recounting, every pang of them borne by himself! Were it not the fixed, immovable purpose of my mind never to consent to join myself with any in wedlock's bands, since my first love played me false and made me the dupe of death—had I not been weary of bridal bed and nuptial torch, perchance I might have stooped to this one reproach. Anna, for I will own the truth,—since the fate of Sychæus, my poor husband,—since the sprinkling of the gods of my home with the blood my brother shed, he and he only has touched my heart and shaken my resolution till it totters. I recognize the traces of the old flame. But first I would pray that earth may yawn for me from her foundations, or the all-powerful sire hurl me thunder-stricken to the shades, to the wan shades of Erebus and abysmal night, ere I violate thee, my woman's honor, or unknit the bonds thou tiest. He who first wedded me, he has

ÆNEAS AT THE COURT OF DIDO

From a painting by P. Guerin

carried off my heart—let him keep it all his own, and retain it in his grave." Thus having said, she deluged her bosom with a burst of tears.

Anna replies: "Sweet love, dearer than the light to your sister's eye, are you to pine and grieve in loneliness through life's long spring, nor know aught of a mother's joy in her children, nor of the prizes Venus gives? Think you that dead ashes and ghosts low in the grave take this to heart? Grant that no husbands have touched your bleeding heart in times gone by, none now in Libya, none before in Tyre; yes, Iarbas has been slighted, and the other chieftains whom Afric, rich in triumphs, rears as its own—will you fight against a welcome, no less than an unwelcome, passion? Nor does it cross your mind in whose territories you are settled? On one side the cities of the Gætulians, a race invincible in war, and the Numidians environ you, unbridled as their steeds, and the inhospitable Syrtis; on another, a region unpeopled by drought, and the widespread barbarism of the nation of Barce. What need to talk of the war cloud threatening from Tyre, and the menaces of our brother? It is under Heaven's auspices, I deem, and by Juno's blessing, that the vessels of Ilion have made this voyage hither. What a city, my sister, will ours become before your eyes! what an empire will grow out of a marriage like this! With the arms of the Teucrians at its back, to what a height will the glory of Carthage soar! Only be it yours to implore the favor of Heaven, and having won its acceptance, give free course to hospitality and weave a chain of pleas for delay, while the tempest is raging its full on the sea, and Orion, the star of rain, while his ships are still battered, and the rigor of the sky still unyielding." By these words she added fresh fuel to the fire of love, gave confidence to her wavering mind, and loosed the ties of woman's honor.

First they approach the temples and inquire for pardon from altar to altar; duly they slaughter chosen sheep to Ceres the lawgiver, to Phœbus, and to father Lyæus—above all to Juno, who makes marriage bonds her care. Dido herself, in all her beauty, takes a goblet in her hand, and pours it out full between the horns of a heifer of gleaming white, or moves majestic in the presence of the gods towards the richly laden altars, and solemnizes the day with offerings, and gazing greedily on the victims' opened breasts, consults the entrails yet quivering with life. Alas! how blind are the eyes of seers! What can

vows, what can temples do for the madness of love? All the while a flame is preying on the very marrow of her bones, and deep in her breast a wound keeps noiselessly alive. She is on fire, the ill-fated Dido, and in her madness ranges the whole city through, like a doe from an arrow shot, whom, unguarded in the thick of the Cretan woods, a shepherd, chasing her with his darts, has pierced from a distance, and left the flying steel in the wound, unknowing of his prize; she at full speed scours the forests and lawns of Dicte; the deadly reed still sticks in her side. Now she leads Æneas with her through the heart of the town, and displays the wealth of Sidon, and the city built to dwell in. She begins to speak, and stops midway in the utterance. Now, as the day fades, she seeks again the banquet of yesterday, and once more in frenzy asks to hear of the agonies of Troy, and hangs once more on his lips as he tells the tale. Afterwards, when the guests are gone, and the dim moon in turn is hiding her light, and the setting stars invite to slumber, alone she mourns in the empty hall, and presses the couch he has just left; him far away she sees and hears, herself far away; or holds Ascanius long in her lap, spellbound by his father's image, to cheat, if she can, her ungovernable passion. The towers that were rising rise no longer; the youth cease to practice arms, or to make ready havens and bulwarks for safety in war; the works are broken and suspended, the giant frowning of the walls, and the engine level with the sky.

IX. The Fates Interpose.

Soon as Jove's loved wife saw that she was so mastered by the plague, and that good name could not stand in the face of passion, she, the daughter of Saturn, bespeaks Venus thus: "Brilliant truly is the praise, ample the spoils you are carrying off, you and your boy — great and memorable the fame, if the plots of two gods have really conquered one woman. No; I am not so blind either to your fears of my city, to your suspicions of the open doors of my stately Carthage. But when is this to end? or what call now for such terrible contention? Suppose for a change we establish perpetual peace and a firm marriage bond. You have gained what your whole heart went to seek. Dido is ablaze with love, and the madness is coursing through her frame. Jointly then let us rule this nation, each with full sovereignty; let her stoop to be the slave of a

Phrygian husband, and make over her Tyrians in place of dowry to your control."

To her—for she saw that she had spoken with a feigned intent, meaning to divert the Italian empire to the coast of Libya—Venus thus replied: "Who would be so mad as to spurn offers like these, and prefer your enmity to your friendship, were it but certain that the issue you name would bring good fortune in its train? But I am groping blindly after destiny—whether it be Jupiter's will that the Tyrians and the voyagers from Troy should have one city—whether he would have the two nations blended and a league made between them. You are his wife; it is your place to approach him by entreaty. Go on, I will follow." Imperial Juno rejoined thus: "That task shall rest with me. Now, in what way our present purpose can be contrived, lend me your attention, and I will explain in brief. Æneas and Dido, poor sufferer! are proposing to go hunting in the forest, when first to-morrow's sun displays his rising, and with his beams uncurtains the globe. On them I will pour from above a black storm of mingled rain and hail, just when the horsemen are all astir, and spreading their toils before the wood walks, and the whole heaven shall be convulsed with thunder. The train shall fly here and there, and be lost in the thick darkness. Dido and the Trojan chief shall find themselves in the same cave. I will be there, and, if I may count on your sanction, will unite her to him in lasting wedlock, and consecrate her his for life. Thus shall Hymen give us his presence." The Queen of Cythera makes no demur, but nods assent, smiling at the trick she has found out.

Meanwhile Aurora has risen, and left the ocean. Rising with the day-star, the chivalry of Carthage streams through the gates, their woven toils, and nets, and hunting spears tipped with broad iron, and Massylian horsemen hurry along, and a force of keen-scented hounds. There are the Punic princes, waiting for the queen, who still lingers in her chamber; there stands her palfrey, conspicuous in purple and gold, fiercely champing the foaming bit. At length she comes forth, with a mighty train attending, a Tyrian scarf round her, itself surrounded by an embroidered border; her quiver of gold, her hair knotted up with gold, her purple robe fastened with a golden clasp. The Phrygian train, too, are in motion, and Iulus, all exultation. Æneas himself, comely beyond all the

rest, adds his presence to theirs, and joins the procession; like Apollo, when he leaves his Lycian winter seat and the stream of Xanthus, and visits Delos, his mother's isle, and renews the dance; while with mingled voices round the altar shout Cretans and Dryopians, and tattooed Agathyrsians. The god in majesty walks on the heights of Cynthus, training his luxuriant hair with the soft pressure of a wreath of leaves, and twining it with gold; his arrows rattle on his shoulders. Not with less ease than he moved Æneas; such the beauty that sparkles in that peerless countenance. When they reach the high mountains and the pathless coverts, see! the wild goats, dropping from the tops of the crags, have run down the slopes; in another quarter the deer are scouring the open plains, massing their herds as they fly in a whirlwind of dust, and leaving the mountains. But young Ascanius is in the heart of the glens, exulting in his fiery courser. Now he passes one, now another, of his comrades at full speed, and prays that in the midst of such spiritless game he may be blest with the sight of a foaming boar, or that a tawny lion may come down the hill.

X. The Mystic Marriage.

Meantime the sky begins to be convulsed with a mighty turmoil; a stormcloud follows of mingled rain and hail. The Tyrian train, all in confusion, and the chivalry of Troy, and the hope of Dardania, Venus' grandson, have sought shelter in their terror up and down the country, some here, some there. The streams run in torrents down the hills. Dido and the Trojan chief find themselves in the same cave. Earth, the mother of all, and Juno give the sign.

Lightnings blaze, and heaven flashes in sympathy with the bridal; and from mountain tops the nymphs give the nuptial shout. That day was the birthday of death, the birthday of woe. Henceforth she has no thought for the common eye, or the common tongue; it is not a stolen passion that Dido has now in her mind—no, she calls it marriage; that name is the screen of her sin.

Instantly Fame takes her journey through Libya's great cities—Fame, a monster surpassed in speed by none; her nimbleness lends her life, and she gains strength as she goes. At first fear keeps her low; soon she rears herself skyward, and treads on the ground, while her head is hidden among the clouds. Earth,

her parent, provoked to anger against the gods, brought her forth, they say, the youngest of the family of Cœus and Enceladus, — swift of foot and untiring of wing, a portent terrible and vast, — who, for every feather on her body has an ever-wakeful eye beneath, marvelous to tell, for every eye a loud tongue and mouth, and a pricked-up ear. At night she flies midway between heaven and earth, hissing through the darkness, nor ever yields her eyes to the sweets of sleep. In the daylight she sits sentinel on a high house top, or on a lofty turret, and makes great cities afraid; as apt to cling to falsehood and wrong as to proclaim the truth. So then she was filling the public ear with a thousand tales, — things done and things never done alike the burden of her song, — how that Æneas, a prince of Trojan blood, had arrived at Carthage, a hero whom lovely Dido deigned to make her husband, and now in luxurious ease they were wearing away the length of winter together, forgetful of the crowns they wore or hoped to wear, and enthralled by unworthy passion. Such are the tales the fiendlike goddess spreads from tongue to tongue. Then, in due course, she turns her steps to King Iarbas, and inflames him with her rumors, and piles his indignation high. He, the son of Ammon, from the ravished embrace of a Garamantian nymph, built within his broad realms a hundred temples to Jove, and in each temple an altar; there he had consecrated an ever-wakeful fire, the god's unsleeping sentry, a floor thick with victims' blood, and doors wreathed with parti-colored garlands. And he, frenzied in soul, and stung by the bitter tidings, is said, as he stood before the altars, with the majesty of Heaven all around him, to have prayed long and earnestly to Jove with upturned hands: "Jove, the Almighty, to whom in this my reign the Moorish race, feasting on embroidered couches, pour out the offering of the vintage, seest thou this? or is our dread of thee, Father, when thou hurlest thy lightnings, an idle panic? are those aimless fires in the clouds that appall us? have their confused rumblings no meaning? See here: a woman, who, wandering in our territories, bought leave to build a petty town, to whom we made over a strip of land for tillage, with its rights of lordship, she has rejected an alliance with us, and received Æneas into her kingdom, to be its lord and hers. And now that second Paris, with his emasculate following, a Mæonian cap supporting his chin and his essenced hair, is enjoying his prize, while we, forsooth, are

making offerings to temples of thine, and keeping alive an idle rumor."

Thus as he prayed, his hands grasping the altar, the almighty one heard him, and turned his eyes to the queenly city and the guilty pair, lost to their better fame. Then thus he bespeaks Mercury, and gives him a charge like this: "Go, haste, my son, summon the Zephyrs, and float on thy wings; address the Dardan chief, who is now dallying in Tyrian Carthage, and giving no thought to the city which Destiny makes his own; carry him my commands through the flying air. It was not a man like that whom his beauteous mother promised us in him, and on the strength of her word twice rescued him from the sword of Greece. No, he was to be one who should govern Italy — Italy, with its brood of unborn empires, and the war cry bursting from its heart — who should carry down a line sprung from the grand fountain head of Teucer's blood, and should force the whole world to bow to the laws he makes. If he is fired by no spark of ambition for greatness like this, and will not rear a toilsome fabric for his own praise, is it a father's heart that grudges Ascanius the hills of Rome? What is he building? What does he look to in lingering on among a nation of enemies, with no thought for the great Ausonian family, or for the fields of Lavinium? Away with him to sea! This is our sentence; thus far be our messenger."

Jove had spoken, and Mercury was preparing to execute the great sire's command: first he binds to his feet his sandals, all of gold, which carry him, uplifted by their pinions, over sea no less than land, with the swiftness of the wind that wafts him. Then he takes his rod — the rod with which he is wont to call up pale specters from the place of death — to send others on their melancholy way to Tartarus, to give sleep or take it away, and to open the eyes when death is past. With this in hand, he drives the winds before him, and makes a path through the sea of clouds. And now in his flight he espies the crest and the tall sides of Atlas the rugged, who with his top supports the sky — Atlas, whose pine-crowned head, ever wreathed with dark clouds, is buffeted by wind and rain. A mantle of snow wraps his shoulders; rivers tumble from his hoary chin, and his grisly beard is stiff with ice. Here first Cyllene's god poised himself on his wings and rested; then from his stand stooping his whole body, he sent himself headlong to the sea, like a bird which haunting the coast and the fishy rocks flies

low, close to the water. Even so was he flying between earth and heaven, between Libya's sandy coast and the winds that swept it, leaving his mother's father behind, himself Cyllene's progeny.

XI. ÆNEAS DESERTS HIS QUEEN.

Soon as his winged feet alit among the huts of Carthage, he sees Æneas founding towers and making houses new. A sword was at his side, starred with yellow jaspers, and a mantle drooped from his shoulders, ablaze with Tyrian purple — a costly gift which Dido had made, varying the web with threads of gold. Instantly he assails him: "And are you at a time like this laying the foundations of stately Carthage, and building, like a fond husband, your wife's goodly city, forgetting, alas! your own kingdom and the cares that should be yours? It is no less than the ruler of the gods who sends me down to you from his bright Olympus — he whose nod sways heaven and earth; it is he that bids me carry his commands through the flying air. What are you building? what do you look to in squandering your leisure in Libyan land? If you are fired by no spark of ambition for the greatness in your view, and will not rear a toilsome fabric for your own praise, think of Ascanius rising into youth, think of Iulus, your heir and your hope, to whom you owe the crown of Italy and the realm of Rome." With these words Cyllene's god quitted mortal sight ere he had well ceased to speak, and vanished away from the eye into unsubstantial air.

The sight left Æneas dumb and aghast indeed; his hair stood shudderingly erect; his speech clave to his throat. He burns to take flight and leave the land of pleasure, as his ears ring with the thunder of Heaven's imperious warning. What — ah! what is he to do? with what address can he now dare to approach the impassioned queen? what first advances can he employ? And thus he dispatches his rapid thought hither and thither, hurrying it east and west, and sweeping every corner of the field. So balancing, at last he thought this judgment the best. He calls Mnestheus and Sergestus and brave Serestus; bids them quietly get ready the fleet, muster the crews on the shore, with their arms in their hands, hiding the reason for so sudden a change. Meantime he, while Dido, kindest of friends, is in ignorance, deeming love's chain too strong to be snapped, will feel his way, and find what are the happiest

moments for speech, what the right hold to take of circumstance. At once all gladly obey his command, and are busy on the tasks enjoined.

But the queen (who can cheat a lover's senses?) scented the plot, and caught the first sound of the coming stir, alive to fear in the midst of safety. Fame, as before, the same baleful fiend, whispered in her frenzied ear that the fleet was being equipped and the voyage got ready. She storms in impotence of soul, and, all on fire, goes raving through the city, like a Mænad starting up at the rattle of the sacred emblems, when the triennial orgies lash her with the cry of Bacchus, and Cithæron's yell calls her into the night. At length she thus bespeaks Æneas, unaddressed by him:—

"To hide, yes, hide your enormous crime, perfidious wretch, did you hope *that* might be done — to steal away in silence from my realm? Has our love no power to keep you? has our troth, once plighted, none, nor she whom you doom to a cruel death, your Dido? Nay, are you fitting out your fleet with winter's sky overhead, and hastening to cross the deep in the face of all the northern winds, hard-hearted as you are? Why, suppose you were not seeking a strange clime and a home you know not — suppose old Troy were still standing — would even Troy draw you to seek her across a billowy sea? Flying, and from me! By the tears I shed, and by your plighted hand, since my own act, alas! has left me naught else to plead — by our union — by the nuptial rites thus prefaced — if I have ever deserved well of you, or aught of mine ever gave you pleasure — have pity on a falling house, and strip off, I conjure you, if prayer be not too late, the mind that clothes you. It is owing to you that the Libyan tribes and the Nomad chiefs hate me, that my own Tyrians are estranged; owing to you, yes, you, that my woman's honor has been put out, and that which was my one passport to immortality, my former fame. To whom are you abandoning a dying woman, my guest? — since the name of husband has dwindled to that. Why do I live any longer? — to give my brother Pygmalion time to batter down my walls, or Iarbas the Moor to carry me away captive? Had I but borne any offspring of you before your flight, were there some tiny Æneas to play in my hall, and remind me of you, though but in look, I should not then feel utterly captive and forlorn."

She ceased. He all the while, at Jove's command, was keeping his eyes unmoved, and shutting up in his heart his great

love. At length he answers in brief: "Fair queen, name all the claims to gratitude you can. I shall never gainsay one, nor will the thought of Elissa ever be unwelcome while memory lasts, while breath animates this frame. A few words I will say, as the case admits. I never counted—do not dream it—on stealthily concealing my flight. I never came with a bridegroom's torch in my hand, nor was this the alliance to which I agreed. For me, were the Fates to suffer me to live under a star of my own choosing, and to make with care the terms I would, the city of Troy, first of all the dear remains of what was mine, would claim my tendance. Priam's tall rooftree would still be standing, and my hand would have built a restored Pergamus, to solace the vanquished. But now to princely Italy Grynean Apollo, to Italy his Lycian oracles, bid me repair. There is my heart, there my fatherland. If you are riveted here by the sight of your stately Carthage, a daughter of Phœnicia by a Libyan town, why, I would ask, should jealousy forbid Teucrians to settle in Ausonian land? We, like you, have the right of looking for a foreign realm. There is my father Anchises, oft as night's dewy shades invest the earth, oft as the fiery stars arise, warning me in dreams and appalling me by his troubled presence. There is my son Ascanius, and the wrongs heaped on his dear head every day that I rob him of the crown of Hesperia, and of the land that fate makes his. Now, too, the messenger of the gods, sent down from Jove himself (I swear by both our lives) has brought me orders through the flying air. With my own eyes I saw the god in clear daylight entering the walls, and took in his words with the ears that hear you now. Cease then to harrow up both our souls by your reproaches: my quest of Italy is not of my own motion."

Long ere he had done this speech she was glaring at him askance, rolling her eyes this way and that, and scanning the whole man with her silent glances, and thus she bursts forth all ablaze: "No goddess was mother of yours, no Dardanus the head of your line, perfidious wretch!—no, your parent was Caucasus, rugged and craggy, and Hyrcanian tigresses put their breasts to your lips. For why should I suppress aught? or for what worse evil hold myself in reserve? Did he groan when I wept? did he move those hard eyes? did he yield and shed tears, or pity her that loved him? What first? what last? Now, neither Juno, queen of all, nor Jove, the almighty Father,

eyes us with impartial regard. Nowhere is there aught to trust —nowhere. A shipwrecked beggar, I welcomed him, and madly gave him a share of my realm; his lost fleet, his crews, I brought back from death's door. Ah! Fury sets me on fire, and whirls me round! Now, prophet Apollo, now the Lycian oracles. Now the messenger of the gods, sent down by Jove himself, bears his grim bidding through the air! Aye, of course, that is the employment of the powers above, those the cares that break their repose! I retain not your person, nor refute your talk. Go, chase Italy with the winds at your back; look for realms with the whole sea between you. I have hope that on the rocks midway, if the gods are as powerful as they are good, you will drain the cup of punishment, with Dido's name ever on your lips. I will follow you with murky fires when I am far away; and when cold death shall have parted soul and body, my shade shall haunt you everywhere. Yes, wretch, you shall suffer. I shall hear it—the news will reach me down among the dead." So saying, she snaps short her speech, and flies with loathing from the daylight, and breaks and rushes from his sight, leaving him hesitating, and fearing, and thinking of a thousand things to say. Her maidens support her, and carry her sinking frame into her marble chamber, and lay her on her bed.

But good Æneas, though yearning to solace and soothe her agonized spirit, and by his words to check the onset of sorrow, with many a groan, his whole soul upheaved by the force of love, goes nevertheless about the commands of Heaven, and repairs to his fleet. The Teucrians redouble their efforts, and along the whole range of the shore drag their tall ships down. The keels are careened and floated. They carry oars with their leaves still on, and timber unfashioned as it stood in the woods, so strong their eagerness to fly. You may see them all in motion, streaming from every part of the city. Even as ants when they are sacking a huge heap of wheat, provident of winter days, and laying up the plunder in their stores; a black column is seen moving through the plain, and they convey their booty along the grass in a narrow path: some are putting their shoulders to the big grains, and pushing them along; others are rallying the force and punishing the stragglers; the whole track is in a glow of work.

XII. Death of Dido.

What were your feelings then, poor Dido, at a sight like this! How deep the groans you heaved, when you looked out from your lofty tower on a beach all seething and swarming, and saw the whole sea before you deafened with that hubbub of voices! Tyrant love! what force dost thou not put on human hearts? Again she has to condescend to tears, again to use the weapons of entreaty, and bow her spirit in suppliance under love's yoke, lest she should have left aught untried, and be rushing on a needless death.

"Anna, you see there is hurrying all over the shore—they are met from every side; the canvas is already wooing the gale, and the joyful sailors have wreathed the sterns. If I have had the foresight to anticipate so heavy a blow, I shall have the power to bear it too, my sister. Yet, Anna, in my misery, perform me this one service. You, and you only, the perfidious man was wont to make his friend—aye, even to trust you with his secret thoughts. You, and you only, know the subtle approaches to his heart, and the times of essaying them. Go, then, my sister, and supplicate our haughty foe. Tell him I was no party to the Danaan league at Aulis to destroy the Trojan nation; I sent no ships to Pergamus; I never disinterred his father Anchises, his dust or his spirit. Why will he not let my words sink down into his obdurate ears? Whither is he hurrying? Let him grant this last boon to her who loves him so wildly; let him wait till the way is smoothed for his flight, and there are winds to waft him. I am not asking him now to renew our old vows which he has forsworn. I am not asking him to forego his fair Latium, and resign his crown. I entreat but a few vacant hours, a respite and breathing space for my passion, till my fortune shall have taught baffled love how to grieve. This is my last request of you. Oh, pity your poor sister!—a request which when granted shall be returned with interest in death."

Such was her appeal—such the wailing which her afflicted sister bears to him, and bears again; but no wailing moves him, no words find him a gentle listener. Fate bars the way, and Heaven closes the hero's relenting ears. Even as an aged oak, still hale and strong, which Alpine winds, blowing now here, now there, strive emulously to uproot—a loud noise is heard, and, as the stem rocks, heaps of leaves pile the ground; but

the tree cleaves firmly to the cliff; high as its head strikes into the air, so deep its root strikes down to the abyss — even thus the hero is assailed on all sides by a storm of words: his mighty breast thrills through and through with agony; but his mind is unshaken, and tears are showered in vain.

Then at last, maddened by her destiny, poor Dido prays for death: heaven's vault is a weariness to look on. To confirm her in pursuing her intent, and closing her eyes on the sun, she saw, as she was laying her offerings on the incense-steaming altars — horrible to tell — the sacred liquor turn black, and the streams of wine curdle into loathly gore. This appearance she told to none, not even to her sister. Moreover, there was in her palace a marble chapel to her former husband, to which she used to pay singular honors, wreathing it with snowy fillets and festal boughs; from it she thought she heard a voice, the accents of the dead man calling her, when the darkness of night was shrouding the earth; and on the roof a lonely owl in funereal tones kept complaining again and again, and drawing out wailingly its protracted notes; and a thousand predictions of seers of other days come back on her, terrifying her with their awful warnings. When she dreams, there is Æneas himself driving her in furious chase: she seems always being left alone to herself, always pacing companionless on a never-ending road, and looking for her Tyrians in a realm without inhabitants — like Pentheus, when in frenzy he sees troops of Furies, and two sons, and a double Thebes rising round him; or Agamemnon's Orestes rushing over the stage, as he flies from his mother, who is armed with torches and deadly snakes, while the avenging fiends sit couched on the threshold.

So when, spent with agony, she gave conception to the demon, and resolved on death, she settled with herself time and means, and thus bespoke her grieving sister, her face disguising her intent, and hope smiling on her brow: "Dearest, I have found a way — wish me joy, as a sister should — to bring him back to me, or to loose me from the love which binds me to him. Hard by the bound of ocean and the setting sun lies the extreme Ethiopian clime, where mighty Atlas turns round on his shoulders the pole, studded with burning stars. From that clime, I have heard of a priestess of the Massylian race, once guardian of the temple of the Hesperides, who used to give the dragon his food, and so preserve the sacred boughs on the tree, sprinkling for him moist honey and drowsy poppy seed. She,

by her spells, undertakes to release souls at her pleasure, while into others she shoots cruel pangs; she stops the water in the river bed, and turns back the stars in their courses, and calls ghosts from realms of night. You will see the earth bellowing under you, and the ashes coming down from the mountain top. By the gods I swear, dearest sister, by you and your dear life, that unwillingly I gird on the weapons of magic. Do you, in the privacy of the inner court, build a pile to the open sky; lay on it the arms which that godless man left hanging in the chamber, and all his doffed apparel, and the nuptial bed which was my undoing. To destroy every memorial of the hateful wretch is my pleasure, and the priestess' bidding.' This said, she is silent — paleness overspreads her face. Yet Anna does not dream that these strange rites are a veil to hide her sister's death: she cannot grasp frenzy like that; she fears no darker day than that of their mourning for Sychæus, and so she does her bidding.

But the queen, when the pile had been built in the heart of the palace to the open sky, a giant mass of pine wood and hewn oak, spans the place with garlands, and crowns it with funeral boughs. High above it on the couch she sets the doffed apparel, and the sword that had been left, and the image of the false lover, knowing too well what was to come. Altars rise here and there; the priestess, with hair disheveled, thunders out the roll of three hundred gods, Erebus and Chaos, and Hecate with her triple form — the three faces borne by maiden Dian. See! she has sprinkled water, brought, so she feigns, from Avernus' spring, and she is getting green downy herbs, cropped by moonlight with brazen shears, whose sap is the milk of deadly poison, and the love charm, torn from the brow of the new-born foal, ere the mother could snatch it. Dido herself, with salted cake and pure hands at the altars, one foot unshod, her vest ungirdled, makes her dying appeal to the gods and to the stars who share Fate's counsels, begging the powers, if any there be, that watch, righteous and unforgetting, over ill-yoked lovers, to hear her prayer.

It was night, and overtoiled mortality throughout the earth was enjoying peaceful slumber; the woods were at rest, and the raging waves — the hour when the stars are rolling midway in their smooth courses, when all the land is hushed, cattle, and gay-plumed birds, haunters far and wide of clear waters and rough forest ground, lapped in sleep with stilly night over-

head, their troubles assuaged, their hearts dead to care. Not so the vexed spirit of Phœnicia's daughter; she never relaxes into slumber, or welcomes the night to eye or bosom; sorrow doubles peal on peal; once more love swells, and storms, and surges, with a mighty tempest of passion. Thus, then, she plunges into speech, and whirls her thoughts about thus in the depths of her soul: "What am I about? Am I to make fresh proof of my former suitors, with scorn before me? Must I stoop to court Nomad bridegrooms, whose offered hand I have spurned so often? Well, then, shall I follow the fleet of Ilion, and be at the beck and call of Teucrian masters? Is it that they think with pleasure on the succor once rendered them? that gratitude for past kindness yet lives in their memory? But even if I wished it, who will give me leave, or admit the unwelcome guest to his haughty ships? Are you so ignorant, poor wretch? Do you not yet understand the perjury of the race of Laomedon? What then? Shall I fly alone, and swell the triumph of their crews? or shall I put to sea, with the Tyrians and the whole force of my people at my back, dragging those whom it was so hard to uproot from their Sidonian home again into the deep, and bidding them spread sail to the winds? No! — die the death you have merited, and let the sword put your sorrow to flight. You, sister, are the cause; overmastered by my tears, you heap this deadly fuel on my flame, and fling me upon my enemy. Why could I not forswear wedlock, and live an unblamed life in savage freedom, nor meddle with troubles like these? Why did I not keep the faith I vowed to the ashes of Sychæus?" Such were the reproaches that broke from that bursting heart.

Meanwhile Æneas, resolved on his journey, was slumbering in his vessel's tall stern, all being now in readiness. To him a vision of the god appearing again with the same countenance, presented itself as he slept, and seemed to give this second warning — the perfect picture of Mercury, his voice, his blooming hue, his yellow locks, and the youthful grace of his frame: "Goddess-born, at a crisis like this can you slumber on? Do you not see the wall of danger which is fast rising round you, infatuate that you are, nor hear the favoring whisper of the western gale? She is revolving in her bosom thoughts of craft and cruelty, resolved on death, and surging with a changeful tempest of passion. Will you not haste away while haste is in your power? You will look on a sea convulsed with

ships, an array of fierce torch fires, a coast glowing with flame, if the dawn goddess shall have found you loitering here on land. Quick! — burst through delay. A thing of moods and changes is woman ever." He said, and was lost in the darkness of night.

At once Æneas, scared by the sudden apparition, springs up from sleep, and rouses his comrades. "Wake in a moment, my friends, and seat you on the benches. Unfurl the sails with all speed. See! here is a god sent down from heaven on high, urging us again to hasten our flight, and cut the twisted cables. Yes! sacred power, we follow thee, whoever thou art, and a second time with joy obey thy behest. Be thou with us, and graciously aid us, and let propitious stars be ascendant in the sky." So saying, he snatches from the scabbard his flashing sword, and with the drawn blade cuts the hawsers. The spark flies from man to man; they scour, they scud, they have left the shore behind; you cannot see the water for ships. With strong strokes they dash the foam, and sweep the blue.

And now Aurora was beginning to sprinkle the earth with fresh light, rising from Tithonus' saffron couch. Soon as the queen from her watchtower saw the gray dawn brighten, and the fleet moving on with even canvas, and coast and haven forsaken, with never an oar left, thrice and again smiting her beauteous breast with her hands, and rending her golden locks, "Great Jupiter!" cries she, "shall he go? Shall a chance comer boast of having flouted our realm? Will they not get their arms at once, and give chase from all the town, and pull, some of them, the ships from the docks? Away! bring fire; quick! get darts, ply oars! What am I saying? Where am I? What madness turns my brain? Wretched Dido! do your sins sting you now? They should have done so then, when you were giving your crown away. What truth! what fealty! — the man who, they say, carries about with him the gods of his country, and took up on his shoulders his old worn-out father! Might I not have caught and torn him piecemeal, and scattered him to the waves? — destroyed his friends, aye, and his own Ascanius, and served up the boy for his father's meal? But the chance of a battle would have been doubtful. Let it have been. I was to die, and whom had I to fear? I would have flung torches into his camp, filled his decks with flame, consumed son and sire and the whole line, and leapt myself upon the pile. Sun, whose torch shows thee all that is done on earth,

blood. Dido strives to raise her heavy eyes, and sinks down again; the deep stab gurgles in her breast. Thrice, with an effort, she lifted and reared herself up on her elbow; thrice she fell back on the couch, and with helpless wandering eyes aloft in the sky, sought for the light and groaned when she found it.

Then Juno almighty, in compassion for her lengthened agony and her trouble in dying, sent down Iris from Olympus to part the struggling soul and its prison of flesh. For, as she was dying, not in the course of fate, nor for any crime of hers, but in mere misery, before her time, the victim of sudden frenzy, not yet had Proserpine carried off a lock of her yellow hair, and thus doomed her head to Styx and the place of death. So then Iris glides down the sky with saffron wings dew-besprent, trailing a thousand various colors in the face of the sun, and alights above her head. "This I am bidden to bear away as an offering to Pluto, and hereby set you free from the body." So saying, she stretches her hand and cuts the lock: at once all heat parts from the frame, and the life has passed into air.

VIRGIL'S DIDO.

By WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR

WITHOUT the sublime, we have said before, there can be no poet of the first order: but the pathetic may exist in the secondary; for tears are more easily drawn forth than souls are raised. So easily are they on some occasions, that the poetical power needs scarcely be brought into action, while on the others the pathetic is the very summit of sublimity. We have an example of it in the Ariadne of Catullus, we have another in the Priam of Homer. All the heroes and gods, debating and fighting, vanish before the father of Hector in the tent of Achilles, and before the storm of conflicting passions his sorrows and prayers excite. But neither in the spirited and energetic Catullus, nor in the masculine and scornful and stern Lucretius, no, nor in Homer, is there anything so impassioned, and therefore so sublime, as the last hour of Dido in the Æneid. Admirably as two Greek poets have represented the tenderness, the anguish, the terrific wrath and vengeance of Medea, all the works they ever wrote contain not the poetry

which Virgil has condensed into about a hundred verses, omitting as we must those which drop like icicles from the rigid lips of Æneas, and also the similes, which, here as everywhere, sadly interfere with passion.

PISIDICÊ.[1]

By ANDREW LANG

THE daughter of the Lesbian king,
  Within her bower she watched the war.
Far off she heard the arrows ring,
  The smitten harness ring afar,
  And fighting on the foremost car,
Stood one who smote where all must flee·
  Fairer than the immortals are
He seemed to fair Pisidicê!

She saw, she loved him, and her heart
  Unto Achilles, Peleus' son,
Threw all its guarded gates apart,
  A maiden fortress lightly won
  And ere that day of strife was done,
No more of land or faith recked she;
  But joyed in her new life begun,—
Her life of love, Pisidicê!

She took a gift into her hand,
  As one that has a boon to crave;
She stole across the ruined land,
  Where lay the dead without a grave,
  And to Achilles' hand she gave
Her gift, the secret postern's key.
  "To-morrow let me be thy slave!"
Moaned to her love Pisidicê

At dawn the Argive's clarion call
  Rang down Methymna's burning street;
They slew the sleeping warriors all,
  They drove the women to the fleet,

[1] By permission of the Century Company

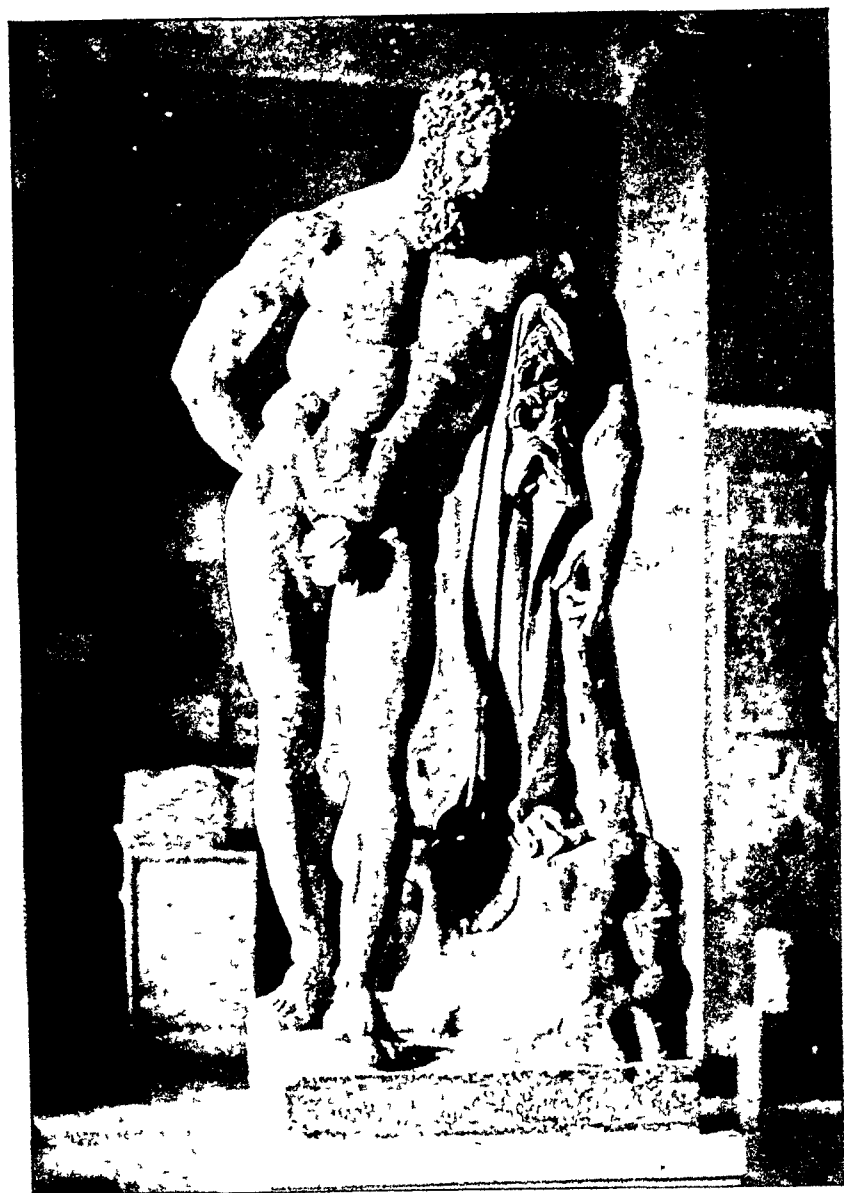
Save one, that to Achilles' feet
Clung, but in sudden wrath cried he,
"For her no doom but death is meet,"
And there men stoned Pisidicê

In havens of that haunted coast,
Amid the myrtles of the shore,
The moon sees many a maiden ghost,
Love's outcast now and evermore.
The silence hears the shades deplore
Their hour of dear-bought love; but thee
The waves lull, 'neath thine olives hoar,
To dreamless rest, Pisidicê!

THE LABORS OF HERCULES.

DECEIVED by the evil advice of Ate, the mischief-maker of the gods, Jupiter said to Juno his queen, "This day a child shall be born of the race of Perseus, who shall be the mightiest of all on earth." He meant his son Hercules; but Juno had a crafty trick in her mind, to lay a heavy curse on that son, whom naturally she hated for his being such. She asked Jupiter if what he had just said should surely be so, and he gave the nod which meant the vow that could not be recalled; then she went to the Fates and induced them to have Eurystheus born first, so that he should be the one mortal more powerful than Hercules, though a weak, jealous, and spiteful man.

So the lot was fixed that all his life long Hercules should toil at the will of a mean and envious master. He was matchless in strength, courage, and beauty; but he was to have neither profit nor comfort from them till he should pass from the land of mortals. But Jupiter was enraged at the ruin of his plans for the child by Juno's plot; he cast forth Ate from the halls of Olympus and forbade her to dwell again among the gods, and ordained that Hercules should dwell with the gods in Olympus as soon as his days of toil on earth were ended.

So Hercules grew up in the house of Amphitryon (the husband of Alcmena, the mother of the baby demigod), full of beauty and wonderful might. One day, as he lay sleeping, two huge serpents came into the chamber, twisted their coils round

HERCULES

the cradle, and gazed on him with their cold, glassy eyes, till the sound of their hissing woke him; but instead of being frightened, he stretched out his little arms, caught hold of the serpents' necks, and strangled them to death. All knew by this sign that he was to have terrible struggles with the evil things of the world, but was to come off the victor.

As he grew up, no one could compare with him for strength of arm and swiftness of foot, in taming horses, or in wrestling. The best men in Argos were his teachers; and the wise centaur Chiron was his friend, and taught him always to help the weak and take their part against any who oppressed them. For all his great strength, none were more gentle than Hercules; none more full of pity for those bowed down by pain and labor.

But it was bitter to him that he must spend his life slaving for Eurystheus, while others were rich in joy and pleasures, feasts and games. One day, thinking of these things, he sat down by the wayside where two paths met, in a lonely valley far from the dwellings of men. Suddenly lifting up his eyes, he saw two women coming toward him, each from a different road. Both were fair to look upon: but one had a soft and gentle face, and was clad in pure white. The other looked boldly at Hercules; her face was ruddier, and her eyes shone with a hot and restless glitter; her thin, embroidered robe, streaming in long folds from her shoulders, clung about her voluptuous figure, revealing more than it hid. With a quick and eager step she hastened to him, so as to be the first to speak. And she said: "I know, man of toils and grief, that your heart is sad within you, and that you know not which way to turn. Come with me, and I will lead you on a soft and pleasant road, where no storms shall vex you and no sorrows shall trouble you. You shall never hear of wars or fighting; sickness and pain shall not come near you: but you shall feast all day long at rich banquets and listen to the songs of minstrels. You shall not want for sparkling wine, soft robes, or pleasant couches; you shall not lack the delights of love, for the bright eyes of maidens shall look gently upon you, and their song shall lull you to sleep."

Hercules said: "You promise me pleasant things, lady, and I am sorely pressed down by a hard master. What is your name?"

"My friends," said she, "call me Pleasure; those who look

on me with disfavor have given me more than one bad name and an ill repute, but they speak falsely."

Then the other said: "Hercules, I too know who you are and the doom laid on you, and how you have toiled and endured even from childhood; that is the very reason I feel sure you will give me your love. If you do so, men will speak of your good deeds in future times, and my name will be still more exalted. But I have no fine words to cheat you with. Nothing good is ever reached, nothing great is ever won, without toil. If you seek for fruit from the earth, you must tend and till it; if you would have the favor of the gods, you must come before them with prayers and offerings; if you long for the love of men, you must do them good."

Then the other brake in and said: "You see, Hercules, that Virtue seeks to lead you on a long and weary path; but my broad and easy road leads quickly to happiness."

Virtue answered with a flash of anger in her pure eyes: "Wretched thing, what good thing have you to give, and what pleasure can you feel, who know not what it is to toil? Your lusts are satiated, your taste is dulled into indifference or nausea. You drink the wine before you are thirsty, and fill yourself with dainties before you are hungry. Though you are numbered among the immortals, the gods have cast you forth out of heaven, and good men scorn you. The sweetest of all sounds, when a man's heart praises him, you have never heard; the sweetest of all sights, when a man looks on his good deeds, you have never seen. Those who bow down to you are weak and feeble in youth, and wretched and loathsome in old age. But I dwell with the gods in heaven, and with good men on the earth; and without me nothing good can be done or thought. More than all others I am honored by the gods and cherished by the men who love me. In peace and in war, in health and in sickness, I am the aid of all who seek me; and my help never fails. My children know the purest of all pleasures, when the hour of rest comes after the toil of day. In youth they are strong, and their limbs are quick with health; in old age they look back upon a happy life; and when they lie down to the sleep of death, their name is cherished among men for their good and useful deeds. Love me, therefore, Hercules, and obey my words, and when your labors are ended you shall dwell with me in the home of the immortal gods."

Hercules bowed his head and swore to follow Virtue's counsels,

and went forth with a good courage to his labor and suffering. He lived and wrought in many lands to obey Eurystheus' orders. He did good deeds for men; but he gained nothing by them except the love of the gentle Iole. Far away in Œchalia, where the sun rises from the eastern sea, he saw the maiden in the halls of Eurytus, and sought to win her love. But Jupiter's vow to Juno gave him no rest. Eurystheus sent him to other lands, and he saw the maiden no more.

But Hercules kept up a good heart, and the glory of his great deeds became spread abroad through all the earth. Minstrels sang how he slew the monsters and savage beasts who vexed the sons of men; how he smote the Hydra in the land of Lerna, and the wild boar which haunted the groves of Erymanthus, and the Harpies who lurked in the swamps of Stymphalus. They told how he traveled far away to the land of the setting sun, where Eurystheus bade him pluck the golden apples from the garden of the Hesperides: how over hill and dale, across marsh and river, through thicket and forest, he came to the western sea, and crossed to the African land where Atlas lifts up his white head to the high heaven; how he smote the dragon which guarded the brazen gates, and brought the apples to King Eurystheus They sang of his weary journey when he roamed through the land of the Ethiopians and came to the wild and desolate heights of Caucasus; how he saw a giant form high on the naked rock, and the vulture which gnawed the Titan's heart with its beak; how he slew the bird, and smote off the cruel chains, and set Prometheus free. They sang how Eurystheus laid on him a fruitless task, by sending him down to the dark land of King Hades to bring up the monster Cerberus; how upon the shore of the gloomy Acheron he found the mighty hound who guards the home of Hades and Persephone, seized him and brought him to Eurystheus. They sang of the days when he worked in the land of Queen Omphale beneath the Libyan sun; how he destroyed the walls of Ilion when Laomedon was king; how he was bid to cleanse the vast stables where King Augeas had kept a thousand horses for thirty years without removing a spadeful of the filth, and accomplished the task by turning a river through them; and how he went to Calydon and wooed and won Dejanira, the daughter of the chieftain Œneus.

He dwelt a long time in Calydon, and the people there loved him for his kindly deeds. But one day he accidentally killed

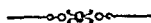
with his spear the boy Eunomus. The father held no grudge against Hercules, knowing that he did not intend the death; but Hercules was so grieved for the death that he left the country, and went again on his travels. On the banks of the Evenus he wounded with a poisoned arrow the centaur Nessus, for attempting to assault Dejanira. As the poison ran through the centaur's veins, he was frenzied with a desire to revenge himself on Hercules; and under guise of forgiveness and good will to Dejanira, he advised her to fill a shell with his blood, and if ever she lost the love of Hercules, to spread it on a robe for him to wear, and the love would return.

So Nessus died; and Hercules went to the land of Trachis, and there Dejanira remained while he journeyed to the far East. Years passed, and he did not return. At last news came of great deeds he had done in distant lands; among them that he had slain Eurytus, the king of Œchalia, and taken a willing captive his daughter Iole, the most beautiful maiden in the land.

Then the words of Nessus came back to Dejanira: she thought Hercules' love had gone from her, and to win it back she smeared a richly embroidered robe with the centaur's blood, and with a message full of heartfelt love and honor sent it to him to wear. The messenger found him offering sacrifice to his father Jupiter, and gave him the robe in token of Dejanira's love. Hercules wrapped it round him, and stood by the altar while the black smoke rolled up toward heaven. Presently the vengeance of Nessus was accomplished: the poison began to burn fiercely through Hercules' veins. He strove in vain to tear off the robe: it had become as part of his own skin, and he only tore pieces out of his own flesh in the attempt; as he writhed in agony, the blood poured from his body in streams.

Then the maiden Iole came to his side, and sought to soothe his agony with her gentle hands and to cheer him with pitying words. Then once more his face flushed with a deep joy, and his eye glanced with a pure light, as in the days of his young might; and he said: "Ah, Iole, my first and best love, your voice is my comfort as I sink down into the sleep of death. I loved you in my morning time; but Fate would not give you to me for a companion in my long wanderings. But I will waste none of my short final happiness in grieving now: you are with me to be the last thing I see or hear or think of in life." Then he made them carry him to the high crest of Mount

Œta and gather wood. When all was ready, he lay down to rest on the huge pyre, and they kindled it. The shades were darkening the sky, but Hercules tried still to pierce them with his eyes to gaze on Iole's face and cheer her in her sorrow. "Weep not, Iole," he said: "my labors are done, and now is the time for rest. I shall see you again in the land where night never comes."

Darker and darker grew the evening shades; and only the blazing of the funeral pile on the mountain top pierced the blackness of the gloom. Then a thundercloud came down from heaven and its bolt crashed through the air. So Jupiter carried his child home, and the halls of Olympus were opened to welcome the hero who rested from his matchless labors.

HYPERION.

By JOHN KEATS

[JOHN KEATS. An English poet, sometimes called "The Poets' Poet"; born at Moorsfield, London, October 31, 1795, died at Rome, Italy, February 23, 1821 His first poem, "Endymion," was issued when he was twenty-three. It has beautiful passages, but is incoherent Its great promise was more than fulfilled in his second volume, published in 1820, and containing many noble sonnets, the immortal "Ode on a Grecian Urn," "The Eve of St Agnes," etc The "Love Letters to Fanny Brawne" appeared in 1878, his "Letters to his Family and Friends," in 1891]

Book I.

Deep in the shady sadness of a vale
Far sunken from the healthy breath of morn,
Far from the fiery noon, and eve's one star,
Sat gray-haired Saturn, quiet as a stone,
Still as the silence round about his lair;
Forest on forest hung about his head
Like cloud on cloud. No stir of air was there,
Not so much life as on a summer's day
Robs not one light seed from the feathered grass,
But where the dead leaf fell, there did it rest.
A stream went voiceless by, still deadened more
By reason of his fallen divinity
Spreading a shade. the Naiad 'mid her reeds
Pressed her cold finger closer to her lips.

Along the margin sand large footmarks went,
No further than to where his feet had strayed,
And slept there since. Upon the sodden ground
His old right hand lay nerveless, listless, dead,
Unsceptered; and his realmless eyes were closed,
While his bowed head seemed list'ning to the Earth,
His ancient mother, for some comfort yet.

It seemed no force could wake him from his place;
But there came one, who with a kindred hand
Touched his wide shoulders, after bending low
With reverence, though to one who knew it not.
She was a Goddess of the infant world;
By her in stature the tall Amazon
Had stood a pigmy's height she would have ta'en
Achilles by the hair and bent his neck;
Or with a finger stayed Ixion's wheel.
Her face was large as that of Memphian sphinx,
Pedestaled haply in a palace court,
When sages looked to Egypt for their lore.
But oh! how unlike marble was that face:
How beautiful, if sorrow had not made
Sorrow more beautiful than Beauty's self.
There was a listening fear in her regard,
As if calamity had but begun;
As if the vanward clouds of evil days
Had spent their malice, and the sullen rear
Was with its stored thunder laboring up
One hand she pressed upon that aching spot
Where beats the human heart, as if just there,
Though an immortal, she felt cruel pain·
The other upon Saturn's bended neck
She laid, and to the level of his ear
Leaning with parted lips, some words she spake
In solemn tenor and deep organ tone:
Some mourning words, which in our feeble tongue
Would come in these like accents; O how frail
To that large utterance of the early Gods!
"Saturn, look up!—though wherefore, poor old King?
I have no comfort for thee, no not one:
I cannot say, 'O wherefore sleepest thou?'
For heaven is parted from thee, and the earth
Knows thee not, thus afflicted, for a God;
And ocean too, with all its solemn noise,
Has from thy scepter passed; and all the air